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The Ethos

VOLUME III

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1930

No. 1

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The Ethos

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JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1930

No. 1

Waiting

When fated France awaited that dread day
On which an outraged people would be lord,
When sin-crazed nobles weakly rose to stay
The lifted blade of rampant freedom's sword,
When all the world watched fearfully to see
The wrath of God that surely was to be,
The smile of God came down to Cuvilly.

A little band of black-robed women there
Saw love entranced, as faith and hope revealed
A world-wide army, wed to work and prayer,
Girding fair youth for life's red battlefield.
Today another world but waits to see
Another smile of God that is to be—
The smile of God that names a Saint Julie.

ANNE McNAMARA, '30.

“Of Great Name and High Example”

Man is necessarily influenced by his fellowmen, although he seldom realizes the exact nature and extent of their effect on him. Cardinal Newman seems to have been thoroughly conscious of all that he owed to his friends. According to his own words, he never made any distinct advance or change of any kind in his mode of life or thought that was not substantially influenced by some person or persons. In the majority of cases these influences were exerted directly. Very often, however, they reached him through the medium of books. By the time he had reached his fifteenth birthday, in 1816, John Henry Newman had arrived at a definite form of religious belief. He was thoroughly familiar with the Bible and with his Catechism, and had indulged, up to his fourteenth year, in such works as Paine's Tracts against the Old Testament, and Hume's Essays.

It was a group of works on Calvinism particularly a book by Romaine, which aroused faith in him. The doctrine of final perseverance appealed to him very strongly and he held it until he was twenty-one years old. The first outstanding influence which Newman records is that of Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford. Newman had read Scott's works even as a boy, and was so imbued with their spirit that he had contemplated visiting the man, but the latter's death interfered with this plan and was a source of great sorrow and disappointment to the boy. His admiration had been aroused especially by Scott's life-long determination to follow Truth even though it might lead him from one belief to the opposite extreme, as it did when he rejected Unitarianism for Trinitarianism, which found a lasting place in Newman's creed. With the aid of Scott's Essays, Newman says, "I made a collection of Scripture texts in proof of the doctrine, with remarks (I think) of my own upon them, before I was sixteen; and a few months later I drew up a series of texts in support of each verse of the Athanasian Creed."

Two other works which also impressed Newman at that early date were Joseph Milner's "Church History" and Newton "On the Prophecies." The former aroused in the young boy a deep appreciation of St. Augustine and the other early Fathers of the Church; the latter imbued him with the idea that the Pope was Antichrist, and he held this belief until 1843, that is, for twenty-seven years.

Beginning with 1822, we note that direct personal influences affected the life of Newman. The first was Dr. Hawkins, then Vicar of St. Mary's. From the time that Newman became acquainted with him to the end of his life he cherished a deep love for the Vicar, in spite of their many

differences of opinion. Of him Newman said, "He was the first who taught me to weigh my words, and to be cautious in my statements." The Vicar of St. Mary's was a very exact and thorough man himself and never hesitated to criticise Newman's lack of these qualities. Here, as in countless other instances in Newman's life, we note his remarkable humility in the face of correction at the hands of his superiors. His exemplary humility and graciousness in this regard is one of the secrets of his greatness and charm. Dr. Hawkins unconsciously advanced Newman one step further in the direction of Catholicism; he taught "that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it, and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church."

At the time of his acquaintance with Dr. Hawkins, Newman met the Reverend William James, who taught him the doctrine of Apostolical Succession. At this time, too, he read Bishop Butler's "Analogy." From his reading of this work he concluded that material phenomena is unreal and that probability is the guide of life. Finally, this period witnessed his meeting with Doctor Whately.

Doctor Whately was a member of the faculty at Oxford and, although his acquaintance and contact with Newman were of comparatively short duration, he left a marked impression on him. "He emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason." Newman felt the influence of Doctor Whately and loved him for it, although his reason commanded him to disagree firmly with all of his superior's religious beliefs and theories. With regard to religious influence, "Doctor Whately," he says, "was the first to teach me the existence of the Church, as a substantive body or corporation; next to fix in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity, which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian Movement." Doctor Whately's views on the separation of Church and State also affected Newman deeply. In 1829, however, the formal break came between these two friends, political affairs being the immediate cause of ending their friendship, although gradual disagreements between the two were the underlying cause. His parting with Doctor Whately caused Newman much sorrow; for, although he realized that they could never agree on fundamental principles, he still cherished a deep fondness for him.

The next person whose influence on Newman was strong and lasting was John Keble. From him he gained two "intellectual truths." The first was concerned with the sacramental system, and the second held that probability, strengthened and guided by faith and love, is the guide of life. Keble, as the author of Tractarianism, inspired a great religious zeal in Newman, who had long looked up to him with such awe and

reverence that even on the date of recounting his association with Keble he still felt in his heart the elation which assailed him on his first introduction to the great man. As we read Newman's account of his association with Keble we are compelled to feel Newman's respect for him, but when we compare the two men it is to Newman we give our admiration and affection. Even in his own day Newman was admired as much, if not more, than Keble had been; and yet he never fully realized the power and magnetism of his own wonderful personality.

Hurrell Froude, a pupil of Keble's, exerted a powerful influence on Newman's spiritual life. Through contact with Froude at home and while traveling in Italy, Newman became more and more allied with Catholicism, although at the time he did not realize it. Froude was, according to Newman, a man of many gifts of the highest order. What seems most remarkable about him was his true admiration for the Catholic Church and his open profession of so many of her doctrines. He admired the hierarchical system, the notion of sacerdotal power, and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He revered the Blessed Virgin and the saints; held the principle of penance and mortification; believed firmly in the Real Presence, and believed, contrary to his Protestant friends, in tradition. These beliefs grew into Newman's mind very gradually. Moreover, from Froude, he learned to have a sincere admiration for the medieval Popes and to admire the rule of the Catholic Church concerning celibacy. Speaking of Froude's influence, in connection with their last trip together in Italy, he says: "Thus I learned to have tender feelings towards her (the Church); but still my reason was not affected at all. My judgment was against her, when viewed as an institution as truly as it ever had been."

In 1835 Doctor Pusey became definitely associated with the Oxford Movement. He lent a dignity and forcefulness to the Movement which impressed his associates as well as the public. His contribution to Newman's religious growth lay in the fact that he influenced Newman to research work regarding the Catholic Church, and the Protestant Church as influenced by her. This research resulted in Newman's publication of "The Prophetical office of the Church viewed relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism." After publishing this work Newman read the histories of the Monophysites and the Arians. It was the history of the latter heretics which made him realize, finally, that his theory of the "Via Media" was untenable and that Catholicism was the only logical answer to all his questioning since the only remaining answer, Protestantism, was obviously false. It was not until 1844, however, that Newman finally arrived at the conclusion that Catholicism was decidedly, not probably, right. In connection with this decision of Newman, we

mention the final personal influence on his journey toward Catholicism. This was the influence of Doctor Russell, Rector of Maynooth College, a very kindly man, who was the means of dispelling Newman's final doubts. He sent him from Rome several religious volumes, among them a copy of the writings of Saint Alphonsus Ligouri, whom Newman had long admired. From this work Newman came to a full realization of the Catholic position regarding the Blessed Virgin and the saints. From that date, 1842, until 1844, his remaining doubts and misunderstandings disappeared one by one; and in 1845 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church by the saintly Passionist, Father Dominic.

In relating the many personal influences to which the illustrious Cardinal felt indebted it would be unfair to conclude without mentioning Ambrose St. John, "whom," in the words of Newman, "God gave me when He took everyone else away." Although many great and estimable men had won the affection and gratitude of Newman, no one had earned that undying love which he felt for this brother in religion, this faithful friend who above all others remained loyal to the end.

The struggle had been long and fraught with trials, but faith had triumphed over reason, and God had answered His servant's prayer, "Lead, Kindly Light."

KATHLEEN V. MCCARTHY, '30.

Shadowings

Though my songs may hint of wings,
Touch on magic secret things,
They are only shadowings
Of the many selves in me,
Shrouded each in mystery.

HELEN FOLEY, '31.

Homing

I hold you firmly now, impatient Youth.
 A struggling eagle, you would seek the height
 Where lurking danger shows its ugly tooth;
 And weak with struggle, I implore the night
 To guide with jewelled watch your lonely flight;
 I shriek and lose my grasp. O God, be kind!
 My youth is following a Dream's bright light.
 You gave us Youth and Dreams, and Youth is Blind;
 Keep, God, those Dreams, some future hour to find!

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

Drama

The drama of the day is at an end.
 Pale Dawn, all goddess-fair, and knightly Noon
 Have suffered soft young Twilight to descend.
 The whole world waits the Night Queen, Lady Moon.
 She trails the sky-stage in her silver shoon,
 And streams her misty moonlight down to me.
 The night is here. It has not come too soon;
 I love the Night! Its silence speaks to me
 Of God, of life, of my small soul's immensity.

The drama of my life will one day end.
 My Dawn, all rosy-pure, and my gold Noon
 Will soon grow dim, and Twilight will descend.
 I wait not for my queenly, guiding Moon.
 I wait not; for her faithful silver shoon
 Have killed, ere this, my frail temerity.
 The Night will come. Dear God, will it be soon?
 I fear not. Let the curtain fall! I see
 Beyond the Night the Day of Immortality.

ANNE McNAMARA, '30.

A Thief in Time

Two men sat in the little stuffy kitchen of their shabby little house in one of the poorest sections of the city. One was an elderly person, a small, wrinkled old man who had the appearance of having grown old before his time with the worries of poverty. The other, his son, was a young man about twenty-five years of age; like his father's, his brow was creased with lines of anxiety. Both were dressed in harmony with their meagre surroundings, in the patched overalls of working men. The two were extremely nervous, and made no attempt to speak.

A door opened. Both men sprang to their feet as a doctor came out of the next room.

"Doctor, how—" the older man found his throat suddenly parched and dry as he started to speak.

The younger man managed to ask the question that was in the minds of both.

"Will Mother get better, Doctor?"

"That depends," was the reply. "An operation will in all probability save her; without the operation I can promise nothing; I do not think she can live much longer as she is now, Mr. Conroy."

"The—the operation, Doctor," Mr. Conroy managed to ask, "how much would it cost?"

The reply was decisive. "It is a major operation; it would cost approximately \$500. If it were in my power I would perform this operation, but I am not a surgeon."

For a moment there was silence. There was tragedy in the eyes of Mr. Conroy and his son, Richard. The father broke the silence.

"Will you make the arrangements, Doctor? I'll have the money in about a week. I'll get the money somehow—somehow!"

Father and son looked at each other despairingly after the doctor had left.

"Dad, we have exactly fifty dollars left. Even if we starve ourselves we couldn't save that sum in months. Dad, Mother's got to have it, she's got to, I tell you."

"Yes, she's got to. There's no place we can borrow. We're in debt now, but there must be some way we can get it. We'll find a way."

The next evening the elder Mr. Conroy wandered aimlessly through the streets seeking a solution of his problem. He passed and repassed the factory where he and his son worked. It stood out huge and ugly against the sky. With no definite plan in mind he looked at it thoughtfully. Little broken suggestions gathered in his troubled mind. He con-

sidered; there was money in the office in the safe whose mocking outline he could faintly discern in the gathering dusk. He knew a way into the office, once he managed to dodge the night watchman. With his son's aid he could obtain the money.

He shook his head as though to cast aside this brooding mood of his. He couldn't steal. If he were caught, his chances of helping mother were even less. No, he couldn't steal. He was passing the rear of the building once more. Here it was surrounded by a rather low wooden fence. He could distinguish a white sign on the fence, he knew what it said:

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD FOR ANYONE FOUND
TRESPASSING ON THESE PREMISES.

Slowly he started homeward, conscious of some plan being born at last. As he reached the door he was sure of the procedure he would have to follow.

Dick was sitting in front of the kitchen stove smoking. He smiled faintly, sadly, as his father entered. "Hello, Dad. I—I've been thinking, but I can't seem to find any way." He had no need of saying what was in his mind. Both men knew that there was only one thing to think of these days—a way to aid that tired little mother.

"I've been thinking, too, Dick. I've got an idea, but it's hard. Still it's all there's left to do."

In a few words he outlined his plan. For a minute the son was unable to speak. When he could, his voice was hoarse, his eyes dimmed with tears.

"I couldn't let you do that, Dad. Mother needs you more than me, now. I—I can do it."

"You're young, son, and I'm an old man. 'Twouldn't be as bad for me as for you."

"No, no, I owe it to you and Mother. I'd perhaps only get sent up for a few weeks. You could tell Mother I had to leave awful sudden to take a better job in another town. I—I wouldn't tell my own name and here in this city no one would know. We haven't lived here long enough for any one to know us much."

He strove earnestly to convince his father of his right to aid his mother; until at last the old man consented.

"Dick, it's pretty fierce doing this, but there's Mother to think of. We might as well do it tonight."

Shortly after ten o'clock they went out. Neither spoke as they approached the huge factory. They stopped near the fence in the rear. Their hands met and clasped.

"God bless you, son," the father whispered brokenly. "We'll be waiting for you to come back to us, mother and me."

"It won't be very long, Dad. Don't tell Mother where I am. Good-bye." He pressed his father's hand once more, and vaulted lightly over the fence.

As soon as he had gone the father set out on a run. At the corner just as he knew he would, he found an officer.

"Officer," he addressed the latter excitedly, "there's a man prowling about the fact'ry."

"C'mon, show me quick!" the officer commanded as he hastened towards the mill.

They slowed down, and approached the building silently. The policeman, following the direction the old man pointed out, soon espied a figure in the dark who was fumbling with one of the office windows. In a trice the former had leaped over the fence and seized the prowler.

"Here you," he muttered, "whatcha doin' here?"

There was no answer. After a few vain attempts to break away, the captive ceased struggling, and passed sullenly through the gate that the officer unlocked with his pass key. Outside they found the little man. The officer, having taken the old man's name, directed him to call for his \$500 reward at the office in the morning.

Mr. Conroy did not look at his son; for the tears were stinging his eyes so that everything was blurred.

"Come on," the officer pushed his captive forward roughly, "you'll do a pretty stretch for this!"

The little bent old man stared pitifully after the retreating figures. His son! His only son! He couldn't, oh, he couldn't go through with it. Mother would never want that.

"Dad!" A low voice spoke from the other side of the fence.

"Dick!" Amazement, disbelief, bewilderment were in the man's voice. "Why are you here?"

"Didn't you go for the officer yet, Dad?"

"Officer!" he gasped. "Dick, didn't you try to open the office window?"

"Why, no; you said to go to the left corner of the factory; the office is on the right corner!"

"Then—I must have caught a—real—thief!"

Far above the watching stars saw two men walking homewards, arm in arm, through the dark streets of the city, silent, their happiness knew no voice.

MARY E. McDONALD, '30.

Oh!

Its parents are missing, its heritage scant,
Of its past there is nothing disclosed;
Its family connections, I fear, are unknown
But its character's rounded and closed.

Its charm is a mystery shrouded in doubt,
Why it's popular nobody knows;
But it colors the rainbow that arches the sky
And it dwells in the heart of the rose.

You'll find it in meadows, in mountains, on moors,
You'll hear it swelling in song,
And running from worry to solitude's arms,
When it's smothered to death in a throng.

Love knows its presence—'tis Love's very life,
Hope feels its strengthening power.
Each moment fears that her secrets 'twill tell,
For it spies on them all in each hour!

It rests in content among all tiny tots,
It lives in the hearts of all boys,
When coupled with "a" it is often too loud
But is perfectly balanced in poise.

It is double in sorrow, and single in joy,
In glory 'tis guarded with care.
Tolerance, torture, topography, toil,—
Not one can its presence well spare.

The world has embraced it, the clouds hold it dear,
It has struck its deep root in our sod.
It may die in the body, but 'twill follow the soul,
For it sleeps in the dear arms of God.

ANNE MCNAMARA, '30.

Ruskin and America

Do you think that America is an ugly country? Meditate for a moment upon this unusual question of mine and I am sure that you will agree with me in stating that it is not. During your brief meditation undoubtedly some of its ugliness has flashed before your mental eye, but was it not obscured from the range of vision by that which is beautiful in America? When I first thought of the question, scenes of the crowded cities came to my mind, pictures that were but a panorama of American city life, in which unsightly billboards dominate the foreground, while smoke stacks of varied height stripe the horizon, pouring forth alternately black and white smoke that seems to obscure the background in which I find the typical example of American architecture, four walls, nothing more. Gradually, however, this picture was forgotten as I turned to thoughts of blue grass in Kentucky, cherry trees along the Potomac, the Grand Canyon in Colorado, the falls at Niagara and to scenes along the Mohawk Trail and in the Green Mountains of our own New England. Perhaps you are wondering and would be interested to know why I asked if you thought America an ugly country. I shall tell you.

Not long ago I chanced to read one of John Ruskin's letters to Charles Eliot Norton. This is what Ruskin wrote to Norton in Rome, while the latter was sojourning there in 1856: "Still I can understand, coming from a fresh, pure, and very ugly country like America there may be a kind of thirst upon you for ruins and shadows which nothing can assuage after the scraped cleanliness and business and fussiness of it (America). Mildew and mold are meat and drink to you and the very sense of despair which there is about Rome must be helpful and balmy after the over-hopefulness and getting-on-ness of America."

Ruskin did not merely say that America was an ugly country; he said, "very ugly country." Since he is a well-known authority on Art and the Beautiful, perhaps it would be presumptuous of me to differ from him, but I most certainly do not think that he was justified in saying that America is an ugly country if his reason for doing so is that which was included in the same letter to Charles Eliot Norton: "You may wonder at my impertinence in calling America an ugly country. But I have just seen a number of landscapes by an American artist of some repute and the ugliness of them is wonderful. I see that they are true studies and that the ugliness of the country must be unfathomable."

Ruskin's fallacy is that he has judged the entire country by the work of one particular artist that he chanced upon. I wonder whether or not he realized the extensiveness of America and the possibility of different

landscapes in different parts of the country. Ruskin found the works of this one artist to be true studies. I do not doubt that they were true, but is there not a possibility that the scenes he depicted were taken from only one part of the country? Artists do not paint one picture and then travel a few hundred miles before painting another. I think Ruskin's statement was one caused either by prejudice or hasty generalization, and that he was inclined to judge America according to English standards even though he censured the English most severely at times. The "over-hopefulness" and "getting-on-ness" he disliked in America he likewise deplored in England.

I do not believe that Ruskin, the critic, intended to judge America harshly. In a letter to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe in 1860, he said: "What a dreadful thing it is that people should have to go to America again, after coming to Europe. It seems an inversion in the order of nature. I think America is a sort of 'United States of Probation,' out of which all wise people, being once delivered and having obtained entrance into this better world should never be expected to return." Judging from this, it seems more than likely that Ruskin was prejudiced and had a very distorted idea of what America was like, since he had never visited America and could not evaluate a country of which he knew nothing. Nevertheless, he did judge it, and when one of his best American friends confronted him with this objection, he answered: "My American friends tell me I know nothing of America. It may be so and they must do me the justice to observe that I usually say nothing about America. But this much I say because the Americans as a nation set their trust in liberty and equality, of which I detest the one and deny the possibility of the other, and also because as a nation they are wholly undesirous of rest and incapable of it, irreverent of themselves, discontented with what they are, yet having no ideal of anything which they desire to become."

To me this statement is nothing more than an apparent contradiction of itself, for what are liberty and equality but the highest of American ideals? And the very fact that Americans are discontented signifies that they are striving to reach an ideal. But America was to Ruskin, politically speaking, merely a "Republican experiment," and he was ever ready to criticise American political institutions and activities. After a time, however, his prejudice was broken down and gradually he learned to tolerate both America and Americans.

In spite of this prejudice it is surprising to note that some of Ruskin's best friends and those whom he admired most were Americans. He himself said: "The best friend I have in the world next to Carlyle is an American of Boston, Charles Eliot Norton." It was his boast that he knew the Bigelow Papers by heart besides a great part of James Russell

Lowell's poems, and that for his own immediate help and teaching he nearly always looked to Emerson. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and W. G. Stillman, the Editor of the *Crayon*, an art publication in New York, are also numbered among Ruskin's American friends. He was deeply and sincerely grateful to them and paid them this great tribute: "I was brought into closer relationship with my friends in America, Scotland, Ireland and Italy, to whom if I am spared to write a record of my life it will be seen that I owe the best hopes and highest thoughts which have supported and guided my matured mind."

Many times Ruskin was urged to visit America, but even though he learned to like America and Americans, he never would visit the country for a very unusual reason: "Though I have had many kind invitations to visit America I could not even live for a couple of months in a country so miserable as to have no castles."

Did Ruskin really mean that? His reason seems almost ludicrous to an American. America possesses no castles, but she has Niagara, grand canyons, the Yellowstone Park, the Rocky Mountains, and when England's castles have crumbled to dust, America's Niagara will still be roaring on, a symbol of American force, energy, and endurance.

DOROTHY E. TUMELTY, '30.

Faith

Earth sees not the hidden glory
In cathedral splendor rare;
From without the painted windows
Speak no trace of beauty there.

To the man who ever looketh
From within God's House of Prayer
Every ray of light revealeth
Harmony of color there.

ELEANOR RICH, '31.

The Interloper

[Scene: A large, curious workshop fitted with a heterogeneous collection of tools. Three bicycles, varying in size and age, three pumps, ranging from the glittering black of newness to the dull rust of forgotten eras, three large bags of marbles, three sets of oars and numerous sizes and makes of snow-shoes, over-shoes, walking-shoes, running-shoes, ice skates and roller skates hang suspended from pegs or lean against the walls. A, a large, definite looking character, stands in the center of the room polishing an already glistening shovel, and B, a smaller and dependent-looking man, is seated with a slightly antiquated shovel propped between his knees endeavoring to emulate A to the extent of administering a few apologetic rubs to his tool from time to time.]

A: B, I wish the mathematics texts were still content to have us perform "certain pieces of work" instead of putting us to ditch-digging, boat-rowing, race-running and bicycle-riding. I'm tired of oiling, scrubbing and massaging and yet I can't get out of it. I have a reputation to uphold, and I can't let Wentworth and Smith, Atwood and the rest suffer because I am too lazy to keep on winning. I wonder why I am always picked to cover the greatest distance, dig the most dirt, or score the greatest number of points? I say, B, what is today's wager, anyway? You bet me fifteen dollars that you can dig as much sand in four hours as I can in five? (B hesitates for a moment, then puts his shovel aside with a gesture of weariness.)

B: A, what's the use? I know you'll win as usual. You're bigger than I and your shovel is newer. If C were here I wouldn't mind, because at least while he lived, poor fellow, I had a chance to win back what you won from me. (Reminiscently.) Strange, how poor C always got the leaky tank, the dullest shovel and the slowest bicycle, isn't it? I wonder if he ever won a contest in his life?

A: Atwood's *Algebra* says that once he did four times as much as you and five times as much as I did, but I don't remember the instance myself, and I personally think it was a mistake on Mr. Atwood's part.

B: A, we can't go on like this. (Desperately.) I can't exist without our daily competitions and matches and I won't be satisfied to have you winning everything always. We've got to get a substitute for C. Oh, it's too bad he had to be taken from us so soon!

A: Did it ever occur to you that that's exactly what C must have been thinking all those years when we were winning his wagers? It wouldn't surprise me at all to discover he had died of a broken heart rather

than from a cold he contracted while running a race, as Stephen Leacock tells us. And B, as for finding a substitute for C, I think it will be almost impossible. I won't accept a partner who will usurp my place as winner and I doubt that we will ever find anyone as uncomplaining as he was about being a perpetual loser. I'm just as worried as you, B. Do you think I enjoy the thought of our names being crossed out of the mathematics books? Yet that is exactly what will happen if we don't continue our races and wagers.

B: (Picking up his shovel resignedly.) I suppose we'll just have to keep on working and wagering to provide future mathematicians with something to think about, but it does seem too bad.—Hello, who's this? (The door at center back opens and a long-coated, black-derbied figure enters and proceeds to smile. The eyes, ears and back of the neck are still indiscernible because of the abundance of derby, but this one asset is quickly dispensed with by the removal of the all-concealing head-piece. A and B hastily put down their shovels and stare.)

A: Are you compiling a text, sir?

B: Would you like us to perform one of our standard feats or would you be interested in something new in races—the very latest, I guarantee—

THE STRANGER: Excuse me, B—

A: (Breaking in) We are insisting on the "Mr." before our surnames now you know. All the new texts are.

B: Yes (ingratiatingly), like this, you see: Mr. A and Mr. B are engaged in staging a bicycle race. Mr. A finishes four minutes after Mr. B, and Mr. B had gone five miles at twenty miles an hour. How long did Mr. A ride? (Here A bestows a withering glance on B, who endeavors to turn the matter into a joke by inserting a few feeble giggles. A's glance is prolonged and intensified, however, until B drops his jovial attitude.) (Confusedly.) Of course it could be vice versa. You understand, sir. A little joke of mine—just a little joke, Ha! ha! (More feebly as he notices A dismissing the incident with a contemptuous glance.)

THE STRANGER: (Beaming) Gentlemen, you do me a great honor, but I must confess I am not what you think. I am not writing a mathematics text, but what I do want is to be taken into partnership with you. (A and B gasp.) I will be brief, gentlemen, Stephen Leacock told me of C's untimely end and suggested to me that I offer myself as a substitute for him. I play marbles, ride bicycles, ponies, locomotives and merry-go rounds, dig wells and ditches, can walk, run, jump, climb and—

A: (Interrupting) Stop! I think you forget, sir, the dignity and prestige of our position. Ours is an exclusive society and you have not even shown us your credentials or a letter of introduction.

B: (Supportingly) Yes, and furthermore—

A: (Mortifyingly) Furthermore, we have a vast society of influential friends to select from, and can more than likely find some one more qualified to take the place of our dear departed C than you would be!

THE STRANGER: (Unimpressed). You are referring, I gather, to your friends, Alpha, Beta and family, and to your relatives X, Y, and Z, are you not?

A: They are the logical candidates, aren't they? Who is better fitted for the position than X?

THE STRANGER: X! why X's whole reputation rests on his being an unknown, and if you drag him into the limelight by setting him to work on the highways and on the rivers his identity will be discovered and his charm will vanish. X! Why it is impossible! He would not accept in the first place, and in the second (insinuatingly), you could not be so thoughtless as to ask the sacrifice of him?

B: (Timidly) I—I think he's right, A. And the same would be true of Y and Z, wouldn't it?

THE STRANGER: Of course it would! Why—

A: (Proudly) Our choice is not confined to X, Y and Z, sir. You are forgetting our fraternity brothers, Alpha and Beta. They surely have had sufficient experience in mathematics to be qualified to take C's place! Do you pretend to surpass them in any way?

THE STRANGER: (Gently) I am afraid, sir, that you have forgotten the heights to which they have attained. Do you think it possible or at any rate probable that they will consent at this late date to appear in arithmetic and high school algebra texts after spending their whole lifetime in the realm of higher mathematics?

A: (Proudly) B and I have appeared in advanced mathematics texts, and you know how we helped in the solution of the cubic. Where would Cardan's formula be but for us? And yet we are not too proud to indulge in simpler tasks. Why should they?

THE STRANGER: Ah, but there is a second reason! The first is why they shouldn't accept, but the second is why you should not give them the opportunity!

A and B: Why?

THE STRANGER: You see, gentlemen, your chances for winning any public office would be ruined if Alpha or Beta were running against you. Usually the results of your electoral contests read something like this: Seventeen thousand votes were polled; C received a certain number; B

received twice as many ; and A, the winner, received five times as many as B. How much did each receive?

A: (Softening) But what has that to do with the case here?

THE STRANGER: Everything! Can't you see that if Alpha or Beta were in C's place they could receive absolutely no votes because they are aliens! Then B would receive twice zero or no votes (B colors violently), and you, A, would receive five times as many as B's zero or no votes. Think of it, gentlemen, to be deprived of your share in the ruling of our great land by admitting an alien into your company. It is suicide!

A: Sir, I am frightened to think of what almost happened. I am sincerely grateful to you for saving us—but who are you anyway?

THE STRANGER: I am Mr. Aybi, golf pro and clothier from 5th Avenue. Ever hear of me?

A: Golf pro and clothier? But I thought—

B: What about mathematics?

MR. AYBI: Oh, don't worry about that! Know anything about golf?

A: No, but I bet I can beat you by five times your score.

MR. AYBI: Fine! And B, will you bet that you can double my score?

B: Certainly. I always beat the third man.

MR. AYBI: A, you say you invariably score the greatest number of points in any contest, eh?

A: Certainly, I am famed for it.

MR. AYBI: And B, your score is bound to be greater than mine also?

B: Of course, you never heard of C making as many points as B, did you?

MR. AYBI: Then, gentlemen, I fear I must take in the money. You are both beaten before you start.

A: Why?

MR. AYBI: The very thing that usually counts for your success would mean your failure in golf. You have both sworn that you would score heavier than I, haven't you?

A and B: Yes (wonderingly).

MR. AYBI: And we will put one thousand dollars on the wager?

A and B: Yes.

MR. AYBI: In golf, the lowest score wins! Gentlemen, this is really opportune. I was on the verge of bankruptcy when I conceived the idea of entering into partnership with you, and playing golf instead of running the usual kind of races. I will always win! You must admit me as a partner, and you *must* help me to get my clothing store running smoothly again. You must! You must!

A: We will pay you your thousand dollars, sir, though you won it under false pretences. More than this we cannot do. In the first place, it would revolutionize our fortunes and stations, and in the second, the name "Aybi" would make the working of many problems exceedingly difficult and almost impossible. Why, it is a combination of our own names! It would not be a case of introducing a new character into our operations if we should admit you, but it would simply mean that two men were competing against their own product in various contests! The mathematics would bar us! It is impossible!

MR. AYBI: (Shouting for sheer joy) Product! Product! Hallelujah! Gentlemen, I have won: A company *must* finance its own product! You have said it yourselves—I am your own product (He takes A's right and B's left hand and raises them high over his head, while the dawn just seems to break for A and B and they realize what is going on.) Henceforth, we are Aybi, A and B Co., Clothiers, golf pros and mathematicians. Shut up the shop, boys! Success ahead! (A and B allow themselves to be dragged from the shop while they cast a last lingering glance on their shovels and other paraphernalia as the curtain falls.)

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

Contrast

There's a magnificent difference in great things:

A mountain is great, and a soul.

There's a heart-breaking difference in small things:

A diamond is small, and a tear.

MARY J. FOWLER, '29.

The Catholicity of Aelfric's Works

HIS LIFE

(Continued from the December Number)

Of Aelfric it has been said that

"The Anglo-Saxon in which he wrote is considered the fairest specimen that can be cited of our ancient national tongue, and raises a regret that so noble a language should ever have been allowed to corrupt into our modern hybrid English."¹

As with many other early writers little is known definitely concerning the life of this eminent representative of Anglo-Saxon literature of the tenth and early eleventh centuries. Whether he was raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury or York, or whether he remained a simple abbot has been the subject of much controversy. But of late years nearly all scholars have come to the opinion of Lingard and Dietrich, that there was but one Aelfric in Anglo-Saxon literature and that this man was never raised to any higher dignity than that of abbot.

Aelfric was born probably about 955. His childhood and youth fell in the reign of Edgar, the great-grandson of Alfred. It was the school at Winchester, the school established by Alfred, and then under the care of St. Aethelwold, that Aelfric entered in 972 when he was about seventeen years of age. His *Colloquium* written in 955-1005 gives a very good account of the education and daily life of the young scholar at the monastic school according to the horarium followed by the monks at Winchester. The training which he received there was little different from our school training of the twentieth century. Latin and English, history and geography, reading and writing, drawing, and painting in the form of illuminating manuscripts, were all included in the curriculum. In no practice were their schools more at variance with ours, however, than in the number of vocal prayers in which the children were expected to take part; but we must remember that the majority of boys attending the monastic schools at that time were those "offered" by their parents and intended to take up the life and rule of the monks when they were of age.

"Yet we find nothing to indicate that such choir attendance described by an Anglo-Saxon schoolboy in the dialogues of Aelfric was found by experience to be excessive. 'To-day,' says the boy, 'I have done many things; this night when I heard the knell I arose from my bed and went to the church and sang night-song with the brethren; after that we sang the service of All Saints and morning Lauds; then followed Prime and Seven Psalms, and Litanies, and the first Mass; then Tierce, and the Mass of the Day; then Sext; and then we ate and drank

¹Drane, M. R., *Christian Schools and Scholars*, p. 218.

and went to sleep and rose again and sang None; and now we are before thee ready to hear what thou hast to say to us.' Again we read this significant dialogue:—'Who awakens you for Night-song?' 'Sometimes I hear the knell and rise of myself; but oftentimes the master arouseth me with his rod.'"¹

Aelfric describes himself in his Preface to the *Life of St. Aethelwold* as "Wintoniensis Alumnus," and in his Preface to the abstract of Aethelwold's *De Consuetudine Monachorum* he says that he had lived many years in that teacher's school. Athelwold died in 984 and was succeeded by Alphege. That Aelfric was ordained at this time, or possibly one or two years before, is ascertained; for in 987, at the request of Aethelmaer, he was sent to Cerne Abbey in Dorsetshire to teach, and we know that priests were transferred from one monastery to another, not pupils. Cernel, as some scholars choose to call it, was a new monastery begun in Edgar's reign and finished in 987. While at Cernel, besides his duties as a teacher and a monk, Aelfric found time to accomplish many literary tasks, and was always prepared to write for Aethelmaer and Athelweard, the generous patrons of Cerne Abbey, by whom he was highly esteemed. Here it was that he planned his first great literary work, the compilation of forty homilies from the Latin Church Fathers and other prominent ecclesiastics for the use of parish priests. His object in writing was not controversial but simply to give assistance to those of the clergy who had neither the time nor the ability to prepare instructive sermons for themselves. One work followed another during these years, each disclosing a keen sensitiveness to the condition of England in regard to politics and morals. He lamented the fact that the English were not brave in defending their land; that the priests did not set as good as an example as he thought they should; and that Gospel teachings were little known by the people.

The most important event in Aelfric's life occurred in 1005 when he was sent as abbot to the recently found Monastery of Eynsham, near Oxford, where he probably remained until his death. That it was this Aelfric that was made Abbot of Eynsham and that he never rose to higher ecclesiastical duties may be easily inferred from his address to the monks of that monastery, prefixed to the extracts from St. Athelwold's *De Consuetudine Monachorum*, in which he describes himself as "living amongst them." His promotion was undoubtedly due to his patron, Aethelmaer, who in 1005 established a fraternity of monks under the Benedictine rule at Eynsham, as he had previously done at Cernel.

The foundation charter of the year 1005 is of interest in connection with Aelfric's life; for as Dietrich, his most authentic biographer, tells us:

"it is even supposed that Aelfric composed the charter. The style is simple, well-

¹Drane, M. R., *Christian Schools and Scholars*, p. 184.

considered, and coherent. A healthy tone pervades the whole of this long document."¹

Whether he composed it or not, he must have read it with interest and approval and no doubt, as Abbot, signed his name to it. It is of even more importance, because according to Caroline White, who has made a special study of the question of Aelfric's identity,

"it tells nearly all the little that is known of the circumstances in which Aelfric spent the last period of his life."²

The first part is written in the name of King Aethelwold and confirms to Aethelmaer the rights and liberties of the Abbey of Eynsham. After speaking of the great tribulation of those days the charter states that those who have great material riches in this world have great need to provide for the world to come. They should examine with diligent care the needs of their souls so that they may know how to appear victorious with Christ. The charter then continues to narrate at length how the lands given over to the Abbey came into Aethelmaer's possession, and that he was to have his home there, living as a father among his brethren. It ends with these words:

"I, Aethelmaer, make known to my dear lord, King Aethelred, and to all his counsellors, that I assure this gift to God, and to all his saints, and to St. Benedict . . . and I desire that he who is now the superior may continue to hold that office so long as he lives, and after his death that the brethren may choose one from their number according as the rule prescribes, and I myself will live with them, and enjoy the endowment as long as life lasts."³

The first of Aelfric's writings of this period proves that he was the superior of whom Aethelmaer speaks, for in the preface to his book of extracts from St. Aethelwold's *De Consuetudine Monachorum*, supposed to have been compiled in 1005, he addresses the monks of Eynsham thus:

"Abbot Aelfric desires for the brethren of Eynsham salvation in Christ. Dwelling with you I see that you need to be instructed either by spoken or written words in monastic usages, since recently by Aethelmaer's request you have been ordained monks."

For this purpose he selected those parts of Aethelwold's Latin work which he felt would meet the needs of his brethren and translated them into the vernacular.

Year after year following this, homilies and commentaries came from the pen of "Aelfric, Abbas," at the request now of one, now of another Archbishop. The *Saxon Chronicle* mentions the death of Aethelmaer in 1014. There is no record of the date of Aelfric's death which is placed as late as 1020-1025. Of the years that followed Aethelmaer's death, Caroline White says:

"We know little that is definite and yet it is certain that the death of his friend

¹White, Caroline L., *Aelfric: A New Study of His Life and Writings*, p. 60.

²Ibid, p. 61.

³Ibid, p. 60.

touched him very closely. . . . He no longer wrote large volumes of translations but single sermons as occasion demanded, those writings, perhaps, for which no date can be suggested. His life was not simply that of a student, or a teacher in a cloister school; as abbot his social rank was high, and social duties must have devolved upon him. His great interest in the secular clergy and the laity points to active efforts on his part outside the monastery."¹

We know, too, that there is no list of abbots of his monastery earlier than 1115. We should be grateful that so many facts of his life are definitely known from his works, while we hope that students of this period of history will be able to gather more and more facts which will explain the life and works of Aelfric, and make more clear his services to the English language, and to the higher life of the English people.

HIS WORKS

Our interest in Aelfric lies, however, more in the study of those of his works which reveal his teachings on doctrine. We have seen how rich was the heritage of culture and learning, of personal knowledge and deep love of religion, and of practical zeal in preaching and teaching, that Aelfric received from the pious founders and builders of the Anglo-Saxon Church, which was the Roman Catholic Church in England, during the four centuries that preceded his life time. That he appreciated the gift that was his in this inheritance and that he consecrated his life to perpetuate the doctrines he had been taught and to enlighten his countrymen in them, is evidenced in the scope of his works, in the sources he used, the doctrines he taught in them, and the unselfishness and high ideals that motivated them.

A review of his works not only leaves no doubt in our minds as to his identity, but—and this is more important for our purpose—it leaves no shadow of doubt as to the absolute orthodoxy of the works themselves and his strict adherence in all things to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. A mere list of them will illustrate this point. Incited by the example of St. Dunstan and St. Aethelwold, and urged on by Aethelmaer, "the great patron of monasticism in the West," Aelfric compiled two volumes of Homilies, representing some eighty-five sermons in all; of the content of which we shall speak at greater length later.

On finishing them, he tells us in the Preface of his *Grammar*, that he was urged by his superiors and by his own zeal for the instruction of the clergy and people, to begin immediately a different kind of work, that of compiling a Latin Grammar and Glossary, the very first Latin-English dictionary ever compiled, for the use of English scholars. This grammar gained Aelfric the title "Grammaticus" and was dedicated to the boys of England.

¹White, C. L., *Aelfric: A New Study of His Life and Writings*, p. 69.

Soon after finishing this work, Aelfric returned from the monastery at Cerne Abbey to that of St. Aethelwold in Winchester, and began to write the lives of the Saints in alliterative verse which we have now in two volumes, edited by the Reverend W. W. Skeat of Cambridge University for the Early English Text Society (1881-1898). In the Latin Preface of the first volume he refers to his two former volumes of Homilies which he calls *Passions* or *Lives of the Saints*. He justifies his writing in the vernacular thus:

“Let it not be considered as a fault in me that I turn sacred narrative into our own tongue, since the request of many of the faithful shall clear me in this matter, particularly that of the governor Aethelwerd, and of my friend Aethelmaer, who most highly honor my translations by their perusal of them; nevertheless,” he humbly adds, “I have resolved at last to desist from such labor after completing the fourth book, that I may not be regarded as too tedious.”¹

Fortunately, Aelfric was not allowed to desist, but continued his literary activity to the end of his life.

In his Anglo-Saxon Preface to the same work he says:

“we say nothing new in this book, because it has stood written down long since in Latin books, though laymen knew it not,”—

a significant sentence in that it expresses simply the principle and aim of Aelfric's work: to say nothing new, but to repeat in the vernacular and for the masses of the people, the doctrines that had always been taught in Latin.

Appended to the first volume of the *Lives of the Saints* are three Homilies: “The Interrogations of Sigewulf,” “On False Gods,” and “The Twelve Abuses”; which are ascribed by some to other authors.

Next in order of time are his translations of the Old Testament. In its Preface he tells us with what care and exactness he translated: the Pentateuch, and the books of Josue, the Judges, Job. Esther, and Judith. The last of his writings as a simple monk was probably that now entitled “Aelfric's *Canons*,” in the Preface of which he styles himself “humilis frater,” not *abbas*, as in those that follow. The book (993-1001) is dedicated to Wulfsige, Bishop of Sherborne, so the arbitrary date 1000 may be taken to divide Aelfric's work as monk and abbot.

His next work, an abridgement in Latin from the *De Consuetudine Monachorum* of St. Aethelwold of Winchester (d. 984) is the first that begins with the words “Aelfricus Abbas Eynesham—ensibus fratribus salute in Christo.” He was now, therefore, an abbot and writing to his monks of the Abbey of Eynesham. During the remainder of his life he wrote various letters that are still extant, an Introduction to the Old and New Testaments, a life of his beloved teacher, St. Aethelwold, several

¹*Lives of the Saints*, vol. I, p. 5.

homilies of different saints, an Anglo-Saxon version of the *Hexameron* of St. Basil, and of the *Admonitio ad Filium Spiritualem* of the same saint, an Anglo-Saxon version of Bede's *De Temporibus*, a homily in alliterative verse of *The Sevenfold Gifts of the Holy Ghost*, a homily *On Penitence*, and *Prayers and Creeds in English*,—that last was included by Archbishop Parker in his first volume of Anglo-Saxon works with the Easter Homily. Surely this list of works, considering the times in which they were composed, the labor required, and the exactness which Aelfric brought to his work, would put any modern to shame.

(*To be Continued*)

ESTHER V. FOX, '28.

Quest

We wander through life's roadways far and near
 In quest of knowledge, ever noble prize,
 And as we seek, are overcome by fear
 Lest, gaining it, we fail to recognize
 Our cherished boon. To us it does appear
 As golden treasure, which, so we surmise,
 Is given to few: the prophet and the seer,
 And those the scholars' learned world comprise.
 But knowledge waits for each in his career,
 Is given to all who will but realize
 The gift that may be theirs, if they e'er steer
 Twixt standards high of earth and paradise.
 Knowledge is sought in volume, tome and book,
 Yet may be found wherever we may look.

SALLY D. CARROLL, '31.

Newspaper-Woman

Everything about her bespoke determination. Although they saw her every day, all the reporters looked at her wonderingly as she walked into the office. They admired her clear-brown eyes, her brown curly hair which peeked out from beneath her tight-fitting hat, her Grecian nose, her lips, now puckered in a sweet smile, now drawn in an adamant line, her firm chin—all these they looked at daily and never grew tired.

“Good-morning, Jim,” she called out merrily. “Hello, Bill. Good-morning, Mr. City Editor, isn’t this a gorgeous day?”

“Hello, Marty, just a minute, will you please?”

He turned to answer the telephone which was buzzing its insistent demand. “Sure, she’s here. Send it up. Haven’t you an office-boy down there?”

He turned to Marty. “Sunday Supplement has something for you. Congratulations, Marty, I just heard about your good luck. So ‘J. P.’ is going to send you away from us for six months?”

“So you just heard about it?” she mocked gently. “Well, I learned about it only yesterday afternoon and when I came in to thank you, you had gone.”

“Thank me?” What for?” with forced indifference.

“Bob Corcoran, don’t you suppose I realize who was the perpetrator of this? What does ‘J.P.’ know about sending anyone on a special assignment even if he is the owner of the paper? He would never have thought that the public wanted a trip abroad from a woman’s viewpoint, if you did not first put the thought into his head. Bob, I’m so happy. It seems that this is a big step on my ladder of success. My chance! Bob, I wouldn’t give it up for worlds. Signed articles, Bob! What an opportunity!”

“It is, Marty,” responded Bob Corcoran, “but you deserve it. You have been with the SUN for four years and there isn’t a better newspaper woman, Marty, in the city of New York. When I say, ‘newspaper woman,’ I mean it as people outside the profession understand it and not as we look at it. You came to us a youngster out of college, determined to make your way in one of the hardest games a woman can choose. What was your attitude towards your fellow-reporters? Pleasant, but distant. The proper one to assume when a woman is on a par with men. You’re a woman in the real sense of the word, Marty, for there isn’t a man in this office who does not admire and respect you. Is it any wonder that I suggested you when ‘J. P.’—” he stopped.

“Thank you, Bob, for all you have said, but really there isn’t a great deal of credit due me. It is to my mother I owe all I am and to her must

go all the bouquets I receive. Bob, I'm so happy, I could dance for joy. A trip abroad, incidentally one of my pet ambitions, at any time is not a thing to be sneered at, but to go as the representative of the SUN is something I had never even anticipated. You're looking at me, Bob, wondering what my other ambition is. It is to write a novel."

Bob Corcoran laughed. "Marty, that is the ultimate aim of everyone on a newspaper, or else he thinks it is. Why don't you write one? You haven't time." Marty blushed. "Marty, I have heard that ambition so often and the same excuse for the neglect to foster the desire, I am very sceptical. You will procrastinate, just as I have done, just as all the rest have done. Write, if you feel the urge, but until you get out of here you will never write and, Marty, you won't get out unless you are forced out."

"Miss Evans, telegram," shouted the office-boy sauntering up to the City Desk.

"Yes, Jimmy, thank you."

"Bob, Bob, what a break!" She sat motionless, her hands gripping the chair, her hands white like the postal telegraph which hung in her nerveless fingers. Bob took the telegram from her and read: "Come home at once. Mother very ill."

"Bob, isn't this a catastrophe? My darling Mother. I'm going immediately."

"When are you supposed to sail?" asked Bob, knowing nothing else to say. "She'll be better and you can go if we put it off for six weeks."

"Thank you, Bob, I guess that will be fine. Oh, I hope nothing happens to her, Bob, I need her too much."

* * * * *

Although her friends had sent her many gifts to the train, Marty was unable to divert herself, was unable to shake off a feeling of oppression. The train dragged just like the minutes when one is awaiting day-break after a sleepless night.

"Next stop, Medway, New Hampshire," called the conductor.

"It's about time," thought Marty stepping off the train and looking about for a familiar face.

"Oh, Mrs. Brown, how is she?" she asked an austere woman who was standing near the depot.

"All right," replied Mrs. Brown tersely. "She had a slight shock, but I figured you being the only one she has might just as well come home instead of gallivanting around a newspaper in New York."

"Oh!" thought Marty. "She could have at least saved me some worry by being a trifle more explicit in the telegram!"

When the taxi drew up in front of the house, Marty waited for nothing, but rushed upstairs to her mother.

"Mother dear," she cried kissing her thin face, "I'm so glad you're not very ill. The telegram frightened me so. I thought I would never get home. I'm glad I'm here because you are going to get well very quickly with me as your nurse."

Although Marty had written Bob Corcoran that without a doubt she could sail in five weeks she did not feel so certain as she wished about it. She realized her mother was getting no better and her place was at home.

"Yet how can I give it up?" she reiterated to herself. "No, it is impossible. I won't do it." Thus she mused staring night after night with sleepless eyes on the shadows cast on the ceiling of the room, feeling the sickening quietude of the place permeate her being until she craved the maudlin noise of New York with an insatiable thirst.

Even her mother noticed a decided change in her disposition and whispered to her one day, after Marty had had a particularly enervating struggle.

"Marty, dear, I'm so happy to have you here, but you do not seem contented. Darling, I do not want to spoil your life. Go back to New York. I am getting stronger every day."

"Of course you are," prevaricated Marty. "Soon you will be better than ever."

Sleep that night was an impossibility. "Here I am with success within my grasp, in fact dancing before my eyes and I shall have to give it up. Not only that, but I ought to give up my work entirely and remain here." Thus spoke Marty's conscience.

"But," responded the voice of self-will. "You owe it to yourself to take events as you find them. You have chosen your own path of life, now that you have the opportunity you have wished for, it is up to you to make the most of it. Why, your mother may live for years, and what good will you be to her? She has a competent nurse and, furthermore, you will die of inertia here, you who have always been accustomed to so much excitement."

"Yes, your mother may live for years, but you know what the specialists said," replied Marty's conscience, "that she might die at any moment for the slight shocks she has been having have left her susceptible to more dangerous ones. Marty, you would not be happy if you did not do the right thing."

The fight waxed furiously during that sleepless night and in the morning there went to the telegraph office a tired but victorious Marty who sent her resignation to Bob Corcoran, assuring him of an explanation in a letter.

Despite the flattering letters sent her not only from the *SUN*, but other newspapers, Marty remained firm in her resolve to stay with her mother. It was not easy, one week her mother seemed to be getting better and the next lapsing into an utter state of dependency. Although Mrs. Evans was delighted with her daughter's presence, she seemed unwilling to have her sacrifice her opportunities, not realizing, of course, the extent of her sacrifice.

"Never mind, Mother dear," Marty would reply to her mother's inopportune questions, "I am still working. In fact I took a leave of absence because I intend to write a novel."

"Oh, I see, dear. Then that's all right. I thought you had given up your work for me."

Now that her mother thought the reason of her stay was purely selfish, she thought she would have to write something to corroborate her opinion, even though she never sold it. So she commenced in fun weaving characters around a plot. Soon, however, she became so much engrossed in the work that time meant nothing to her, other than that it slipped away all too soon.

The thing grew, her *Newspaper-Woman*, beyond all that she had ever dreamed. Struggling, rejoicing, new ideas flocked to her; she worked, and procrastinated; she loved her book, and she hated it in turn. Nevertheless, it was many times delayed on account of her mother, who became weaker and more irritable, demanding nearly all Marty's time. These were the days when Marty tried to be glad she had remained at home and had given up everything except her sense of duty. These were the nights when the pillow on which she lay was wet with tears of self-pity or sheer exhaustion, which, she could not decide. These were the days when she ached to sit down before a typewriter and put in tangible form the ideas that were screeching for freedom, but love came first and self had to be relegated to the background. Her mother, jealous of her imagined rival, begrudged every moment Marty spent with her novel, so it became necessary to stay all day by her bedside and to spend practically all night at her typewriter, for so much a part of her had her novel become that she could not bear to have a day pass without adding something to it.

The anniversary of the day she resigned from the *SUN* Marty sent her manuscript to a New York publisher. Although she loved the work of her brain, Marty feared it would be rejected by the publishers. "Well, it's done and God speed you, *Newspaper-Woman*. There are parts of you that are good . . . and others. . . . But you are in the hands of the gods! May they be propitious!"

The thought of her novel was, however, driven from her mind, for on her return home she was confronted by a worried Mrs. Brown.

"Your mother has taken a turn for the worse, so I sent for Doctor Barnes." Marty said nothing, but hastened upstairs, to meet the doctor.

"The longest will not be very long now, Marty. She has had a severe shock and is not likely to recover."

The doctor's surmise was correct for Mrs. Evans hovered between life and death for three weeks, with Marty in constant, untiring attendance on her.

* * * * *

A few weeks later a sad, wistful-eyed Marty entered the office of the New York SUN.

"Marty!" cried Bob Corcoran. "Gee! It's good to see you. Boys, enter America's new novelist, America's best seller! Marty, congratulations!"

"What do you mean, Bob?" asked Marty, astonished at his greeting.

"You have been a recluse for the past few weeks, so the publishers sent me a letter for you announcing that they have accepted your *Newspaper-Woman* and that preliminary critics have declared it a "best seller." They sent word to New Hampshire for you to come to sign the contract, but hearing nothing from you, they sent the letter to me to get in touch with you. So you see, Marty, your coming here is providential. All you needed was a little time, eh, Marty? You're a wonder."

During this astonishing declaration Marty Evans sat limply in the chair, too dazed to utter a word. "Bob, Bob, isn't this wonderful? I don't know what to say. . . . Yet, Bob, do you know I have never regretted the step I took. The grief I felt at my mother's death was more than placated by the thought I had done all I could for her."

"Marty, you're a fine woman, the kind newspapers want. I suppose considering you are America's foremost novelist you would not even consider working for the SUN and taking the assignment you threw up a year ago?"

"Bob, you don't really mean it? Will I accept it?"

"Very well," replied Bob covering his emotion with a terse manner. "Go down and sign your contract, arrange with your bank about some money and take the next boat to Europe."

"Bob, I can't believe it."

"You deserve it," he hesitated. . . . "Newspaper-woman."

MARY G. DELANEY, '30.

The Maestro

[Scene—A living room and studio combined, furnished sparsely; at the right a piano, on which are scattered leaves of music, in the center a library table, around which are a few chairs. As the curtain rises, a man is seated at the piano playing softly. The telephone rings. He rises to answer it when a young lady who has entered from the left takes up the receiver.]

GIRL: Hello! No! No! This is the Maestro Franz Studio.

MAN: (Who has halted mid-way across the room) "What now?"

GIRL: (Placing 'phone back on small table near door) Wrong number. A Mr. La France wanted.

MAN: (Wearily) Who might he be?

GIRL: (Shrugging shoulders) Don't know, I'm sure.

MAN: (Walking back toward piano and mumbling dejectedly) They all have 'em. Doctors, lawyers, teachers.

GIRL: (From doorway at left) Have what?

MAN: Patients, clients, pupils. What's the matter with me, anyhow?

GIRL: You're too honest.

MAN: (Gasps) Wha—at?

GIRL: You heard me. You're too honest.

MAN: (Amused) Too honest, eh? What would you have me?

GIRL: "String" the people.

MAN: "String" the people? I—er—a do not understand—.

GIRL: (Sitting down on bench) You are one of the finest piano players in the state. You were a splendid concert player. You gave up all that, because you had a notion that you could teach better. So far you haven't been successful. Why? Because you are honest. People—

MAN: But—I—

GIRL: Now wait. People come to you. You tell them all their faults first. Tell them their good points.

MANS That's —

GIRL: (Interrupting) That's good policy. Always tell them they *can* play wonderfully!

MAN: (Smiling) That isn't being done, you know.

GIRL: You mean you don't do it, that is why you have so few pupils, and why you're as poor as a churchmouse, despite your Mozart-like qualities.

MAN: (Crossing to piano) Well, I won't—do—it.

GIRL: All right. Then you'll go out and hunt up some more pupils. You are already four weeks behind in your rent.

MAN: (Anxiously) Four weeks?

GIRL: Um—and your music bill is—

MAN: (Deliberately) All right.

GIRL: (Continuing) More than you'll ever pay, and your—

MAN: (Louder than before) All right!

GIRL: (Unconcerned) Insurance is—

MAN: (Angrily shouting) All right!

GIRL: (Sweetly sarcastic) *All* right. Just thought I'd tell you!
(Rises from piano bench, begins to straighten out music scattered about.)

MAN: (Crosses room, turns on reaching it) I'm going out; I'll be back later.

GIRL: All right. (The door bell rings, she crosses the room and opens the door to a middle-aged woman.) Oh, how do you do?

WOMAN: (Hurriedly) Is this the Maestro Franz Studio?

GIRL: Yes, step right in, please.

WOMAN: (Still standing in doorway) I'm in a hurry. Is the Maestro in?

GIRL: (Hesitatingly) Why he—he—went out for a few moments. One gets so drowsy working indoors all day, and—

WOMAN: Well, I'm sorry. I can't wait.

GIRL: (Taking woman's arm, gently draws her in) Please come in.

WOMAN: (Settling self in chair) Well, I'll wait a moment. No more. I'm in a hurry. My business is important.

GIRL: (Hopefully) Oh! you desire to receive music lessons from the Maestro?

WOMAN: (Haughtily) Music lessons? Music lessons? Huh, I guess not! My business is *important*. Well, the moment is over. In fact two or three are over. (Rises as if to go.)

GIRL: Just one moment. Here is the Maestro now.

GIRL: Oh, Maestro! Do you feel refreshed after your long walk?

MAN: Refreshed? *Refreshed?* Need a lot of refreshment after doing noth—

GIRL: (Covering up his remark) By the way here is a lady—waiting for you.

MAN: (Turning around; sees the visitor for first time. Crosses over to her) Oh, er—a how do you do?

WOMAN: (Sternly) How do you do! You are the Maestro?

MAN: (Very politely) Yes, what can I do for you, Madame?

WOMAN: Miss, please. You can teach me to conduct a symphony orchestra.

MAN: (Rather staggered) O—a—what?

WOMAN: A symphony orchestra.

MAN: (Still bewildered) You mean—you want *me*—to teach *you* to conduct a symphony orchestra?

WOMAN: I do.

MAN: (Apparently enjoying it) Well—er—a what are your plans?

WOMAN: I intend to organize a symphony orchestra, composed of women, to give concerts.

MAN: Oh—

WOMAN: And you are to teach me to conduct it.

MAN: (Begins to laugh) And I am to teach you.

WOMAN: (Rises, angrily) How dare you laugh at me? Good day, sir—

MAN: (Crosses to her) I'm sorry. Please stay. Tell me what I am to do. No—please do not go.

WOMAN: (Sitting again, quite placated) *You* are to teach me how to conduct my orchestra. You—I saw you conducting a concert orchestra, once, didn't I?

MAN: (Seriously) Well, do you play any instruments? The violin?

WOMAN: (Seems surprised at question) Why, *no*!

MAN: Cello?

WOMAN: No!

MAN: Bass viol?

WOMAN: (Exasperated) *No*! Of course not!

MAN: Piano?

WOMAN: (Smiles) A player piano. But I love music.

MAN: (Thoroughly amused) And you want to conduct a symphony orchestra?

WOMAN: Yes, I do!

MAN: (Rising) I'm sorry. But I'm afraid you can't do it.

GIRL: (Who has been sitting at far end of room) She could learn.

WOMAN: (Rising vehemently) Sir! I can do *anything*. Do you know my name?

MAN: (Mildly) No.

WOMAN: I am Jane Dowell!

MAN: (Calmly) The philanthropist?

GIRL: (Excitedly) *Jane Dowell*!

WOMAN: Exactly. (Triumphantly) *I can conduct an orchestra*! Now that you know who I am, I suppose you'll teach me—now—

MAN: (Interrupting) Miss Dowell, you *never* could conduct an orchestra. There are some things money cannot buy!

WOMAN: (Near door) I have everything I wanted so far!

GIRL: (Sweetly) And you can have this, too.

MAN: Well, you'll be disappointed in this, I fear. It takes years of practice, training, musical knowledge—oh—a hundred things!

WOMAN: And I couldn't learn those?

MAN: No—o. You aren't exactly young, you know.

WOMAN: But I have money.

MAN: (Getting a bit provoked) *That* doesn't count!

WOMAN: Well, my friends say I can do it!

GIRL: Of course you can!

MAN: (Thoroughly provoked) I don't care who told you or what they told you. Even if Paderewski himself told you you could—I'm telling you you can't!

WOMAN: (Smile spreads over her face. Maestro, you're O.K.)

MAN: (Bewildered) But—but—

WOMAN: You do not understand. This is my story. Of all the musicians—good musicians in town—you are the only truthful one.

MAN: (Still in a daze) But—

WOMAN: Now wait.

GIRL: You mean you are going to take lessons?

WOMAN: Wait, I said (Bruskly). Now, Maestro, I've decided to finance symphony concerts for this city. I have searched for a leader, deserving the—er—a position. Most of the musicians I interviewed were quite willing to teach me—which as you know, could not be done at my age. You told me the truth, I know you have been very unsuccessful since you gave up concert work and I want you to take the new position.

MAESTRO: Then—this—all woman affair was just a joke?

JANE D.: Yes, will you take the—job?

MAESTRO: (Quite overjoyed) Will I?

JANE D.: Your salary will be—. We'll decide later. Will you accept?

MAESTRO: *Will I?*

JANE D.: We'll start rehearsing next week. You'll be there?

MAESTRO: *Will I?*

JANE D.: Then, I'll see you later! Good-bye! (He opens door for her.)

MAESTRO: Good-bye (closes door—turns to girl. Rubbing hands excitedly) Do I want that job! Do I! (He walks quickly to piano and standing plays very lively tune as curtain falls.)

A Poet's Inspiration

Among the dominating notes in Wordsworth's poems are his lofty ideas on family life and family affection. Not only are these thoughts expressed in the poetry which tells of his own family, but in that, also, which narrates little tales of imagined people. His mother had died when he was but eight years old, but he remembered her well. He had been so close to her that he says, "I held mute dialogues with my Mother's heart." She was old-fashioned, simple, unselfish, and had a "heart that found benignity and hope, being itself benign." The fact that Wordsworth wrote these words many years after her death shows her life-long influence on him.

Of his father, too, he had happy remembrances, and mentions particularly his kindness. Once when a boy, Wordsworth had saved his pennies for a long desired volume of the "Arabian Nights," but was unable to get it. On returning home on a vacation from school, however, he found that the loving parent had procured it for him. We know from the *Prelude* what a great sorrow this dear Father's death was to him.

From his earliest years there were evenings spent together with family and friends around the humble fireside, when "the cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom," and together they found "life in common things" and "a cheerfulness serene." Even after the death of his mother his home life was ideal, for to Dame Tyson he gave "honor with little less than filial love." She welcomed him heartily on his return from college, and he found a "freshness" in the home life of the country people of his native district. Many times he speaks of his brother John, whom he addresses as "friend and brother." At the death of this brother Wordsworth tells his sorrow that "the meek, the brave, the good was gone." He also speaks of him in *The Happy Warrior*.

As for the days spent with his wife, Mary Hutchinson, they were examples of perfect devotion and happiness. He pays this beautiful tribute to her:

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command.
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of angelic light."

Later on in the poems addressed to his infant daughter, Dora, Wordsworth shows himself to have been tender, kind and loving. Only one who appreciated fully the beauty of home-life could speak as he did.

But it was his sister, Dorothy, who was nearest and dearest to his heart. Mention cannot be made of Wordsworth and his ideal family life, without bringing his "dear, dear sister" to mind. Their life together

was perfectly harmonious. Not only in later years, but even when mere children they were the best of companions, for he tells us in *The Sparrow's Nest* that the "blessing of my later years was with me when a boy," and that she gave him perfect understanding.

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love and thought and joy."

He missed that "sole sister" whenever they were separated, so dear was she to him and such a source of inspiration, for "her common thoughts were piety, her life gratitude." In the little poem entitled, *To My Sister*, he tells of their pleasant comradeship, free and far from care, when they enjoyed Nature together. We love the way the poet speaks of Dorothy in his prayer for her in *Tintern Abbey*.

"—thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling place,
For all sweet sounds and harmonies."

It was after the moral shock he received when England had declared war on France, and he had turned to "abstract science" for solace, that the faithful Dorothy proved her worth; for he says of her, "Then it was that the beloved sister . . . maintained for me a saving intercourse with my true self . . . and preserved me still a poet." Indeed the love and devotedness of these two could well be imitated by all brothers and sisters in the world.

In *We Are Seven*, he makes us love the little girl for her simple devotion to her brothers and sisters, even though the latter were dead or far away. The *Anecdote for Fathers* impresses us with the trusting confidence of the little child toward his companion, his Father. Many of the poems show the love of parents for their children, among them *The Complaint*, *The Sailor's Mother*, and *The Seven Sisters*.

In the pastoral poem *Michael*, we are delighted with the simple love of the old man whose days "had not been passed in singleness," but with a wife "whose heart was in her home," and a son dear to both. He speaks of their love for each other and their comfort and hope in the boy. And after the departure of the latter, Wordsworth showed the love of the parents in the manner in which they rejoiced over his letters, "the prettiest letters that were ever seen." Then he shows the pathetic sadness of the loving couple at the downfall of their cherished boy. It is such poems as this that show Wordsworth's love for Nature, to be sure, but with it a love for simple living and family life.

LOUISE FIELDING, '31.

BOSTONIANA

Old Libraries and Bookstores

From its earliest days Boston has had a bookish reputation, for nearly three hundred years ago Elder Brewster, of the Plymouth Colony, and Governor Winthrop, and his son, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, were owners of private libraries. Other beginnings in Boston and vicinity were the first printing press in the colonies, set up in the town of Cambridge; the first American newspaper established in Boston in 1689; and the first foundation of a library in a gift of books to Harvard College as early as 1653.

When our Boston Public Library was founded in 1852, its promoters seemed to have had no suspicion of a somewhat similar institution which had been established at a much earlier date. Two centuries before this time, a contentious Puritan had made provision for giving a selection from his own doctrinal books to the town of Boston, appealing to others for additional contributions, and had set apart a sum of money for a building in which there should be room for the "housing of books." This man, Captain Robert Keayne, a war enthusiast, was also instrumental in founding in Boston a branch of the Honorable Artillery Company. In his private life, however, he was regarded as an extortioner, was censured by the court for exacting undue profit, and was summoned before the Church for admonition. Nevertheless, he piled up his booty and then, anxious to give the public some benefit of his shrewdness, he set aside a third of his property for public purposes. His great desire was to build a marketplace, "which shall give the country people shelter when they come in to sell their goods." In it he planned to have a few rooms for the Courts, one for the Artillery Company, and "a convenient room for the library." His contribution to this library includes his own manuscripts on religious subjects such as: "Coming of Christ," "The New Jerusalem," "Four Monarchs," "Papal Anti-Christ," "Big and Little Horns," and "Millennium." In the captain's will there is a clause concerning his "bookes given to begin a library," which runs thus:

"If the town of Boston should not within three years after my death, build a handsome room for the library, and another for the Elders and Schollars to walk and meete in, then they may be delivered to the President or some of the overseers of Harvard College at Cambridge as an addition to that Library."

Captain Keayne died about 1655, and by means of added contributions his legacy was carried out, for already in 1629 a Mr. William Backhouse had presented eight books to the Company, and a Mr. Skelton handed in a "note of bookes" among which were "2 dussen and ten catechisms." In 1658 a building was erected for a library, as is shown from the will of the Reverend John Wilson in 1673, in which promise was made for a bequest of books for it. Sir Thomas Temple's will in 1671 also records a bequest of books "such as are fit for the Towne Library." In 1676, Mr. Chiswell, a London publisher, in a letter written to the Reverend Increase Mather, refers to some books he had sent to Mr. Usher hoping they would be "recommended to the Public Library."

Contemporary with the beginning of the library in Boston is that of bookstores, about which there is a touch of romance. The old bookstores of Boston were literary centers and meeting places. In the intimacy of book rooms, author, publisher, and bookseller met on common ground, and in friendliness of spirit discussed and exchanged ideas. Among the earliest booksellers were the eccentric John Dunton, who "received books from London"; Mr. Usher, who carried on a book trade in Boston for many years; John Jewett, who supplied the clergy with books, and William Veazie, who dealt in various classes of literature. The mecca of book-lovers, however, was first situated in Old Cornhill, then moved in 1816 from Old Cornhill to Washington street, which at one time was Cheapside street, later Market street, and then renamed Cornhill. Here was to be found the most interesting of all bookstores, the "Old Corner Bookstore." The first site chosen was already famous in the history of Boston, for Isaac Johnson had purchased the land for his own at the time of his arrival in the new colony, and believed that it was destined to be the center of the future city. In 1634 this same land had been the garden plot of William Hutchinson and his famous wife, Anne.

In the early years of the eighteenth century the Old Corner Bookstore was in the possession of Carter and Hendee. James T. Fields, who, at the age of fourteen, was taken by them into the shop, wrote years later: "Mr. Hendee was an indulgent master, and pleased to make the boys in his shop happy. According to the fashion of those times he had a box at the theatre, and always invited one or more of the clerks to go every night. In this way I saw the elder Booth, Fanny Kemble as Juliet, her father, and, in short, all the good actors who came to America at that time."

In 1845, under the name of William D. Ticknor and Company, the Old Corner Bookstore contributed actively towards presenting the works of Longfellow, Lowell, Tennyson and many other writers to the American public. Mr. Ticknor published the works of De Quincey and Charles

Reade, and later, against the advice of Mr. Fields, purchased the *Atlantic Monthly*. It was owing to Mr. Ticknor's initiative that the first unsolicited payments from American publishers were made for copyright to foreign authors, and it is probable that he paid to Tennyson the first money ever paid for international copyright. Besides, Mr. Ticknor was an intimate friend of most of his celebrated contemporaries, especially with Hawthorne, so that one rarely undertook a journey without the other.

In those days, when the Old Corner Bookstore played an important part in the literary life of cultured Boston, it must have presented a cheerful and homely appearance, a worthy meeting place for such eminent men. Near the Washington Street door was a tall, slender mirror, a relic of the days when James Clarke's father had an apothecary shop in the building. The upper left-hand corner of the main room was enclosed with green curtains. This was Mr. Fields's private nook, where the broad window seat was always full of books, manuscripts and letters, and where so many brilliant men were welcomed. In a small counting room in the opposite corner, Mr. Ticknor presided. Here Hawthorne spent many a pleasant hour in a little niche, ensconced in a chair which became known as "Hawthorne's Chair." The store was a familiar rendezvous, too, for the public and it was a popular shopping place with the ladies who "patronize its church department for works of devotion, prayer books, hymnals and Bibles."

To it, came Rufus Choate and the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Thackeray voiced his impressions and American experiences there, and Whittier tenderly greeted his friends. Henry Ward Beecher and his sister, Mrs. Stowe, Lucy Larcom, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Thomas Starr King were often to be seen in these gatherings. Ministers, actors and orators, in short, all who wrote and read some time or other graced this circle of luminaries. In 1849, Ticknor and Fields made plans there for publishing the first edition of Browning's poems in this country, and when Dickens came to Boston, he and Mr. Fields arranged there the "Great International Walking Match," which took place February 29, 1868.

After the death of William Ticknor, and after James T. Fields had left the store to become editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, it passed into other hands, and finally became just a bookselling store, although it continues to attract literary Bostonians to its portals. Oliver Wendell Holmes says of it:

"I never can go into that famous Corner Bookstore, and look over the new books in the row before me, as I enter the door, without seeing

half a dozen which I want to read or at least to know about. The titles of many of them interest me. I look into one or two, perhaps. I have sometimes picked up a line or a sentence, in these momentary glances through the uncut leaves of a new book, which I have never forgotten."

With the passing of the older generation, however, men came less frequently "to this scholars' calm retreat" to discuss and exchange ideas. Every true Bostonian, however, will forever treasure the memories of the "landmark of our fathers," the Old Corner Bookstore.

LUCIETTA CATHRYN PISCOPO, '29.

Boston Common

I hear the shouts of children round the deer,
Their laughing at the Punch and Judy show.
I see the happy groups that come and go,
The joyous youth whose meeting place is here.
The crystal fountain-water "bubbling" near
In sweet enchantment, gurgling soft and low,
The Pond, the rugged benches in a row,
The Elm that towers, mighty, shorn of fear.

Awake! you dream of happy yesterday!
Behold those walks where thousands daily tread,
Or pause awhile to rest, then hasten on.
You search in vain for those who, young and gay,
Once made this land a playground, and instead
You find but strangers who are quickly gone.

MARY E. McDONALD, '30

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

Ormolu: An Harangue

I suppose they really don't perceive the difference. In that case, it would be much more humane and common-sensical of me if I were to set about social reform by personal contact rather than to impose critical analysis in literary exposition. However, since your guess as to their powers of perspicuity is as good as mine, let us grant them the benefit of the doubt.

In the first place, we might settle the question of their numbers. Are they preponderant? I think not; but I do feel that their influence exerts a disproportionately great effect. In the second place, and colloquially, "how do they get that way?" Sub-topic: are they incurable? Shakespeare had the idea, about greatness. Some are virtually born that way; a large majority develop that way; but few, if any, get that way (we have arrived!) because they can do nothing else.

The entire expression of their philosophy is, for me, summed up in a remark I once overheard. The discussion concerned the "possibilities" of a certain unwitting defendant whose "fitness" for social contact gave rise to scepticism. The verdict, delivered with a histrionic flair (that, at least, was unconscious), imposed exclusion, because "well, it's not that she isn't in our class, she just isn't our type. You know what I mean—."

All of which revives the problem of the aforementioned powers of perspicuity. Did they know what she meant? and did she? If they and she did, if they perceive a distinction between snobbery and social exclusion, your correspondent will, with old Khayyam, inscribe her "Tamam Shud" and, laying down her futile weapon of reform, will seek to quell her doubts with her verse, her bread, her Thou, and her glass of milk.

But aren't they just evading the issue? Is not every "undesirable" unfit for just one reason? What is the nice distinction (obvious to them alone, apparently) between a person who is not "in one's class" and one who is not "one's type"? Surely, uncongeniality does not ordain stupid segregation of types in everyday affairs. Some of us are queer, certainly, but it takes the rest of the world to apprehend that fact.

In this universe of minute-by-minute discoveries, one experiences an amount of trepidation in declaring against the probability of the existence

of any such individual as the "cured Snob." Suffice it here to say, your correspondent has not to date knowingly observed any such phenomenon.

As to the infectiousness of the endemic, do you remember your long-ago method of eschewing the machinations of the goblins?

On reviewing the items of her expatiation, your haranguer finds that in the course of their presentation she drew at least two conclusions which, upon eduction, she proceeded to ignore. First, she confessed that if "they" did perceive the difference, a program of social reform seemed expedient and, perhaps, incumbent upon herself. Second, if "they" did not see the difference, old Omar's influence suggested a most graceful mode of withdrawal. In either case, her "Tamam Shud" was irrevocably emblazoned upon the wall.

She feels, however, that she has utilized her period of grace to the commendable extent of stressing her point: that High-Hatters exist, that they are intrinsically harmful, and that something ought to be done about it. Let us bear in mind that, "We are all such stuff as dreams are made of," and certain accidental eccentricities should not dim our eyes to the conclusion of that fact and its attendant obligations.

FRANCES O'BRIEN, '30.

Tête-à-Tête

You really feel as I about it?
Why, you never hinted so!
You would revive the chivalry,
The pomp and foolish fantasy
Of days of long ago?

Then let us don the magic of it
Here beneath the gibbous moon.
You are Lochinvar, stout-hearted.—
Ellen curtseys (helpless damsel),
But must take her leave, sir, soon.

You would that I should walk with you
Along this path where flowers fret it?
Then you must let me take your arm
To save my silly feet from harm.
And, sir,—My scarf! Wait, John, I'll get it!

FRANCES I. O'BRIEN, '30.

To Smile or Not to Smile

Let me make myself clearly understood at the beginning. I bear no ill-feeling toward the animal kingdom. As a matter of fact, I am very fond of the domestic variety of dumb creatures. My case lies, therefore, not with these irrational beings, but with their owners; and yet, not with all owners of household pets, but with those individuals whose interests are centered wholly in some beloved cat, or dog, or monkey, and who thus sometimes afford their neighbors amusement, but more often cause them anger and untold agony. As a resident of a large city, I have frequently come in contact with such individuals. What is it that makes them what they are, I fondly ask? Having considered the matter in a sober-minded fashion, I have arrived at the startling conclusion that they are insane! Do not let this statement alarm you, dear reader. I hasten to explain. Psychologists tell us that insanity is a disease of the brain. Now, of course, there are different degrees of insanity, some being of a more violent nature than others. Those publicly self-termed "mothers" and "fathers" of darling cats and dogs are members of this latter class.

And now the awe-inspiring interrogation arises: "Shall we smile at these unfortunates and offer them kindly encouragement, pitying them for their unsoundness of mind and eager to be charitable at all times?" Let me answer it by another question: "Have you ever experienced the delicious thrill of awaking suddenly from the Elysian sweetness of Dreamland to the cold, early-morning grayness of the actual world, to the haunting melody of a police dog's 'falsetto'?" Ah, then, if you have, my friend, you will be up in arms with me, who well recalls such an unhappy incident, ready to hunt to earth the selfish wretch who encourages his pet's vocal exercises to the complete exclusion of his neighbor's well-earned rest. Let us have no mercy on him! Insane though he may be, he cannot command our sympathy. I am strongly inclined to believe that he has instilled the habit of voice-culture-before-sunrise in his dear doggie just to annoy you and me. And, incidentally, if he really loves the dog, why does he endanger its life by putting it daily in the way of shoes, alarm clocks, curling irons, and other impressive missiles? I cannot hazard a reply to that question.

I am reminded at this point, for no special reason, of an experience of a friend of mine. She had gone to visit a friend whom she had not seen for several months, and they had scarcely exchanged greetings when she became unpleasantly aware of a newly-acquired pet of her hostess. The pet was a fascinating white mouse, a very sociable little creature, who, having been released from its cage for a little exercise, was prompted

to spring without warning into the lap of my friend. Your imagination will, I am sure, readily supply the consequent emotion of the creature's new acquaintance. The poor unsuspecting victim of this shock could not smile, although we may be able to see the humor of the situation. You may imagine, too, that the hostess was soon left to enjoy the exclusive society of her wee white mouse.

The idea of losing friends through the actions of household pets reminds me of another incident, not concerned with an animal but with a bird,—a parrot. It seems that "Polly" was well educated along certain lines of conversation, these same lines being presumably quite proper. The visit of a friend of the family, however, elicited a remark from "Polly" which expressed her doubts as to the sound mentality of the guest, and, in short, advised that his immediate departure would afford the speaker unbounded pleasure. This is another occurrence which might afford amusement in which the participants in the experience could not share.

Then, of course, there are scores of persons, principally women, whom all of us have met, who are quite unashamed, in public, to caution their pet dogs to "stay with mother." I disdain even to comment on these.

Let me present one other case which has come within my experience several times. There is a woman in our neighborhood whose house is a refuge for stray cats. At one time she owned a huge, ugly English bulldog, whose "intelligence" was, to her, an endless source of material for conversation. At his demise her attention became centered on cats. I truly believe that she sees and dreams of nothing but cats. Every time I meet her she asks eagerly, "How is your cat?" and being assured of his continued good health and general satisfaction with the world and with himself, she goes on her way, relieved. Now I do not object to her interest in our "Lindy," but I do object to the fact that the health of my family and myself has never provoked the slightest expression of polite interest from her. Ah, cold-hearted selfish woman! although you often amuse me, sometimes you provoke me to angry thoughts.

But yet, why should I allow myself to be disturbed? No good will come of it. And surely it is better to smile than to frown!

KATHLEEN V. MCCARTHY, '30.

Loney: Réveilleur

Of all the strident, raucous dins
That shock the weary soul,
The one that daily early wins
In bringing human dole
Is the cool, efficient clock-alarm
That, watching by one's bed,
Shrieks wildly through Elysian calm,
And seems to stretch a spirit arm,
To rest a clammy spirit palm
Upon one's throbbing head.

I boast no great, consummate skill,
No powerful gift of wile;
I count myself a mortal still,
Though I can wildly smile
When, through the dreams that haunt my rest,
The siren shrieks its law.
I of all mortals have been blest:
There comes a scamper full of zest,
A hurtling bound,—ah, you have guessed!—
And on my cheek a paw.

A pair of lustrous, anxious eyes
Peer wildly into mine.
A strawberry tongue of pink surprise
Rolls out a plaintive whine.
I laugh!—The world is good and bright.
I own my Loney's heart.
He leaps in speechless, pained delight,
And sets about with dogged might
To make me chase him in his flight.
Ah, such a subtle art!

This great world teems with little things
That give a gladness rare.
Such joy an orphan doggie brings,
And asks for—love and care.
He lives the only life he knows,

And counts your thoughtless pat
(At which his heart quite overflows
With all the love a canine owes)
A panacea for all his woes.
Do you deny him that?

FRANCES O'BRIEN, '30.

"All Values Are Sentimental"

"All values are sentimental," I guilelessly remarked, speaking with a friend of that rare species of human being, the thinker, whose mind loved to roam through the vague world of the abstract, and always had a stock of interesting ideas which it pleased me greatly to evoke. My remark reacted on her immediately, for a distant look came into her eyes, and then, as if thinking aloud, she said in a meditative tone:

"What a wealth of meaning there is behind those words! How true they are! Now, there is the diamond, the most precious of stones, although but a piece of refined carbon, the jewel chosen by lovers as the most suitable and worthy of their beloved. Where lies its value, but in its beauty, pure and sparkling, with its thousand lights, a perfect reflector of the sun's rays? It is the feeling that we have for the diamond that makes it precious."

Then as a smile illuminated the blue depths of her eyes, she continued: "Now I can sympathize with Dad at the time when Mother burned his disreputable old felt, that she had been aching to get her hands on for years, and that really was a 'wreck.' Who can say what kindly feelings he had for it in return for its faithful protection against the ravages of New England weather? It makes it clearer to me, too, how my brother can blissfully puff away for hours on a smelly old pipe, its bowl cuddled lovingly in his hands. Again, it explains the universal feminine weakness for the use of the 'vanity,' a woman's weapon in the most trying and difficult situations. When things have gone all wrong, when pride has received a sharp jolt, and tears are ready to overflow, does she let down the flood-gates? Ah, no! With a gesture of defiance, she takes out a 'vanity' and powders her nose!"

"Yes, indeed," shaking her head pensively, "that 'all values are sentimental' is very true, isn't it?" And she turned to me for the first time with one of her warm smiles, in which I bathed myself contentedly, as I reflected on her musings, and forgot my annoyance at her apparent abstraction.

RUTH KELLEY, '30.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Have you ever noticed how quickly the spirit of Christmas departs? With noticeable zeal we devote weeks to thinking, planning and preparing for the great feast. Yet, as soon as Christmas Day passes we lapse almost immediately into our accustomed routine. The enthusiasm, the animation, the "joie de vivre" which permeated the whole world has vanished, to remain latent for another year. Perhaps if the actual significance of Christmas was dominant in our minds, the sentiment which enveloped us then would linger with us a while longer. The Christmas season does not end with Christmas Day. In the ecclesiastical calendar we find that it extends far into the New Year, terminating with the Feast of the Purification, which falls on February second. Included in the intervening weeks is a succession of feast days of some of the most celebrated Pontiffs, learned doctors, courageous martyrs and staunch defenders of which the Church boasts. Could we but study their devotion to the Christ Child and devotedness in His service, we might recapture some of the Christmas spirit that has so easily and quickly escaped us.

"Noblesse oblige." Although disguised in the cloak of a sweetly sounding French expression, this rather trite little saying is familiar to us. Its English translation, however, "rank imposes obligation," discarding the alien sound and with it any delusion we might have had that it is not applicable to us, makes it assume a deeper significance. "Rank" does not here refer to a titled station in life, but rather to that state of life in which one finds oneself. It implies the chivalrous attitude each one of us should have for others and should expect from others. But do we find it the principle of life around us? In the commercial world it seems to be supplanted by the motto, "help yourself" rather than your fellow man. It should exist here, however, in the social and scholastic world, and in the world of sports as well. There is no legitimate reason for not keeping the precept, "noblesse oblige," since it is only by adherence to that principle that one can exhibit the comradeship, good will, and courtesy which makes life happier for ourselves and all around us. Were it practised, some of the sophistication and superficiality of modern life would perhaps be obliterated and a genuineness and sincerity substituted for them. The noble sentiment of this adage is appreciated by all and within the grasp of all, so let all our motives be imbued with the spirit: "Noblesse Oblige."

In the *London Tablet* of December 14, 1929, we have seen recorded the beatification by His Holiness Pope Pius XI, of one hundred and thirty-six English martyrs. Among the many names in the list familiar to us from the study of English literature and history is that of England's poet-priest, Robert Southwell, who, during his short life of thirty-three years, gained a reputation for his courage, learning, and sanctity. Living, as he did, during the reign of the notorious "good Queen Bess," his life was a series of adventures in behalf of his persecuted Catholic countrymen. His nobility and valor of soul was well shown when he became a Jesuit, in Rome, at the age of seventeen. His great mission, when he returned to England two years later as a Catholic priest, was to journey up and down the countryside administering such spiritual help as he could to the people.

The world, however, knows little of his life as a priest, but knows Father Southwell only as a poet, although writing poetry was only a pastime, particularly during his prison days. There is a marked joyousness of spirit about his early poems, which is replaced gradually by sadness in his later poems, a change due, no doubt, to the suffering and tortures of his long imprisonment. Father Southwell's whole life philosophy is summed up in the last quatrain of a poem ascribed to him:

"And if it be Thy glorious will
That I shall taste of this Thy cup,
I am sure to fulfill
Thy will and offer up."

ght

the winter sky
of the pure, night air,
as it whistled by,
disarranged my hair.
above me there,
of God's creative power,
snowy clouds so fair,
Appeared to whisper in that peaceful hour:
"We, too, commune with Him in silence from our tower."

ANNE MULLIN, '30.

E. C. ECHOES

BASKET BALL

The basket ball season opened with a stirring game between Seniors and Juniors. Both teams played well and untiringly to the intense enjoyment of the spectators. Subsequent games have elicited an equal amount of admiration for both victors and losers.

THESPIS

The annual Junior Plays were presented to an enthusiastic audience on Wednesday, November 6. A light, fast-moving piece, "Our Aunt From California," included in its cast Miss Margaret McLeod, who, as the pseudo-aunt, gave a memorable performance, and the Misses Mary Spencer, Carolyn Noonan, Alice Conroy, Mary Mackin, Anne Sullivan and Mary Devlin.

The second play was Constance Mackay's familiar "Ashes of Roses." Miss Louise Fielding portrayed the delicate role of Kitty Clive, effectively assisted by the Misses Catherine Grant, Alice Gallagher, and Ann Grady.

Thanks are due Miss F. Theresa Chisholm, dramatic coach, who directed the players, and Miss Mary Delaney, '30, who attended to properties.

FRESHMAN DEBUT

The Hotel Somerset witnessed the gathering of a merry group of Emmanuelites and their friends on Saturday, November 16, when our Freshman class played hostess at a tea dance to the remainder of the student body. Miss Collette Fulham, Chairman of the committee in charge, was aided by the Misses Helene Crosby, Anne Crowley and Betty Mahoney. Music for the affair, which was held in the beautiful Louis XIV ballroom, was furnished by the popular orchestra of Leo Reisman.

This annual tea dance was one of the most successful ever held by College babies.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

At a recent meeting of the Society several ambitious Senior members enter-

tained with the rendering of a scene from Shakespeare's King Lear. The title rôle was quite tragically portrayed by Miss Mary Delaney. Assisting her were the Misses Rosemary Stanford, Mary Rose Connors, Margaret Crowley, Anne McNamara and Frances O'Brien. Their efforts received an enthusiastic response.

LE CERCLE LOUIS VEUILLOT

A truly enjoyable "Concours Oratoire" was held by the Circle on Monday, November 25. Nine contestants, who had qualified with distinction in their various classes, competed for the first prize which was donated by Miss Eileen Griffin, '27. Miss Doris Donovan, a member of the Senior class, was victorious, rendering a selection from Corneille. Second and third prizes went to the Misses Mercedes Vucasovich '30 and Marion Barry '33, while the Misses Mary Hoyer '30 and Mary F. Murphy '33 received honorable mention.



PRESENTATION CEREMONIES

On November 21, the feast of Our Lady's Presentation, the stage of the auditorium was transformed into a flower-decked

shrine of Our Immaculate Mother. There the entire student body assembled to pay homage to her in poem and song, and to offer their good wishes to the members of the faculty on the feast day of all religious. Poems composed for the occasion were recited by the Misses Catherine Grant and Ann Grady, both '31. A "Hymn to Our Lady," the words of which were written by Miss Dorothea Ryan, '31, was sung by the assembly, and a reading, "Mary's Vow," was given by Miss Catherine Boucher, '32. Miss Rosemary Stanford, '30, sang Dana's "Salve Regina," and Miss Louise Hollander, '33, also delighted the student body with a beautiful vocal selection, Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria." This was followed by a violoncello solo given by Miss Barbara Hall, '33. Miss Eileen Morrissey, '30, president of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, delivered a short address to the faculty and closed the impressive ceremonies by reciting with the entire assembly an Act of Consecration to Our Blessed Lady.

Members of the Committee wish to thank all who contributed in any way to make the occasion so happy and successful, in particular the students who accompanied the vocal selections, the Misses Agnes Knox, '32, Elinor Crosby, Margaret Brewin, and Mary F. Murphy, all '33. Congratulations are also due to Miss Helen Foley, '31, whose poem, "Mary's Presentation," appeared on the program.

PENNY SALE

Recently the members of the Foreign Mission Society directed a busy penny sale in order to raise needed funds. Their endeavors met with a gratifying response from the student body.

OPERETTA

One of the outstanding successes of the first semester was an operetta, "The Wild Rose," presented by the College Musical Society. It has been truly acclaimed one of the most charming and colorful entertainments which the College has ever produced, and was a splendid portrayal of the varied talents of our actresses, vocalists, and dancers. Deserving of special mention are: the Misses Rosemary Stanford, '30, whose songs and portrayal of "The Rose"

gained enthusiastic admiration; Mary Delaney, '30, and Margaret O'Connell, '32, who furnished delightful comedy that entertained the audience.

Praise is accorded the actresses and Miss F. Theresa Chisholm, dramatic coach; Miss Mary Hagan, '30, who staged the dances; Miss Agnes Knox, '32, accompanist, and the college orchestra, which furnished the music.

EUTERPE

Not long ago a college favorite returned to entertain us in the person of Miss Louise Watson, soprano. She sang numerous pleasing numbers in her own inimitable Southern style, accompanied at the piano by Mr. Donald Van Wart.

RECEPTION

On Monday, December 9, ninety-one Freshmen and new students admitted this year to upper classes were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The ceremonies, always so impressive, seemed this year to have an added charm and dignity. The Reverend John J. Lynch, S. T. L., officiated, delivering a short address to the new sodalists. Vocal solos were given by the Misses Grace Sullivan, '31, and Margaret O'Connell, '32.

THE ADVENT OF SANTA CLAUS

The Christmas play given annually by the Freshman and Sophomore members of the Dramatic Society followed established precedent this year in gaining hearty appreciation from the audience. Preceding the play itself were numbers by the college orchestra, vocal selections by Miss Rosemary Stanford, '30, and readings by Miss Anne Crowley, '33. The program will be remembered especially for the exquisite tableaux representing the Christmas mysteries. Participating in these were the Misses Anne Merrick, Barbara Hall, Winifred Killoran, Marguerite Downey, and Elizabeth McCarthy, of '33; the Misses Catherine Boucher, Madeleine Navien, Winifred Ward, Miriam Walsh, and Anna Joyce, of '32.

Following the Christmas tableaux, a one act play, "Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus," was given, the fitting end of which was the

distribution of gifts. It was capably directed by Miss F. Theresa Chisholm and admirably executed by the Misses Louise Theriault, Marie Barry, Mary Keenan, Collette Fulham, Cecelia Gilgun, Helen Gately, Geraldine Soles, Margaret Donahue, and Ada Erlanson, of the Class of '33, and the Misses Catherine Joyce, Mary Kenney, and Louise Geary, of '32.

The student body entertained as their guests over one hundred gleeful little boys and girls from the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, who look forward each year to the afternoon spent playing in our gymnasium, attending the Christmas play, and receiving gifts from Santa Claus.

THE WORLD LOOKS ON

Two cleverly-planned book reviews furnished matter for entertainment at a recent meeting of the Literary Society. Miss Anne McNamara, '30, reported on the current autobiography of former Governor Alfred E. Smith, while Miss Mary Rose Connors, '30, gave a synopsis of selections from Mr. Chesterton's latest work, "The Poet and the Lunatics." This program was one of the most enjoyable offered this year to members of the society.

WITCHCRAFT

The faculty and students spent a pleasurable hour when the Reverend Francis X.

Murphy of the faculty of Boston College gave a lecture on Witchcraft Days in Salem, paying high tribute to the first Catholic victim of religious prejudice in those days, Mrs. Anne Glover. No one will deny that Father Murphy's lecture, as well as his counsel on certain extraneous matters, will long be remembered by his audience.

A CHRISTMAS CONVENTION

During the past holidays Emmanuelites and their friends gathered at a Bridge and Tea held at Schrafft's on West Street. The management of the affair was in the hands of the Senior Class, which chose Miss Theresa O'Flahavan to be Chairman of the committee and the Misses Grace Ayers, Margaret Crowley, and Alice O'Neill to act as assistants. The gratifyingly-large proceeds have been contributed to the Emmanuel building fund.

PAUSE

Mid-year examinations dispensed with, the student body united in making a profitable retreat during the week of January 27. It was given by the Reverend Michael Earls, S.J., of Holy Cross College, Worcester.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Class of 1923

Gertrude Carey has been appointed to teach in the Garrison School in Dorchester.

Class of 1924

Helen Barry has been appointed to teach English and Spanish in the Dorchester High School.

Mary Friel has been appointed to teach in the Worcester High School of Commerce.

Mary Stravinos has been appointed to teach Spanish in the Everett High School.

The class of '24 is planning a bridge and luncheon to be held sometime in February. The plans concerning the time and place of the social are as yet only tentative.

Class of 1925

Mary Louise Gately is teaching in New York city.

Mildred Hannon is continuing her study for her Ph.D. at Columbia University, New York.

Katherine Murphy is teaching Latin and Physics in the Ursuline Convent in New York city.

Class of 1926

Congratulations are extended to Marion Carey for her splendid work as a member of the caste in "The Thirteenth Chair" given by the Teachers' Club of Medford.

Mary Cunningham has been appointed to teach French in the Framingham Senior High School.

Mary Foley was recently appointed to fill a responsible position in the State House.

Agnes Kiley is teaching in the Francis Thompson Junior High School of Boston.

Class of 1927

Eleanor Connor is teaching in the Watertown High School.

Irene Doon is librarian in the Natick library.

Agnes Keenan is teaching in the Rochdale Grammar School, Worcester.

Genevieve McCrohan has been appointed assistant librarian in the Dartmouth College Library.

Class of 1928

Esther McCafferty has entered the executive training school in Jordan Marsh's, Boston.

Mary O'Shea is teaching history and music in the seventh and eighth grades of the Fletcher school in Cambridge.

Mary Tribble is an assistant librarian at Emmanuel College.

Class of 1929

Louise Boulard has been appointed a dietitian in the Worcester City Hospital.

Mary Dowd is teaching Mathematics in the Waltham Junior High School.

Maura Gallagher has entered the executive training course in Filene's, Boston.

Gertrude Riley is a laboratory technician in the Boston Homeopathic Hospital.

Kathleen M. Rogers is teaching English at Emmanuel College.

Mary Rogers is studying at the Fairchild's Office School, Worcester.

Engagements

Marguerite McDermott, '28, to Henry Amini of Belmont.

Anna Flanagan, '26, to Professor William Bowen of Holy Cross College.

Marriages

Sara Gallagher, '25, to Mr. Edmond F. McAuliffe on October 12, 1929. Mr. and Mrs. McAuliffe are now residing at 25 Ethan Allen Street, Worcester.

Katherine Delaney, '28, to Mr. D. Kelso Mairs on August 10, 1929. Mr. and Mrs. Mairs have made their home in Cambridge,

The ETHOS offers congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Healy (Margaret Higgins, '23) on the birth of a daughter, Ann Therese, in December.

The annual Alumnae Supper Dance was held on November 29, 1929, in the Hotel Somerset, Boston. Congratulations are due the committee under the direction of Miss Margaret Hession, '28, for the decided success of the affair.

The members of the Alumnae conducted a Bridge on January 25, in the Green and Mahogany Room of the Hotel Somerset. Miss Roquetta Curtin, '26, was chairman of the committee in charge to whom much credit is due for the social as well as financial success of the affair.

The Emmanuel Alumnae of Worcester recently formed a Worcester Emmanuel Club. The first officers of the new club

are: President, Anne Carrigan, '23; Vice President, Katherine Corbett, '26; Secretary, Ellen Johnson, '24; Treasurer, Christine Flanagan, '28. The first important social function to be sponsored by the club was a bridge held February first in the Elks' Auditorium, Worcester. The earnest efforts of the committee under the direction of Miss Anna Flanagan, '26, chairman, as well as the co-operation of the entire club insured the success of the bridge.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. John Morrison, mother of Katherine Morrison, class of '24.

Mrs. Johanna Sullivan, mother of Josephine Sullivan, class of '25.

Mrs. Mary Corbett, mother of Katherine Corbett, class of '26.

Ipsis, Domine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus, locum refrigerii, lucis et pacis ut indulgeas deprecamur.




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The Ethos

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The Ethos

VOLUME III

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No. 2

Resurrection

I know a Gardener has passed this way ;
The quivering earth throbs where His feet have trod,
Each footprint frames a tiny flower-bed
That springs full-blooming from elixired sod.

I know a Gardener has passed this way ;
His trailing garments leave a wake of light ;
Below, the listening seeds hear reveille
And shoulder little grass-spears for the fight.

I know a Gardener has passed this way ;
The whole earth blooms in answer to His care.
Thou art the Gardener Magdala once saw,
"Rabboni,"—and I echo her sweet prayer.

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

Michelangelo's Inspiration

"All arts are mine!"—words that might easily have been uttered by the great "maestro" of Italian art, Michelangelo. In so speaking, he could not be considered a victim of conceit, for, if we but look at the gems of art that he has left to the world, we are at once convinced that he was certainly endowed with extraordinary genius. It does not seem possible that one human being could have been the executor of so many and diverse masterpieces, but he was what might be termed a "composite genius," not as conceived by Browning, but perfect in each branch of his art. When the Master of mankind was distributing talents, He bestowed on Michelangelo a generous share. As a youth he accepted his gifts gracefully and devoted himself assiduously to their cultivation and growth, so that when it would come time for him to render an account to his Master of the use he made of them he would be able to present a creditable account. Recognizing the worth of his talents, Michelangelo did not hide them "like a false steward, who hath much received and renders nothing back," but he utilized them for the advancement of art and the glory of God.

Unlike Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Benvenuto Cellini and Titian, his celebrated contemporaries who, as true servants of art, were devoted to their work but were sometimes swayed from following their ideal by the allurements of the world, their great master was independent and untouched by worldly motives. Wedded to his art, he lived for it alone, dominated by the inspiration which filled his soul. "He was solitary and lived apart from his fellow creatures in order to save all his energies for his art," his biographer, Symonds, tells us; yet his exhortation was not, "art for art's sake," but rather, in the words of Vittoria Colonna, in Longfellow's *Michelangelo*:

"Art is the gift of God and must be used
Unto His glory. That in art is highest
Which aims at this."

In other words, Michelangelo's work was a work consecrated to God. His was a spiritual ideal and, true to his ideal, he created pieces of art that might have been fashioned by a celestial being. Work was, in his mind, a prayer, and therefore he was constantly laying at the feet of the Divine Artist his contributions which would serve to decorate his page in the Book of Life.

Although Michelangelo was conscious of his genius and realized that he was truly great, he was not blind to the good qualities of his fellow-artists; for he praised them and urged them on to greater things. In

Longfellow's poem we have examples of the artist's kindly attitude to his associates in his conversation with Benvenuto Cellini, to whom he says:

"Persevere,
Work right on through censure and applause,
Or else abandon art."

He recognized that Cellini possessed power, but was wasting his time on trifling things that could not be called art. On another occasion we hear him chiding Fra Sebastiano who passed his time in feasting and merry-making.

At times, although he was fully aware of his aspirations to accomplish great things, he lost confidence, and thought:

"Alas, how little
Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!"

What accounts for this downhearted attitude of the great artist? Either he was unaware of the fact that he had accomplished something great, or his idea of achievement was of abnormal vastness. The second solution is the more logical. Michelangelo had an ideal of accomplishment so great and so vast, that in aiming at it he became blinded to the steps that were leading him to his goal. He was a dreamer and consequently was always striving after the unattainable. In the midst of a material-minded world he stood out as a great lover of beauty and art. This love was not the kind that estimates everything in terms of gold or silver but a sentiment that was bent first towards benefiting Art, and secondly, towards increasing the glory of God. That is why Michelangelo is hailed as the greatest of artists. He was detached from the world and followed his own inspiration, disregarding the standards and esteem of those around him. Of him we can say with the poet, "the dreamer lives forever and the toiler dies in a day."

This great master not only loved and appreciated nature but he was exquisitely sensitive to human charm. His friendship for Vittoria Colonna was an inspiration to him. Her relation to Michelangelo somewhat resembled that of Beatrice to Dante, and Michelangelo could truly say:

"Each hath his ideal,
The image of some woman excellent,
That is his guide."

This "woman excellent," Vittoria Colonna, was the artist's guardian angel. In her he saw the embodiment of the truest ideals; and although he admired her physical beauty, it was really her soul that attracted him.

"How like a Saint or Goddess she appears,
Diana or Madonna, which I do not know,
In attitude and aspect formed to be
At once the artist's worship and despair."

"Saint or Goddess," these two words express her double nature and show that Michelangelo received his inspiration from her entire being. Some people might misinterpret the artist's interest in Vittoria and consider his admiration to be human love. This, however, was not so, but it was a power in his life and led him to say:

"These old hands can fashion fairer shapes
In marble and paint diviner pictures
Since I have known her."

It has been said that Michelangelo owed the grandeur of his work to his personality and no doubt it was just this that attracted Vittoria to him. She recognized his nobility of character, as he did hers, and therefore each found in the other a kindred spirit. The following quotation best expresses Vittoria's esteem of Michelangelo:

"Michelangelo,—

A lion all men fear, and none can tame;
A man that all men honor, a model
That all should follow; one who works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates his life
To the sublime ideal of his art
Till art and life are one; a man who holds
Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak
Of great things done, or to be done, his name
Is ever on their lips."

We might almost think from these words that Michelangelo was a perfect man; nevertheless, we know that he was human and consequently possessed imperfections. These flaws of nature, an irritable nature and quick temper, were not so great, however, as to overshadow his nobler qualities.

Although a Florentine by birth, he spent the greater part of his life in Rome, where he accomplished most of his great works, and which he loved intensely. He tells us what a source of inspiration Rome was to him when he says:

"There is a charm
A certain something in the atmosphere
That all men feel and no man can describe."

What is this charm that then and always has permeated the atmosphere of the Eternal City and touched the heart of everyone?

"No one born in Rome
Can live elsewhere; but he must pine for Rome
And must return to it."

The great artist felt the spell of Rome, was charmed by the part that the city had played in history, and stood in awe before its antiquities. In Longfellow's poem we see him standing alone before the Coliseum in an attitude almost of prayerful contemplation. When some one approached

and asked him why he stood thus alone, he answered simply: "I came to learn"; and although his companion reminded him that he was a master and that all men learned from him, Michelangelo, realizing the immensity of the ancient work, replied:

"Nay, I know nothing
Not even my own ignorance, as some
Philosopher hath said. I am a school-boy
Who hath not learned his lesson, and who stands
Ashamed and silent in the awful presence
Of the great master of antiquity
Who built these walls cyclopean."

Such humility and magnanimity is admirable. He saw beauty in the ancient architecture of the Coliseum and was filled with so much admiration for it that he caught some of the spirit of the master-architect and incorporated it into his own work, especially in the crowning work of his life, St. Peter's.

Michelangelo's works are noted for their "awfulness," their "terribilità," as the Italians say. They have a startling effect produced perhaps unconsciously by him through the medium of his three-fold inspiration. First there was his love for creatures as seen in his admiration of Vittoria Colonna:

"No Grecian art, nor Roman,
Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers."

Secondly, there was his love for Rome which has ever been a source of interest to all artists in all ages and to the heritage of which Michelangelo has himself contributed in his paintings, sculpture, and colossal architecture. Finally, and greater by far than the other two, was his spiritual ideal, for, in his own words, he worked

"——not for love of fame or love of gain,
But for the love of God."

MURIEL LAMBERT, '29.

Metropolis

Metropolis!
With burning heart and thickened air,
Can it be this?
Your smoky wreaths are incense rare,
Your city's heart breathes forth a prayer.

ELINOR D. RICH, '31.

“Respexit Petrum”

Good Friday night,—and Peter sits alone
With heavy head upon his outstretched arm;
He seems to sleep, but now and then his hand
—That strong, brown hand so ready with a sword,—
Twitches as if with pain, and then is still.
A lonely, seeking wind blows through the casement
At his head and scatters on his sleeve
A gloom of rain, but Peter heeds it not.
Within his brain, his thoughts swing slowly round
In weary circles: Strange how people changed,
Judas had been trustworthy, had they
Not made him treasurer? While he himself—
The Master once had said, “Thou art a rock”—
But that was long before a cock crowed twice
And he had thrice denied; and when they came
For Him, ’twas then—oh, pitiful!—He turned
And looked; He had no need to speak; His eyes
Held all: great love, and pity, and reproach.

Without, the storm had ceased, the wind died down;
Within, a hush, broken only by the sound
Of Simon Peter’s sobbing in the dark.

HELEN FOLEY, '31.

The Scarlet Cloak

My story is not of the Crucifixion of the Son of God on the first Good Friday, but I would tell you of a certain soldier who participated in the sad events of that day, how he gained possession of the scarlet cloak, and of the part this cloak played in his life.

Mark of Cyrene was tall, with a massive proud sort of strength; his eyes were small, harboring a slumbering hidden gleam that awoke to a flame when he was aroused by anger, cruelty, or greed; his mouth rose at one end giving an unpleasant, almost cynical expression to his face; his well-groomed, copper-colored beard gave the impression of a vanity still further betrayed by his highly-polished armor.

It is not to be wondered at then, that while the other soldiers placed the scarlet cloak upon the Christ, and mocked Him, this soldier thought not of the Man before him, but had eyes only for His rich garment. He watched with eagle eye as the cloak was thrown upon the ground for the moment when, unseen by the frenzied mob shouting around him, he could snatch it up, and conceal it under his own cloak. Furtively he stole away, and found a hiding place for his ill-gotten goods behind a shrub that grew at the base of a huge pillar nearby. Satisfied, he hurried after the other soldiers, gloating inwardly over his newly acquired property.

Of the infamous part he played in that day's deed, there is no need to go into detail. With his cruel companions he laid sin-stained hands upon the Blessed Person of Jesus; with them he jeered as his Saviour died upon the Cross.

"One can scarce believe," he was overheard to remark, "that this is the same impostor who pretended to cure a sick person two days ago. Ha! Why does He endure this agony if His mere touch can heal? I tell you, Simon, God will reward us for crucifying one who feigns to be the Messiah!"

At eventide Mark regained possession of his scarlet cloak, and hastened homewards. His wife and little son were awaiting him at the door of his cottage. He embraced both, and entered their home quickly to display his treasure.

"How came you by such a beautiful cloak, Mark?" asked his gentle wife.

"Hush!" he admonished, "it does not matter. It is mine. Here, David, let me wrap the cloak about you."

Lovingly he enveloped the little six-year-old boy in its beautiful folds. Here at least was one person for whom Mark held a great unwavering love, and who brought forth in the rugged soldier all his latent

goodness. Mark's pride mounted as he watched the flush of joy and pleasure spread over the tiny features enhanced by the crimson glow of the garment that already cast a singular fascination over the man.

As he lay down to rest that night he spread the cloak over him that he might find it and might gaze upon it when the morning's sun awakened him. But somehow sleep did not come easily that night, for as soon as he closed his eyes, vague troublesome dreams came to disturb him. He saw again that Face drawn with suffering, and he heard the calm sweet Voice, gently rebuking, or asking forgiveness for His executioners. He fancied himself lying at the foot of the Cross on Mount Calvary, the scarlet cloak wrapped about him. He tried to cast it off, but his efforts succeeded only in drawing it tighter about him. It bound him closer each second until he could no longer move his arms, and he felt gasping for breath. He awoke trembling, hot, frightened. Dream succeeded dream. Again he seemed to be standing in a meadow with little David. Suddenly a scarlet cloud shot out of the sky, and enveloped the child. Like a mighty wind, roaring, speeding, it bore the boy swiftly away. He chased it, shrieking, until, abruptly, the cloud seemed transformed into a man of power and authority. He heard a voice saying, "He was my only son. This is yours. A son for a son!" Then he awoke, and, unable to lie there longer, arose exhausted.

Morning brought him renewed courage, however, and he laughed at his fears of the night that was past. But the succeeding week brought him increasing worry and discontent, vague murmurings in his heart that he could not understand. His dreams became so real that he no longer allowed David to roam far from the house, for somehow in each nightmare the boy seemed to be stolen from him.

Rumors spread through the village. It was whispered about that the one who had called himself Jesus Christ had risen from the dead. Some claimed to have seen him. Mark heard and wondered. Was it possible that the One whom they had crucified had been the Son of God? Ha! He was getting cowardly because he had not slept well of late. That cloak was preying too much upon his mind. He would hide it and forget it.

Twenty days after the Crucifixion David came running to him crying: "Come to Mother. I am frightened." Quickly and without warning she had died, and this new sorrow stunned the broken soldier.

One day he talked to a neighbor, Simon, a wise quiet old man, who had been a devoted follower of Christ. He had not seen the Crucifixion, because he had been too feeble to mingle with the reckless crowd, so he was unaware of Mark's part in it.

"Tell me," said Mark, "you remember the one whom we called Jesus Christ, do you not?"

"Remember Him!" ejaculated the old man, "do I ever forget Him for a single moment? For Him I kneel here hour upon hour praying. For Him I fast each day. Some time our people will learn to repent their evil deed!"

"Then you think He was the Son of God?"

"Think! I do not think," he cried. "I know! While I was able, I followed Him and heard Him preach, and saw Him heal. Listen! One day I grew weak from having walked too great a distance. I left the others, and sat at the foot of a tree. Towards evening I attempted to arise to return home, but I could not move. Then I saw Him coming towards me alone. I tried once more to rise, but I could only draw myself to my knees. He came to me, and put forth His hand. 'Come,' He said, 'it is late, you must return home.' And, I tell you, I arose, and walked home, rested and well, and I felt better than I had in years!"

"Tell me, Simon, is there any way to gain forgiveness from God, if one has helped to crucify Jesus Christ, if He is truly the Son of God?"

"If I knew such a man, I should tell him that if he is truly repentant, God will forgive him. But I should advise him to do penance. I should say, 'Go forth into the desert: fast and pray, and be glad that you can suffer as He did to atone your great sin.'"

Mark turned away muttering, "If I could only believe that He was the Messiah!"

A few days later he was standing idle with a group of soldiers when a small boy came running up to him, crying: "He's gone; the waves are carrying him out to sea. Mark, Davie's gone!"

The gaunt soldier was motionless for a moment as though felled by a terrific blow. Then he started to run to the edge of the sea where he scanned the waters. A storm was rising, and the waves were breaking high. Some distance out was a craft carrying a tiny figure wearing a scarlet cloak.

"We were playing," sobbed the child, "an' the boat wasn't tied."

Mark was not listening. Frantic he jumped into a boat nearby; like a madman he pushed out to sea to save the boy. The two boats tossed helpless on the waves. Farther out to sea they were carried, but were drawn no nearer together.

"David, David," shrieked the man, "I'm coming!" His eyes were blinded by foam. All he could distinguish was a scarlet cloak. Everything about him became flecked with scarlet, the sea, the clouds, the very air. He cried, he shrieked, he cursed.

"David!" he raved. He cast his eyes desperately about him as though seeking aid from the rolling ocean. He uttered an ejaculation of surprise—of hope. Coming towards him was another boat with a single occupant. Even in his joy at the thought of possible assistance, Mark marveled that this third boat traveled so directly, so apparently unmolested by the storm-tossed waves, towards David.

"Save him!" cried Mark. "Save David!"

Without a word the other neared David, the unknown occupant reached out an arm and drew the little boy into his boat. As he did so the scarlet cloak fell from the child, and was sucked into the greedy sea. Somehow the angry waters seemed to draw the two boats together, so that the father and stranger were side by side. Mark, speechless for very joy, extended his arms to receive the lad, and as he drew David towards him, his eyes met those of the stranger. He stared spellbound, incredulous. A great light came into his eyes, a light born of love, of understanding, and above all, of faith.

"You are the man who died on the Cross!" he exclaimed. "You are the Son of God!"

Not a word did the stranger speak. But His eyes smiled, smiled forgiveness and love. Suddenly He disappeared.

"It was the Saviour Christ," exclaimed the now believing Mark. "He is the Son of God!" Then for the first time he seemed to remember the child sobbing in his arms. They were drifting quietly shorewards upon a sea already calm, for the storm had suddenly ceased.

"Don't cry, little David," he said, "it is all over. You are safe. God will not let you be frightened again."

"But, Father, I lost the scarlet cloak!"

"It's all right, little David, I am glad, because we have gained more than we have lost."

"Father, I am afraid of the sea, let us go away from it."

"David, did you look well at the one who saved you?"

"Yes, Father, I looked into His eyes, and they were wonderful eyes, sad and kind and loving."

"And forgiving, David. You will want to repay Him some time for saving your life, won't you, little one? So we are going away from the sea. We are going into the desert, and I shall try to teach you how you can repay him. But you are tiny now, and do not understand. Little David, we are going to be happy forever!"

MARY E. McDONALD, '30.

Counteraction

"Francis and Freud!" Why should these two names stand together, I asked myself on seeing the title of an article in a recent number of *Thought*. And why is it that people in general today know and talk about Freud much more than about the attractive Saint of Assisi? This is not difficult to answer. St. Francis's ideas are not presented to the world clothed in the wearisome garments of verbosity and obscurity; he is a romanticist, and the scientific, realistic, modernistic mind will have nothing to do with him. This modern mind, a term which in truth covers a multitude of sins, may be summed up under the caption "pseudo-intellectualism," a cult that desires nothing but what ordinary people cannot understand and that is content with such learning only that comes from the pen of a man who employs words, not to express, but to hide his thought. The more high-sounding such a philosopher's diction is, the more abstract his terms, the more profound and admirable he is in the estimation of the modern mind. Is it any wonder then, that a man like St. Francis of Assisi, the keynote of whose life was "holy, pure simplicity," finds no place in the so-called intellectual world of today, a world that tramples upon, scoffs, and derides anything that may resemble this rare virtue?

A new thought like that of St. Francis, fortified with the fundamental philosophy of work rather than useless talk, of practice rather than theory, is looked at askance by the modern mind, that never sets out to counteract an evil by fighting its cause, but on the contrary is content merely to write and talk in abstract terms that make at times good reading, but poor weapons with which to accomplish anything. Between St. Francis and the modern mind there is a large gap which can be bridged only by the acceptance of the truth that St. Francis is a man who knew that what he felt within himself was good, true, and worthy to be inculcated into the hearts of his followers, who understood what he wanted to say and said it, who only preached about a subject with which he was thoroughly conversant. But the modern mind will never cross that bridge, for in its intellectual pride it is blind to the fact that what it is teaching is not in keeping with the dignity of man, and that for the most part it does not know what it wishes to teach. The modern mind will never accept St. Francis because it opposes him in fundamental principles; it is in its glory only when it is teaching any subject whatever that is outside its proper sphere, as for example, when Henry Ford and Thomas Edison, proponents of the modern mind, are not content to deal with material matter which they know, but insist upon giving the world their ideas about God.

To the world today that is shocking puritanical ancestors with its talk of equality of sexes, "chivalry" is a term that has been relegated to a page in the dictionary. If this word were offered a modernist for definition he would reply as if it were a passage of *Hecuba*, "This is all Greek to me." But as to understand a Greek classic we may have recourse to reliable translators, so in interpreting "chivalry" we may have recourse to St. Francis of Assisi, noteworthy translator of that spirit to which he has given attractive and romantic expression. This knight-errant had his lady, Lady Poverty, to whom he gave his trophies, and who aided and abetted all victories won in her honor. Did ever man choose so romantic a champion? Yet it was Lady Poverty whom St. Francis of Assisi venerated, not for herself, but as the keeper of his affections for that far-off desired perfection. To Francis this lady was the reincarnation of the "God Who became man" and Who as the "Poor Christ" gathered into His Heart all people, the rich who became poor in spirit and the poor who became rich in God's love. As a symbol of the God-man then, Francis chose her as the Queen of his tournament, the world, where he had to battle for the souls that had been snatched away from the ideal of true and Christian living. The world of Francis's age needed someone to stem the overwhelming tide of wealth on one hand, and to aid the devastating ebb of the necessities of life on the other. Realizing that his fellowmen lacked the proper viewpoint, St. Francis, holding aloft the banner of Lady Poverty, taught his never-to-be-forgotten lessons. Only a man such as he, with an imagination akin to Shelley in his *Skylark*, and with a stupendous courage in his own convictions, could venture to perform such a feat in the face of the hostile criticism he received.

In this age of most unequal distribution of wealth, of laxity in morals, when there are afloat in the world extreme, futile theories that fail to stem the tide of lawlessness, what hope there would be if the doctrines of Francis would be received and accepted! But the teachings of Lady Poverty signify belief in the Divine Humanity of Christ, and the modern mind denies even the existence of God. How then can the modern mind, like St. Francis, find potential nobility and perfection, when it is endeavoring to teach through the mouth of its so-called philosophers, that soon there will come to earth the superman, and when at the same time it ignores the only Super-Man that ever has or ever will exist? Truly were St. Francis living today he might discover that even in this advanced age he could find conditions not unlike those of his own thirteenth century.

On our literature, too, which is the soul of an age laid bare, St. Francis could place a healing hand. Back and forth the pendulum of literature swings, now to romanticism, now to realism. Today it strikes the ominous tick of a realism sordid and degrading, while one hundred

years ago came the call of romanticism, yet in the thirteenth century there was a man from whose romanticism we might have learned much. St. Francis of Assisi, in language simple enough to please even Wordsworth, gave vent to his feelings in one of the most beautiful Nature poems ever written, *The Canticle of Brother Sun*:

“Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,
Chiefest of all, Sir Brother Sun,
Who is our day; through whom Thou givest light. . . .
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Brother Wind, and for the air, and for
the cloud, for the clear sky and all weathers,
By which Thou givest nourishment to all Thy creatures. . . .
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for Brother Fire; by whom Thou lightest up
the night. . . .
Praise be to Thee, my Lord, for our Sister, Mother Earth,
The which sustains and keeps us:
She brings forth diverse fruits, the many-hued flowers and grass.
O Creatures all! praise and bless my Lord and grateful be,
And serve Him with deep humility.”

Was ever a romanticist more romantic or audacious? To him Nature was a vast brotherhood and he felt himself borne along on the stream of universal life; in every detail of which he saw a kinship with the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ. Unlike Wordsworth, that ardent nature poet, Nature was not “all in all,” but to St. Francis it was that over which Christ presided and not that of which He was a part. Looking at Nature Francis could cry out, “Now I can more truly say, ‘Our Father Who art in Heaven,’ ” whereas Wordsworth could ascertain no idea of a personal God, for Nature to him was sufficient unto herself. Love of God can perform wonders with the human heart, but has such a marvel occurred since the day of the Middle Ages, when “Il Poverello” walked the streets of Assisi, humble, simple and lovable?

If the modern mind that is ever reaching out for something, ever following the will-o'-the-wisp, cannot find enjoyment, nay more, reliable instruction in the life of a man like St. Francis of Assisi, then it seems to me that the conversion of the intellectuals of this age is impossible. Immersed in their pessimism and false philosophies they are in their own estimation the light of the world; but more truly has the world been guided on the way to its final destiny by St. Francis, bearing aloft the beacon of poverty and singing his canticles of fellowship with man and soulship with God.

MARY G. DELANEY, '30.

Song to Saint Patrick

You are a part of all the centuries
From Nial's day 'til time shall be no more ;
Yours was the dream that woke in ecstasy
To plant Christ's seed upon an alien shore ;
Yours were the hands that sanctified Slane's green
With Paschal fires as deathless as the spring ;
Yours was the draught that quenched the Tara blaze
That burned as offering from a Druid king ;
Yours were the thoughts that fired a million hearts
To offer shelter to a stranger God ;
And yours, the homely gestures nobly used
To teach a simple people-of-the-sod.

You are a part of all the countless prayers
That rise from Irish souls in many climes ;
Yours is the life that moulds a dauntless race
Unscorched by burning errors of the times ;
Yours is the seed that, sown in infancy,
Blossoms in priestly harvest with the years ;
Yours is the tale that strengthens missionaries
When Godless lords beset their paths with fears ;
Yours is the love for Erin that has lived
In all her sons though trying years have passed ;
And yours, Saint Patrick, be the fate we meet,
When soft our "Nunc Dimittis" falls at last.

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

Dick Meets Mr. Blue

When Dick Hanlon, Jr., arrived at Saint John's one bright September morning not so many years ago, he knew he was on probation before he began. Dick's father had his own ideas about colleges, especially about present-day colleges. He knew all about them, so he said, and nobody seemed inclined to disagree. Judge Hanlon knew all about everything according to ninety-nine per cent of his fellow citizens. It was precisely because he was so well informed that he insisted upon Dick's coming to Saint John's. Now Dick, if you please, had no desire to have anything whatever to do with Saint John's, much less spend four years of his life there. He cast a longing eye, and heaved many a sigh in the general direction of fair Hale. It was in vain. His dramatic abilities were lost upon the adamant judge. It was Saint John's or a job. Dick came to Saint John's.

It was during his Sophomore year that I first began to worry about him. As a Freshman, unwilling though he had been to come here, he had taken a philosophical view of the matter, and had made the best of it. He was a likable chap with a ready smile and a bit of good-natured banter for everyone. The fellows called him "a good sport," and elected him to a couple of class offices. Then, in October of his Sophomore year, the *Monthly* came out, and Dick had two poems in it. I was surprised, first, that they came from Dick, and second, that they were easily superior to everything in the magazine. But I did not mention it to him, beyond letting him know, rather parenthetically, that I had read and enjoyed them. The *Monthly* came out again, and Dick Hanlon's contribution was the talk of the campus for a week. I congratulated him, quietly you know (it does not do to make congratulations too profuse, especially to a Sophomore), and in a burst of confidence, he told me that he loved to write, and that he meant to make it his life work.

"Good luck, Dick," I said, "you surely are beginning right."

I looked forward to the December *Monthly*. My disappointment was tragic. Dick's two poems were forced, unnatural things. They did not ring true to me. There was a note of subtle cynicism in them that made me inwardly uneasy. Dick had changed. I reread them, aloud this time, and concluded that the boy was the victim of too serious reading in certain philosophers not included in our prescribed course. That was just before the Christmas holidays. I decided to wait, to think a little and pray a great deal about it before seeing him upon his return. He worried me more than I would admit, and I anxiously awaited my opportunity to speak to him. But when the boys came back,

Dick was not among them. Some of the boys told me that he was working in Boston. For a year, I thought of him, at least every time the *Monthly* came out, and wondered what had become of him. And then one day, as suddenly as he left, Dick came back to us.

It was while he was in Boston that Dick met Mr. Blue. He was walking through the Common one day—it was in the Spring, he said—when he met his father's good friend, Mr. Connolly. Perhaps you know him better as Myles Connolly. (I do, although I confess I have never met him outside of *Mr. Blue* and *The Shadow Across the Moon*.) Mr. Connolly was not alone. There was a tall, lanky, young man with him, a man in a disreputable, ill-made, ill-fitting suit, a man wearing no hat, his fair hair blowing in the breeze, a man with a soul in his eyes. He was introduced as Mr. Blue. Dick was immediately fascinated. Who was he? What was he? His eyes asked unspoken questions of his friend, as they exchanged inquiries concerning their respective families aloud. Blue moved off to stretch himself flat upon the grass, and Dick said,

“Who is he?”

“I told you his name—Blue.”

“But that is not all. He is not ordinary. Tell me.”

“He is a very dear friend, Dicky, a mystic, a saint.”

Myles Connolly's voice was low, but he really need not have bothered. Blue was in another world, among the clouds that were miles above his outstretched form. Dick was enthusiastic for the first time in six months.

“Would he talk with me? How could I get to know him better?”

“Dick, I would not counsel anyone at any time, when, where, or how to see Blue. He is apt to do anything. You may have his address if that will help you any, but remember, I will not promise you that you can always find him there.”

It would help him, said Dick excitedly, and the next evening Mr. Blue received a caller.

What transpired during that momentous visit that changed a rushing whirlpool of a boy's heart into a calm, clear, mighty stream, only two persons in this world will ever know, Dick and Mr. Blue. But this much Dick told me one day as we sat together in my little office; told me with his quick, low voice, with his blue eyes looking out upon another Spring, with his boyish soul laid open to my vision.

He had climbed Beacon Hill that night, just as the stars were coming out overhead, and he found Blue alone in his pathetic little room. He had had some misgivings about going at all, and then, standing at the door, he did not know whether he should go in, or turn and flee. He hesitated. One thing he was sure of—he wanted to see Blue again. He wanted to talk to him. He did not know why. He had never heard Blue speak

more than three or four words, yet something about this strange man attracted and allured him, something that was powerful, beautiful, magnetic. Dick went in.

Blue did not come forward to meet him. Somehow Dick did not expect him to. (People who know Blue never *expect* him to do anything like that.) He was evidently not expecting callers, or if he were, he had completely forgotten about it. He was kneeling before a crucifix praying. Dick was so startled that he drew in his breath sharply, with a little catching sound. Blue did not look around. His fine fair face was intent upon the image that was nailed to the great black cross, his big hands were clasped together as though some thought too great to bear alone was passing through his mind. He looked as though his soul were in physical pain. Dick stood there in the little room for two hours, watching a prayer. When Blue arose at last, Dick went forward, but his lips could not utter the words that came to them. Blue smiled and took his hand and together they sat and talked. Dick does not know how long, and I felt that what they must have said was too sacred even to ask about. He only told me that he went home in a dream, convinced, exalted, filled with courage and confidence.

Some day, someone will write a book about Dick Hanlon's visit to Mr. Blue. It will be the most wonderful book in the world. There is only one person who can write it, and that is Dick himself. I am looking forward to it even now, and I know that when he does write it, I, his old teacher and friend, will be happy and thankful to the Greatest of Teachers that Dick met Mr. Blue.

ANNE MCNAMARA, '30.

Evasion

When comes the thought of death
And the passing of my breath,
Of senses that will fail,
Why is it that I quail
Before the words: "When I——"
And say: "If I should die"?

CLARE MARTELL, '31.

The Annunciation

Virginal season, Spring!
Glad, sweet time of the year,
Blessings on Nazareth bring,
Glad notes to Mary's ear,
Spending her Springtime there.

Purest of maidens dear,
Kneeling with fair head bent,
Soft rustling sounds ne'er fear;
Bright rays from heaven are sent
Only to hallow thy prayer.

Heaven's angel host bright
Round the mighty throne cling,
Hushed at the sacred sight,—
Almighty God, the King,
Smiling from heaven on thee.

Ave Maria, Hail!
God's own message is sent;
Gabriel's words avail
To gain thy sweet consent:
"Be it done unto me!"

Mother of God, maiden mild,
Juda's blest maid, our queen,
Pure, unstained, undefiled,
Humble in royal mien,
Mary, we hail thee!

DOROTHEA RYAN, '31.

The Catholicity of Aelfric's Works

(Continued from the February Number)

HOMILIES

It is in Aelfric's first work, his Homilies, that we are most interested because of the much-discussed Easter Sermon on the Eucharist which is found in the second volume. We read in the *Dictionary of National Biography* that

"the name Aelfric has become famous from the vigor with which he opposed the doctrine of Transubstantiation and parts of his writings which treat this subject have been republished from time to time whenever any special agitation has arisen on the sacramental question in England."¹

It seems that Aelfric himself must have had a presentiment of these century-long controversies when he admonished the scribe in the Anglo-Saxon Preface of his Homilies, to copy his works carefully:

"Now I desire and beseech, in God's name, if any one will transcribe this book, that he carefully correct it by the copy, lest we be blamed through careless writers. He does great evil who writes false, unless he corrects it; it is as though he turn true doctrine to false error; therefore, should everyone make that straight which he before bent crooked, if he will be guiltless at God's doom."²

Again in the Anglo-Saxon Preface to the second volume of *Homilies*, he repeats the same thought:

"I now pray and implore, in the name of God, if anyone is to transcribe this book, that he carefully rectify it by the copy, lest, through negligent writers we be blamed. He does great evil who writes false, unless he rectify it, as though he brought the true doctrine to false heresy; therefore, should everyone correct that which he perverted to wrong, if he will be guiltless at God's doom."

Did he foresee that after six centuries the very words of these homilies would be misquoted and misunderstood?

In spite of the fact that so-called scholars have been showing for over three centuries that *Aelfric* is synonymous with un-orthodox Roman Catholic doctrine, we can find no evidence of it in a review of these eighty-five homilies. The first volume contains a Latin and an English Preface. From the former we learn that Aelfric calls himself "alumnus Aethelwoldi," scholar of Aethelwold; that he writes for the edification of the unlearned; that he aims to express himself simply, and in English, in order that those reading or hearing his sermons may be moved in mind and heart, and that their souls may benefit therefrom. To substantiate the orthodoxy of his views he quotes his references: St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Bede, St. Gregory, Smaragdus, and Haymo. He tells us that this first volume contains forty sermons and that he proposes to write a second set of a similar kind. In the English Preface he gives his motives for writing. Sent to Cernel at the request of Aethelmaer, he conceived the plan of translating the Homilies from Latin into English because of the great errors in many English books which many learned men

¹*Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. I.

²*Homilies*, vol. I, p. 9.

thought truth and because he regretted that only those who knew Latin or had access to the translations of King Alfred, were acquainted with many of the evangelical doctrines. From this Preface we also learn Aelfric's humility in the apologetic manner with which he presents this work, which is probably his first. It tells us, too, that he realized the great need his countrymen had of instruction in the doctrines of the Church in their own language,

"because," he says, "I have seen and heard of much error in many English books which unlearned men, through their simplicity, have esteemed as great wisdom: and I regretted that they knew not nor had not the evangelical doctrines among their writings, those men only excepted who knew Latin, and those books only excepted which King Alfred translated from Latin into English, which are to be had.¹ It appeared to me that I should not be guiltless before God, if I would not declare to other men by tongue or by writings the evangelical truth, which he himself spoke, and afterwards to holy teachers revealed. Very many I know in this country more learned than I am, but God manifests His wonders through whom He will. As an almighty worker He works His work through whom He chooses, not because He has need of our aid, but that we may earn eternal life by the performance of his work. Paul the Apostle said, "We are God's assistants," and yet we do nothing for God without the assistance of God."²

Thus throughout the *Homilies* Aelfric seems to be proving his conviction that "We are God's assistants." They show also that in every detail of his explanation of Christian Doctrine he adhered strictly to Roman Catholic teaching. They betray not a semblance of a controversial attitude nor a desire to teach anything different from what had previously been taught. Would it be possible, then, that in addition to eighty-four homilies on strictly Catholic doctrine, an eighty-fifth should be found amongst them on the doctrine of the Eucharist which was heretical from start to finish? Would it be possible that no one either in Aelfric's own day would have detected the heresy or for five centuries later, until Archbishop Parker made the "discovery"?

THE EASTER HOMILY

With this general view of Aelfric's *Homilies*, which were his first literary works, and which he was urged to write by Aethelmaer, "the great patron of monasticism in the west," we are prepared to study the much-discussed Easter Homily which contains his teaching of the sacrament in regard to the Holy Eucharist, "the holy housel," to use his Anglo-Saxon term. We must keep in mind that in it he mentions the same sources he used in his other homilies, St. Bede the Venerable, St. Augustine of Hippo, St. Benedict, and others who taught the faith they had received from Rome, the same faith which Rome still holds.

It is stated in the Introduction of this essay, that *The Testimonie of Antiquitie*, as Aelfric's Homily was entitled, was published through the

¹*Homilies*, Preface, vol. I, p. 3.

²*Ibid*, p. 9.

efforts of Archbishop Parker (1566-67) for purely controversial reasons. Because it was the first work printed in Anglo-Saxon in England since the days when Anglo-Saxon was the language of the people, Archbishop Parker is proclaimed not only the promoter in the revival of interest in Old English literature but also as the justifier of the Anglican movement. The volume that I am using of Parker's edition of Aelfric's Easter Homily was published in England in 1875 by Ebenezer Thomson, Esq. It contains an Introduction by Thomson in the first paragraph of which he states that the object of his publication

"was to show that the doctrine then established," i.e. by the English Reformers of the sixteenth century, "was not an innovation, but a revival of the doctrine maintained by the Catholic Church in England before the time of the Norman Conquest."¹

He names also a number of writers who, since Parker's time, had made use of this homily,

"which," he says, "was judged to be wholesome and reasonable food for the reformed Church of England in her early years."²

We know, too, from our own investigation that the homily was republished by Foxe in the second edition of his *Martyrology* in 1570; again by William Guild, minister of King Edward, in 1624, in his *Three Rare Monuments of Antiquities*; by William L'Isle, who appended it to his *A Saxon Treatise Concerning the Old and New Testaments* in 1624; and by nine other Anglican authors during the remaining years of the seventeenth century. It was discussed and republished by Anglican authors during the eighteenth century, and also during the nineteenth century there were countless editions owing to renewed religious controversy and renewed scholarly interest in Anglo-Saxon literature.

We are not interested in Thomson's discussion of Aelfric's identity because there is no longer any doubt concerning it. It is relevant, however, to note here his insistence on the fact that Aelfric followed St. Bede. We find him also expressing the following sweeping statement that he leaves wholly unsubstantiated by any proofs—

"The Homily and Extracts exhibited in the first part of the volume have been esteemed clear proofs of the doctrines maintained by the Catholic Church of England in the tenth century, upon *many points* (the italics are ours) which came into controversy in later ages."³

And although the rest of the paragraph does not refer directly to our Easter Homily, it reveals Mr. Ebenezer Thomson, an Anglican controversialist, to be a "hasty generalizer," and a shallow research worker; for he says:

"The specimen of the ancient devotional forms contained in the second part of Parker's edition of Aelfric's Homily, bears equal testimony (note: *equal*) to the comparative purity of worship in those early times. In the Offices we find no Ave Maria, no prayer or praise addressed to angel or saint or *maiden-mother* (the italics are Thomson's and show us his disbelief in our Maiden-Mother)—of any intercessor beside the One Mediator, only a single hint."³

¹*A Testimonie of Antiquitie*, Introduction, p. iii.

²*Ibid*, p. v.

³*Ibid*, p. xiii.

For refutation of this series of stupendous falsehoods may we refer the reader to a previous chapter, where we have selected a few of countless examples from Aelfric's *Homilies*, the very volumes from which this isolated Easter Homily has been taken, to prove that Aelfric most certainly believed in, and praised, in his works, angels, saints, and our Maiden-Mother in whose intercessory power he firmly believed. Thomson goes on to explain that even Archbishop Parker

"has too finely interpreted the phrase: 'The holy masse is profitable both to the lyving and the departed,' which our 'unbiased' editor adds, he should have translated: 'The faithful celebration of the Lord's Supper' (note the change of 'holy masse') 'is profitable to the lyving partakers and to the same when they are dead.'"¹

which was certainly not the teaching of Aelfric who meant what he said:

"the holy mass greatly benefits both the living and the departed, as has very often been manifested."²

Of the miracles given by Aelfric as proofs of his doctrine and which Parker designates "inforced" or "interpolated" because he knew their presence shattered his shallow argument, Thomson says they were not "interpolated," but explains away their value in the homily by saying,

"it was the fashion for the preacher to entertain his audience, and enforce his argument with a bit of *legendary lore* (the italics are ours)."³

The narration of the two miracles by Aelfric are connected with the subject, Thomson admits, but he says that they are inconsistent with the whole tenor of the discourse. We shall see for ourselves, however, later in this essay. We shall see, too, how wrongly he judged when he summed up the paragraph in which this remark occurs, with:

"It is obvious," (because of what proofs did he use the word?) "that the modern Romanists can make no handle of these pretended manifestations."⁴

Thomson condescendingly remarks, however:

"that for the truth of the narration, Aelfric is not responsible. He gives it as he found it in the *Lives of the Fathers* . . . which is substantially found in Bede's Commentary."⁵

What a maze of contradictions: Bede, a Father of the Roman Catholic Church, is copied by Aelfric, so poor a scholar that he copies what he neither understands nor means to say; yet this same Aelfric is, on the other hand, no Roman Catholic divine, but his very plagiarism is the proof that he is the acknowledged forerunner of the "pure doctrine" of the Anglican Church. Such, in the main, is Thomson's justification of republishing the *Testimonie of Antiquitie*, as he has stated in the Preface.

Immediately following Thomson's Preface, we find Parker's Preface to the Christian Reader, in which he has first given his reason for writing:

¹*A Testimonie of Antiquitie*, Introduction, p. xiii.

²*Homilies*, vol. II, p. 277.

³*A Testimonie of Antiquitie*, Introduction, p. xviii.

⁴*Ibid*, Introduction, p. xix.

⁵*Ibid*, p. xx.

"Great contention hath nowe been of longe tyme about the moste comfortable sacrament of the body and bloude of Christ our Saviour; in the inquisition and determination whereof many be charged and condemned of heresye, and reprovèd as bringers up of new doctryne, not knowen of Olde in the church before Berengarius time, who taught in France, in the daies when William the Norman was by Conqueste kyng of England, and Hildebrande otherwyse called Gregorious the seventh, was pope of Rome. But what thou mayest knowe (good Christian reader) how this is advouched more boldly than truely, in especiall of some certayne men which be more ready to maintaine their old judgment, them of humilitie to submitte themselves unto a truth: here is set forth unto thee a testimonye of verye auncient tyme, wherein is plainly shewed what was the judgment of the learned men in thys matter, in the dayes of the Saxons before the Conquest."¹

It is noteworthy throughout the Preface that Parker mentions some of the Anglo-Saxon saints, as Bede, Aethelred, Dunstan, and others, who were canonized in Rome, and whose doctrine, although accepted in Rome as orthodox and traditional, he does not consider to have been Roman Catholic. With such sources as St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Bede, St. Gregory, and the others whom Aelfric mentions in the Latin Preface of his first volume of homilies let us judge for ourselves whether he would express Roman Catholic doctrines.

When we read the sixteenth-century rendition of Aelfric's Easter Homily and note Parker's annotations we find that they are limited to a few phrases and words only, which we shall discuss in order. Aelfric first states his aim:

"Men beloved, . . . now will we open unto you through God's grace, of the holy housel, to which ye are now to go, and direct your understanding with regard to that mystery."²

He then relates the Old Testament story of the Exodus, the slaying of the lamb according to the commands of God, God's feeding the Israelites with manna until their arrival at the Promised Land; and shows how this was a type of the Sacrifice of the new Law.

"The innocent lamb, which the old Israel then slaughtered, was a token, according to the ghostly sense, of Christ's passion, who innocent shed His holy blood for our redemption; in reference to which God's ministers sing at every Mass, 'Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis': that is in our tongue, 'Thou Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.' "³

Therefore, Aelfric concludes,

"The people of Israel ate the flesh of the lamb at their Easter-tide, when they were delivered, and we now partake spiritually of Christ's body, and drink His blood, when with true belief we partake of the holy housel. . . . As Christ Himself said in His Gospel, 'Verily, verily I say unto you, ye have not life in you, unless ye eat My flesh and drink My blood. . . . I am the living bread, which came down from heaven. Not so as your fathers ate the heavenly meat in the wilderness, and afterwards died; he who eateth this bread shall live to eternity.' . . . The apostles did as Christ commanded, in afterwards hallowing bread and wine for housel in His remembrance. In like manner their after-comers and all priests, at Christ's behest, hallow bread and wine for housel, in His name, with the apostolic blessing."⁴

¹*A Testimonie of Antiquitie*, Introduction, p. xxxv.

²*Homilies*, vol. II, p. 263.

³*Homilies*, vol. II, p. 265.

⁴*Ibid*, p. 267.

It should be remarked here that in the edition of homilies annotated by Archbishop Parker no comment is made on the preceding passage, where Aelfric gives Scriptural foundations for the Catholic belief of the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

In the very next paragraph, however, Aelfric said:

"Now certain men have often inquired, and yet frequently inquire, how the bread, which is prepared from corn and baked by the heat of the fire, can be changed to Christ's body; or the wine, which is wrung from many berries, can by any blessing be changed to the Lord's blood?"¹

To this Parker adds this note:

"This was now the question and so before Berengarius' time."²

With no historical proof, with no reference to show by whom or where, he thus charges the Anglo-Saxon Church with a heresy that never existed.

It is perfectly clear since this passage stands immediately after Aelfric's quotations from Scripture concerning the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament, and also from the thought expressed in the sentence which follows:

"Now we say to such men, that some things are said of Christ typically, some literally."³

that Aelfric believed in Transubstantiation and was not one of those "several men" who had questioned it. Besides, it can be proved that Parker's interpretation is historically false, when he says that the expression, "the certain men who had inquired," is proof that the Berengarian heresy which denied Transubstantiation had arisen in England even before the time that Berengarius taught it on the continent. Parker's statement can be shown to be false by many proofs to be found in Catholic writers. We prefer, however, to quote no other than a German Protestant, Professor Lechler, in his *John Wyclif and his English Precursors*, who would have been willing enough to find predecessors of Wyclif in his spirit of reform; nevertheless, writing on this very subject he candidly confesses that

"up to a period later than the middle of the thirteenth century no sects or divisions had ever arisen in the national church (of England), nor any departure of any sort from the characteristic form of the Church of the West."

And again the same author declares:

"In all the writings of Wyclif which I have searched through in manuscript I have never come upon a single trace to indicate that either in his own time or in earlier centuries heretics of any kind made their appearance in England."

Had there been any divergency between the faith of the Anglo-Saxons and that practised on the continent regarding the Eucharist it would have been recorded in the traditions of the people.

(To be continued)

ESTHER V. FOX.

¹Ibid, vol. II, p. 269.

²*A Testimonie of Antiquitie*, p. 15.

³*Homilies*, vol. II, p. 269.

The Daughter of a Tory

CHARACTERS

William Bradwell, *an ardent Tory*.

Mercy Bradwell, *his daughter*.

John Marlowe, *a youth of twenty*.

James Thornton, *a clergyman*.

Scene: *The scene is the parlor of the home of William Bradwell. At the right is a door leading to the entry. The room is richly but simply furnished. A large table stands in the center, on which is laid a sewing basket. There are four large chairs in the room, two near the table, one beside the door, another in the rear between the two French windows. The windows open on to a piazza, the steps of which lead to the street. The North Church can be seen a little in the distance. On the walls are hung pictures of the royal family, the most conspicuous of them a painting of George III.*

Time: *April 18, 1775, about 10 P.M.*

MERCY (*to herself as she gazes eagerly out of the window and plays nervously with the knitting in her hands*). Why don't you come, John?

(*John Marlowe enters from the right.*)

MERCY (*relieved*). I thought you would never come! I am so afraid.

JOHN (*excitedly*). Mercy, dear, I came as fast as I could. The meeting in the North Church is still going on. What patriotism! I wish I could do something brave and noble like John Hancock and the others.

MERCY. You can, John. That is why I sent for you. (*Excitedly*) John, the British soldiers are coming tonight. Father told me at supper. They will be here at midnight.

JOHN. Coming tonight? I must——

MERCY (*with a gesture of silence*). I know. But wait! We do not know whether they are approaching by land or by sea. My father has gone to find out. No doubt he will tell me when he returns. But he must not find you here!

JOHN (*a bit impatiently*). Then how shall I find out?

MERCY (*drawing her white shawl closer about her shoulders as if amazed at the audacity of the thought*). You must stand outside these windows and when my father returns I shall warn you. If they come by land I shall wave a handkerchief once; if by sea, I shall wave it twice. Then you carry the news at once to the patriots.

JOHN (*enthusiastically*). 'Tis an admirable plan. Someone can be ready to mount his horse to hasten and warn the patriots of the approach of the British.

MERCY. He will have to be some distance from Boston that he may have time enough to warn the colonists in Lexington and Concord. (*She gazes abstractedly out the window. Suddenly her face lights up.*) John, I have a plan. Let some worthy man take his station in the North Church tower to signal the horseman who can be on the opposite shore. If they come by land the watchman can place one lantern in the belfry, if by sea two.

JOHN. Splendid, splendid! You are a worthy patriot. Mercy——

MERCY. John, my father! Go away quickly!

(*Exit John through the window in the rear.*)

MERCY (*aside*). Will my father tell me?

(*Enter William Bradwell from the right accompanied by James Thornton.*)

WM. B. Come, Friend Thornton. These colonists are always starting something. How quickly our soldiers will dash their foolish hopes! Good evening, daughter.

(*He kisses Mercy, who makes a deep courtesy to Mr. Thornton.*)

Pour a glass of wine for Mr. Thornton and, my child, one for yourself. Now is the time to offer a toast to the downfall of the colonists. (*To Mr. Thornton*) So the soldiers are coming tonight by sea?

(*Mercy quickly leaves the room, her face betraying her agitation.*)

MR. T. The colonists' insurrection will be put down! God is ever on the side of the right.

MERCY (*entering the room with a tray on which there are two glasses*). I hope so, sir.

WM. B. (*taking the wine*). Daughter, there are but two glasses. Where is yours?

MERCY. Father, I do not care for any.

WM. B. (*holding aloft his glass to the picture of George III*). But you must. Long live King George and down with the colonists! Raise a glass, daughter.

MERCY (*quietly but firmly*). Father, I can't. The cause of the colonists is my cause.

WM. B. (*amazed at the turn of events, dropping his glass*). You do not mean that, Mercy. (*Testily*) Come, come, you are nervous.

MERCY (*throwing back her head*). I am a patriot.

WM. B. (*his face livid with rage*). Go to your room, where I shall lock you up!

(*Exit Mercy and her father.*)

MR. T. (*agitated. He hears a person walking across the piazza.*) What's that? (*He goes out and is soon seen through the window struggling with a youth.*)

WM. B. (*entering the room and seeing Mr. Thornton struggling with John Marlowe, whom he overcame and brought into the parlor*). What are you doing here? I have forbidden you to come to my home. What are you doing, I say?

JOHN (*sullenly*). Where's Mercy?

WM. B. (*triumphantly*). Where you will never see her, locked in her room. She is a traitor. My daughter is a traitor.

(*During this speech a noise is heard and the men look simultaneously to the window. A white form swinging to and fro drops to the ground.*)

JOHN. She has disappeared into the North Church.

WM. B. Why does she go there? But, let her go. She is no longer my daughter!

JOHN (*gazing intently at the tower*). Two lanterns gleam in the North Church. They are coming by sea. Hasten, Paul Revere! Warn the minute men! (*Joyously*) We shall tonight strike the first blow for liberty and this through the daughter of a Tory.

WM. B. (*enraged*). You are insane or drunk.

JOHN (*enthusiastically*). Yes, drunk with the new wine of freedom. The die is cast!

MARY G. DELANEY, '30.

Loss

Knee-deep in silver mignonette,
She toyed with a blossom's heart,
Plucking its petaled fleeciness,
Rending its soul apart.

Basking in friendship's benison,
You smiled, with art empowered,
Glanced on a budding fairy-thing,
Showed me a dream—deflowered.

FRANCES I. O'BRIEN, '30.

Spring Fever

The restless wind is here again
A-rustling,
Currying favor with the trees
By whispering
Of summer suns, and new green leaves,
And afternoons to spend at ease
Beneath a cool grey rain;
Of flower-scents and slumb'rous bees,
The ardor of advancing seas
Of grass, and on a startled breeze
The flash of butterflies.
It sets a madness in the trees
Wind-whispering,
And mortals catch a dread disease
By listening.

HELEN FOLEY, '31.

Royalty

From out the shrouds of darkness drawn
And up across the sea,
He will find his way with princely grace,
From now till eternity.

He will cross the realms of heaven's high court
With slow, majestic tread,
Until in the bosom of the earth
He will bury his royal head.

Then shadows will in tribute bow
As he completes his race,
And yields up to his lady fair
In the heavens, his honored place.

ELINOR D. RICH, '31.

The New Arithmetic

In the good old days when Grandma used to sit and knit, Father was a little boy who sat by her side and did his lessons. "Son," Grandma would say, "is it not time you went to bed?"

"Why, Mother," he would answer, "I have two more lessons to do yet; all this time I have been doing my arithmetic!"

Today Father has a son in Grammar school. There comes one of those sparkling winter nights. "Dad," says son, "may I go skating now?"

"What about your arithmetic, young man? I thought you had ten problems for home work."

"I did, but I got them all done. See!"

Father scrutinizes a neatly planned paper of calculations and checks. "You don't carry your work out very far, do you? Why, when I was a boy——" and he draws a painful picture of the multitudinous numbers he wrestled with in his younger days, until a nightmare of figures passes before the boy's eyes, such as .000753859901.

And therein lies one of the outstanding differences between the old and the new arithmetic. No longer does the term accuracy mean huge columns of head-tormenting figures. No longer is the young mind requested to carry out the solution to the sixth, seventh, and even eighth decimal place. The present day mathematicians have recognized the futility of all this, and are seeking to lighten the pupil's burden.

The new importance given to approximate computation bears evidence of the stride towards saner, less perplexing arithmetic. Its aim is to obtain the most accurate answers without becoming involved in confusing numbers, and to perform every step in a sensible way. Estimating and checking are necessary factors in this modern system, because they serve to direct the work towards the correct solution, and to ascertain the correctness of the answer.

Do you remember the days when you sat down conscientiously to your home lesson, and attempted to divide some number, such as 18.29 by 356.3? First of all you had to set the decimal place; you moved the decimal point in your divisor to the end of the number, one place to the right in this case, and having done that you moved the point in the dividend from its resting place as many places to the right as you had done in the divisor. Not very difficult if you remembered your rules, but not very sensible either if one were to ask you the whys and wherefores of such an action. Having progressed so far in your task you proceeded to perform the actual division. If you were persevering and continued

to add zeros, you may have learned that the quotient was something like .0513331, and so on far into infinity; or if you stopped after the first three, you were faced by the staggering remainder of $\frac{1181}{3563}$. and if you omitted this important factor in your answer, teacher quite probably marked the problem wrong.

"Well, pray tell, just how would you get your answer?" asks a gentleman who was star-mathematician of his class some several decades back.

Briefly, I estimate my answer first: $\frac{18.29}{356.3}$ is about $\frac{20}{400}$, that is $\frac{1}{20}$ or .05. So I start my division: I see at once that my divisor is larger than my dividend, but, unlike the proponent of the old way, I do not add zeros to make up for this deficiency. Instead I check off the final number of my divisor, taking its value into consideration by carrying two when multiplying the next figure, and place a five in my quotient. In this way I find that my answer reaches a definite conclusion .0513.

And this is all there is to my work:

$$\text{Est. } \frac{20}{400} = .05$$

356.3
.0513
18.29
17.82
.47
.36
.11
.11

Ck. .0513
356.3
15.39
2.57
.31
.02
18.29

Ans. .0513

Then my questioner looks, drops his superior mathematical air, and is silent. I can see that he has not overlooked my checking, but pride restrains him from questioning further. Later he will want me to show him how I multiplied like that, and why, but just now he is anxious to practise doing a little division like that, so that some of the enormous figuring entailed in his business may be lessened, even while its accuracy is heightened.

But when he does ask, I shall tell him that instead of multiplying by the last figure of the number first, I multiplied by the first, and the result obtained then meant 300 times .0513; then the second row meant 50 times .0513; and the next, 6 times .051; and the last 3 times .05. In this way each time I multiplied a definite result was obtained. But according to the old way the arrangement of numbers had no significance at all. Again, it has been ascertained that the new method of multiplication lessens the possibility of an error in the first figures of a computation, which are, after all, usually the most important; because, especially if

the problem is long, the mind is more apt to become confused and tired toward the end, and then the figures obtained are the last part of the number, and the error may not make so great a difference.

There are many other ways and means of figuring that have been effected by the revolution in numbers, but there is just one other that I shall touch upon. That is the method of computing square roots. Formerly the teacher taught: separate the numbers into groups of two to the right and left of the decimal point; find the largest square root contained in the first group, and place this answer in the quotient. There was much more—too much to tell here—of bringing down numbers and multiplying by two and so forth; all confusing to the child mind. But the new arithmetic says: Estimate! The child knows the squares of numbers to at least twenty, besides the squares of numbers of two figures ending in 5, and is able to decide between what two squares he knows, that his own answer lies. So: the square root of 4489 lies between 65 (squared 4225) and 70 (squared 4900); is nearer 65 than 70, and since the number squared ends in 9, if the number is a perfect square it is probably 67. Then by simple division he learns that his guess is right, or rather that the result of his reasoning is correct. If his guess proves incorrect, he is taught a method of finding a true solution from the result of his division and the number he guessed in a way that is quite comprehensible to the puerile mind. That is, he is told to find the mean between the divisor he used and the quotient obtained. Then he divides the given number by the result of this step and obtains a new quotient. If necessary, he may repeat this process until his quotient and divisor are identical, and he has found the square root. Thus in the instance cited should the pupil guess 66 for his trial divisor his quotient would be 68. The mean of 66 and 68 is 67, which is the correct answer. So much for square roots.

In this brief inadequate survey I have endeavored to show that the new arithmetic is based on reason and common sense. It is trying to aid the immature mind, and to make the child's task an easier one. And with this for its goal, may it not be expected that the arithmetic of the future will be a subject of engrossing interest to the pupil, not a system of "do this because it is the rule" with no understanding to aid it, as it has been so long in the past?

MARY E. McDONALD, '30.

Concha Espina

"I scorn nothing as being too small or too trivial." These words of Concha Espina seem to characterize completely the woman, who, to quote from a lecture of Frances Douglas, is "the rising Spanish star just about to become visible in our English literary firmament." Judging by the manner in which this country has received the translations of Concha Espina's novels America seems at present to appreciate fully the novelist who is devoting her life to weaving stories of "the humble lives of women, obscure, tormented lives, filled with sorrow and abnegation."

Well might Concha Espina write of this type of woman! She herself has tasted of the cup of sorrow, but because of her habitual optimism and happiness of spirit, few have realized it. She was born in the fall of 1877 in Santander on the Cantabrian Sea in Northern Spain, where she spent her first fifteen years in the atmosphere of a happy Catholic home with her parents and sisters. In the Preface of a recent book entitled *Concha Espina, De Su Vida, De Su Obra Literaria, Al Traves de la Critica Universal*, she tells us that she composed verses before she could write them. Her earliest critic was her mother, who first urged her at the age of twelve to publish her verses under a pseudonym. The youthful aspirant to the literary world married while very young and left her family to go to far-off Chile with her husband. There it was that she discovered that life was not light and graceful poetry, but harsh and strident prose. Happily for her interested readers she forced herself to write her many charming poems, and her novels and plays which already number eighteen, although she has never published more than one book annually. The noble task of authorship, she has told us herself, she undertook as a protection against the dangers, and a salvation from the miseries, of the world.

"Concha Espina," says a critic, "is proud of her Spanish birth, and her greatest aspiration is to carry forward the literary traditions of her native land, to be a worthy successor of those glorious lights that shone in former times." She has been successful in fulfilling her ambition, and she is said to be the only worthy successor of such writers as José Maria de Pereda, who have made famous the "montañesa" region of northern Spain.

Religion has always been the source of much comfort to Concha Espina and we find her novels permeated with her Catholic principles. "She has given expression to her philosophy of life," says Frances Douglas, who has made famous the "montañesa" region of northern

'Life should be guarded in such wise
That despite death we may still survive.' "

The deep abhorrence which the author holds for divorce is seen in *El Caliz Rojo* ("The Red Chalice"); Soledad, the heroine, a true woman of Spain, chooses a life of toil and hardships to one in which her marriage vows would be broken. Her attitude toward evil is that of a woman of the conservative past, revealing neither the averted face of false modesty nor morbid complacency. In the presence of sin she reveals a sense of pity, and with charity and gentleness exhorts the guilty to seek redemption. She never displays the scorn of rigid and cold austerity, never the mocking manner of the cynic who is neither stirred nor surprised at any event whatsoever. From her novels one would judge her to have an understanding, kindly nature, and to have a heart big enough to embrace the troubles of humanity. This tender love, added to the fact that she is a true representative of the heroic and loyal Spanish woman, aids her in the sympathetic treatment of her characters.

Concha Espina, living in the midst of a literary world of careless technique, is a stylist. Alfredo Mari, the Florentine critic, says that "her style is devoid of all those mystic tendencies terminating in "ism," which are characteristic of much modern literature." In his criticism of *Dulce Nombre* ("The Red Beacon"), which is considered as Concha Espina's best novel, Carlo Boswell says, "The book is, without doubt, one of the most definite exponents of the style and temperament of the writer, a style lyrical and sonorous, artistic and worthwhile, always spontaneous."

Concha Espina is a realistic writer, yet her realism is never brutal or harsh, rather she treats it idealistically. Occasionally we detect a pessimistic note in her works, always modified, however, by a certain tenderness. In reading her novels one feels that the author has studied and penetrated life and its many mysteries.

It has been said, too, that this author is modern, yet classic. In her characters, in her plots, and in her method of development she is modern, very modern. In her vocabulary, however, she has classical tendencies, for she prefers "to resurrect words that may have fallen into disuse, but which are beautiful, and to revive forgotten constructions of the purest classicism and return them for the growing literary revival, to enrich the new spirit and the heritage of the past.

Her novels teach many lessons. In *Agua de Nieve* ("Ice Water") we see, as in *Pequeñeces* by Luis Coloma, S.J., punishment inflicted on an egotistical woman who does not stop to consider the commandment of neighborly love. Tomas Comacho in *Concha Espina, De Su Vida* says of it: "*Agua de Nieve* is a profound study of the soul, a refined and subtle book, that must of necessity remain among the foremost of the times. It is a stirring affair of high moral feeling. There are chapters

in it which could be placed among the best excerpts of the Castilian language." Throughout the book one feels the depth of Concha Espina's love and interest in her fellowmen, for like Wordsworth, her theme is "No other than the very heart of man."

Concha Espina's literary efforts have not been unrewarded by Spain who has paid many tributes to her famous daughter. Within ten years, the Royal Spanish Academy awarded her with three prizes. More recently a new park, named in her honor, was opened, and a monument in it was unveiled by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, at Santander, the author's birthplace. At the same ceremony, Santander named Concha Espina its "chosen daughter." The Queen took this occasion to announce that His Majesty, Alphonso XIII, had bestowed the Order of Maria Luisa on the novelist, thus making her equal in rank with the highest aristocracy. In 1927 America recognized her genius, when the Hispanic Society of America presented her with the Medal of Literature and Art.

Concha Espina may rest assured that she is fulfilling her hopes in life and that generations to come will keep alive her memory.

SALLY D. CARROLL, '31.

Soubenir

If you would please me, show me where to find
 The trysting place where tears and laughter meet;
 And place a deep, gold goblet at my feet,
 And fill it of the rivulets that wind
 Down smiling mountain faces, broad and kind,
 And of the sunshower drops, all fresh and sweet,
 And of the dews that flowers reach up to greet,
 And rains that open buds that have been blind.
 It is so strange a thing to ask, you say,
 But all the good I know was taught me when
 I gazed on one dear face, whose Irish eyes
 Bathed it in wild, free tears when it was gay,
 And now, for her dear sake I long again
 To catch the tears that fall when laughter cries.

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

The Rune of the Hranrode

I had hoped in my selfishness to find him alone, but I had forgotten that others, too, knew of him. Little by little the world was wearing a path to the workshop of my old friend, the silversmith; so I wandered around in the old-fashioned garden which looked for all the world like a gypsy maiden's wedding robe. Lilacs in their sweet charity caressed the weather-beaten shack, the smith's workshop, which in former days might have been a ship chandler's shop or a counting house. As a faint west wind, blowing in from the sea, escorted a single exquisite star up to the heavens, a token of remembrance from the angels, the last guest departed down the flagstone walk. Then I went up the path to the shop, and was minded to think of the queer combination of the pagan and the Christian on the door, so symbolical of the master within: a witch cross carved in the heavy oak of the door to keep away evil spirits; and a silver plate with the simple inscription, "Saint Dunstan," announcing to visitors that within dwelt the spirit of Saint Dunstan, the patron saint of silver.

I stepped into a room lighted only by the dim flicker of a Betty lamp and the gleam from a pair of Hession andirons, and greeted the smith with a "God bless the work." He raised his eyes by way of greeting,—one would know immediately that the wisdom of a philosopher lay behind the smiling sad eyes, spun by the fairies out of the bluebird's wings and wisps of kisses.

"You will pardon me," he began, "if I keep on with my work. I am making a communion set for a young naval chaplain who is to come for them this very evening.

"Ah, the youth and beauty of him so lately ordained, and the blue in his eyes, blue that endures forever, following the road to the sea. You know in every village there is a road that runs to the sea; it may be the green road to Monterey over Sonoma's moonlit hills and lonely Soledad, or it may be by the sunbaked streets of Goa, where the tinkling bell of Saint Francis is still heard at hot mid-day. The sea is full of loveliness and tears. Its music is the proud symphony of the organ, the shimmering tone of the harp, the wind whispering through the trees, the silver bells of Oseny, the magic song of the vireo, the great muted call of the swan to the winter moon, Saint Elmo's fire dancing on the mastheads, the twitter of all the little birds at sunrise, the immortal prayerful chant of the women of a fishing-village going in simple faith to entrust their husbands and sons and lovers to the protection of Our Lady of the Sea.

"There is no greater bond in this world than the bond between God and the man of the sea. Ah, the sea out of which comes a dazzling white sunrise in which there is purity, holiness, and light; the birth of a new soul, the dawn of a sapphire day; the sea which receives the dying day, an echo of the beauty of the thought and memory of the dead, a violet and orange sunset sinking into a harbor of cerulean blue, for a sunset is really the ashes of dead dreams from which the rising sun emerges phoenix-like. That is why the stars in the east, always of a deeper gold, are symbolical of the promise of tomorrow's day.

"There was many a seaman around these parts in the olden days. There are stories of Nat Bowditch and the ship builder, Retire Beckett. That old weather-beaten log on yonder desk was kept by one Captain Pingree. Look at the quaint entries: 'weather clear, jibed brig, all well. Thank God for sparing, jibed brig again at seven, killed pig,' and the tragedy of the single line hastily written on the back cover, 'twenty out from Padang go down off Nantucket.' I have heard tell of a log that was kept on a shingle by the survivors of a certain wreck. Amid the sand dunes and salt marshes of Essex, not far from the moors of Gloucester, there is a buried light house and they do say that the sea gulls flying around it are the 'ghosts of drowned sailors come back to haunt doomed ships.' I am sorry for the ship that is like others sailing the romantic waters, ghostless and alone.

"Well, the set is nearly finished. I have engraved a tiny model of a fishing schooner on the bottom of each piece. I hope the young chaplain will pardon my liberty and understand. It was something I had to do,—but then, all sailing is by the grace of God. He has a great career before him, he has a two-fold vocation, the call of the sea and the call of God. May he be worthy of their promise."

As I arose to go, the smith with never a glance up from his work, said, "God be with you."

"And you," I softly answered, as I stepped out into the night.

GRACE JOYCE, '31.

“Remember Me!”

The shouting of the multitude finally penetrated the mists encompassing the mind of a man dying on a cross. Slowly he regained consciousness and opened his eyes. Thick black clouds were rolling through the sky which had been so bright a few hours earlier. In the distance the surging sea of human faces lost itself in the oncoming darkness. There was an ominous rumble of thunder. The man shuddered and looked down. Fear had entered his heart. Nearby a motionless woman was gazing in silence at a Cross beside him. Her face was the most sorrowful he had ever seen. As he gazed at her forgotten scenes from the past rose before his eyes. He remembered. . . .

From his place near the door the little boy had been watching the passersby all day. Since his mother had put him there that morning a ceaseless stream of strangers had been passing before his eyes. He was interested in watching them and wondered where the crowds came from and where they were going. The little boy's father had told him that Caesar Augustus had decreed that the whole world should be enrolled, so everyone was going to his own city for that purpose. The little boy was not interested in Caesar Augustus and he did not quite understand about the decree, but he did want to go to Bethlehem for, though it was not far from his home, he had never been there.

As the sun was setting behind the neighboring hills, the little boy sighed. His mother would soon come to take him indoors and then he could not watch any more.

“Little one, where is thy father?” It was a stranger, a kindly, white-haired old man, who asked the question.

“On yonder hill, tending the sheep.”

“Would'st thou ask him whether or not we may have lodging here tonight?”

“I cannot walk,” came the simple answer.

“Mary, stay thou with the little one. I shall go to his father.”

A woman walked up to the cripple and sank on the seat beside him. She looked very tired. The little boy looked at her curiously. Hers was the most peaceful face he had ever seen. He watched her as she looked up at the evening star, which was already faintly visible above them, and prayed.

Soon the shepherd appeared and welcomed the unexpected guests. The little boy was carried in and placed upon his cot whence he followed the movements of his mother as she prepared a simple meal. The strangers said very little all evening. Once or twice the lady looked at

the little boy and smiled. That made him very happy. At night he insisted on giving her his bed and sleeping on the floor. When she placed her hand on his head while thanking him, it seemed like a benediction.

The next morning the little boy wept. He wanted to be well and to lead the donkey which his father had lent to their guests. Ah, to be a traveler to Bethlehem, instead of an idle watcher by the roadside! Before she left, the lady came to the little boy to bid him farewell.

"Remember me when thou shalt come into the city," he said.

"Tomorrow thou shalt be with me in Bethlehem."

The shepherd and his wife overheard the conversation and marveled that such a holy woman should speak jesting words to a child, but the little boy believed her. He spent the whole day anticipating his entrance into the city of his heart's desire. Once he spoke to his mother on the subject, but she shook her head sadly, and gently told him that he was not strong enough to go. After that he kept his thoughts to himself.

That night the little boy was awakened by his father's hurried entrance into their home.

"The Saviour! The promised Saviour is born!" The shepherd's face was lit with unspeakable happiness and awe. He seemed like one who had seen a vision.

"A moment ago God's angel stood among us and bade us go to the city of David to seek our new-born King. We are going now. Ah, praise to God who has permitted us to live in this blessed time!"

"Father, Father, take me with thee!"

"Nay, little one, thou knowest I cannot."

"Father, I, too, want to see the new born King." There was infinite yearning in that cry. "Father, do not leave me!"

Near them the child's mother stood silently weeping. Sadly the father turned to go.

"Father, stay a moment! Hold my hand. I shall try to go with thee."

The man hesitated for a moment, came back and sorrowfully gave his hand to his son. The little boy arose and looked fixedly at his father.

"Father! Mother! look at me!" he suddenly cried and walked from one startled parent to the other.

"I am walking! I am walking!"

With tears of joy the three sank on their knees and thanked God for His great mercy to them. Through the open door the light of a bright star shone into the room.

"Look, Father, yonder star will be our guide. Let us hasten to Bethlehem."

Then the two went out into a night miraculously made light and joined the other shepherds. On they hastened into the sleeping town. There in a manger they found the heavenly Babe and with Him a motionless woman gazing in silence at Him. It was the lady who had blessed him the day before. Her face was the most joyful the little boy had ever seen.

The wind was rapidly rising. With increasing frequency the clamor of angry voices was drowned by peals of thunder. The sinister darkness, momentarily slashed by lightning, was enclosing the countryside in its grasp. Again the dying man shuddered and looked up. Greater even than his fear became the sorrow in his heart. The Master on the cross beside him was going. He was leaving this world of blackness and noise and impending ruin, and He was leaving the man on the cross, who was dying because he was unworthy to live. There was little time in which to tell his heart's desire, but, remembering that day when the Lady had cured him and granted his request, he cried out:

"Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom!"

And the answer came:

"This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

PLACIDA VILEIKIS, '30.

The Little River

When I desire some peace and solitude
Removed from bustling towns and city's din,
Why do my thoughts, my heart in yearning mood
Revolve towards thee, my River, and thy kin,
Those dancing iris in their sapphire blues,
Those tints from heaven allured by thieving elf?
My fervid soul the robin redbreast soothes,
As I in thought review the scene itself.
In you I find the pattern of my life:
At first you're timid with potential pow'r,
Then confidently rush into the strife,
Now gay, now sad, in pensive pool or bow'r,
Until you reach your goal, the peaceful sea,
For me that strange and vast Eternity.

MARGARET AHERN, '31.

The Madonna

(A True Story)

It was a brilliant sunny afternoon when Mrs. Galway entered that little curio shop in Rome. The manager, a dark little man, stood in the rear of the shop evidently exerting all his placating powers in calming an angry, excited woman to whose skirts clung four poorly-clad children.

"My lira—oh—my lira—what will my husband say, oh, oh!" the poor woman sobbed incoherently in her native tongue.

Aghast at the scene, Mrs. Galway attempted to learn the cause of the tears and wails, but the manager was too bent on calming the now hysterical woman who was gesticulating and sobbing in passionate tones. Perceiving a little old man standing near her with his hands on his cane, and shaking his head at the commotion, she went to him.

With a quavering voice the man explained: "The woman has just been robbed of all the money she had in the world, which was very little, and is anticipating the return of her husband this night. The man will, without doubt, give her punishment and then the week will mean near starvation for her and the little ones."

"My! What! All this over a hundred lira?"

Drawing one hundred lira from her purse Mrs. Galway slipped to the side of the woman whose head was buried in her arms and tucked the money into her tightly closed fist.

"This," she whispers, "is in honor of the Madonna." Quickly she left the commotion of the shop and returned to the sunny street, heaving a sigh of relief.

Two days later, Mrs. Galway was leisurely perusing an Italian newspaper, when she suddenly sat up with a jump.

"Miracle worked in a little shop," she translated to herself. "Madonna appears to poor woman who had been robbed. The Beautiful Mother restored the money with new lira. The Curio Shop is now the scene of many visitors."

Should she try to explain?

MILDRED CROWLEY, '30.

BOSTONIANA

ST. BOTOLPH'S

“Far over leagues of land
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
And far around the chiming bells are heard.”

Thus did Longfellow speak of the famous Church of St. Botolph in Old Boston, England, which dates back to the middle of the seventh century, when St. Botolph, a pious Saxon monk, often called “the saint of sea-faring men,” founded a monastery near a small village called Icanhoe. The record of this we find in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle under the year 654 in the entry: “Botulf ongan thaet mynster timbrian aet Ycenho,” i.e., Botolph began to build the minster at Icanhoe. Previous to that time, St. Botolph, born in Britain of Christian parents, had studied on the continent with his brother Adulph and had become a monk. On his return to England he was allowed, through the favor of a certain Ethelmund, “King of the Southern Angles,” to select a site for a monastery. From an account written by John of Tyneworth, we find that St. Botolph was a very holy man, zealous in his work of converting souls, and that he left behind him a beautiful memory that was to live forever in history. After his death in 680 his followers carried on the work of teaching and preaching that he had begun, until towards the end of the ninth century, the Danes in their ruthless conquests invaded the little village, banished the monks of St. Botolph, and destroyed his monastery.

He was not to be forgotten so easily, however, for in 1309 the people, grown prosperous by the wool trade, built a Church in his honor in Lincolnshire. Soon the village became known as St. Botolphston, which was later abbreviated to Boston. Until the sixteenth century, this Church was a place of Catholic worship, but many changes were wrought in it after the Reformation, notably the disruption of the Chapel of Our Lady, which had been granted the same privileges as the Chapel of Scala Celi at Rome. The beautiful medieval church still stands, a place of Protestant worship, in which John Cotton of colonial Boston fame, first preached his Calvinistic doctrines.

The architecture of St. Botolph's is very beautiful, especially the groined vaulting of the tower, the carving, moulding, and the beautiful east window, illustrating various scenes in our Lord's life. It has a staircase of three hundred and fifty-six stairs, symbolic of the number of days in the year; seven doors, symbolic of the number of days in the week,

and it receives light from fifty-two windows, symbolic of the number of weeks in the year.

During the six centuries that the magnificent old tower of St. Botolph's has looked out over the wide waters of the Atlantic, it has been gradually falling into ruin, but this year, 1930, it will be repaired through the kindness of the people of Boston, Massachusetts, in commemoration of the Tercentenary Celebration of the founding of their city.

HELEN SHEERAN, '31.

FANEUIL HALL

A walk down town to Adams Square brings us within view of what has always been a very busy part of Boston. In the early days of our city, farmers came in from the country and congregated in this vicinity to sell their produce. How seriously they must even then have obstructed the traffic we can easily imagine, for Boston was never noted for broad thoroughfares, and the closely-built stalls along the streets must have caused intown Boston to present a littered, untidy appearance.

Consequently, in 1740, Peter Faneuil, a wealthy resident of Boston, offered to build at his own expense a hall and market-place, his only stipulation being that the city would maintain the institution after its erection. The men concerned hesitated to accept Faneuil's generous gift (that, of course, was many years ago), for they claimed that the city was not large enough to bear the expense of supporting such a building. All opposition was finally overcome, however, and Faneuil's plan was accepted.

On the lower floor of the structure stalls were erected for the buying and selling of produce, while the entire second floor became a large public hall, which is especially interesting to us. The wall opposite the entrance is covered with portraits of a remarkable group of early Boston patriots: John Quincy Adams, John and Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Peter Faneuil and others. The largest painting is of Daniel Webster, who is portrayed delivering his famous address to the United States Senate in reply to Hayne of South Carolina. Until a few years ago, a visitor to Faneuil Hall could still view these original paintings, but owing to fire hazard the originals have now been transferred to the Boston Art Museum and copies have replaced them. Seats are furnished in the three galleries, but not on the floor, at one end of which an ample platform supplies a point of vantage for speakers.

After the building of Faneuil Hall, all town meetings were held there. What spirited speeches must have reechoed within those walls during Revolutionary times as well as during the many stormy periods since then

in our national and city history! Faneuil Hall has, since its erection, been a recognized meeting place for public gatherings, because it is centrally located and accommodates a large number of people. It has always been obtainable on request of a certain number of citizens, but it can never be leased or hired.

The market on the first floor, however, soon proved inadequate. Josiah Quincy, whose entire administration as Mayor of Boston from 1823 to 1828 was marked by progress, made arrangements for the erection of a new market. His elaborate plan provided for buying up land near Faneuil Hall, for widening streets in the vicinity, and for constructing a new building there.

After a long struggle, Mayor Quincy persuaded the City Council of the advisability of his project and the work went ahead rapidly. So well had the mayor thought out the scheme that, after buying land and selling the parts not needed, the debt contracted was comparatively slight. That Quincy made a wise investment is evident from the fact that at the present time the market yields to the city an annual rental of about \$4,500,000. As a tribute to the great man whose vision was responsible for this market, it is often misnamed Quincy Market, rather than Faneuil Hall Market.

The new Faneuil Hall Market is built of Quincy granite and occupies a large site across the street from the original building. The first floor consists of a market, on the floor above are the erstwhile vast Quincy Hall warerooms and the Produce Exchange. Even the obvious stir and bustle which pervades this market at all times of the day reveal but little of the great business transacted there daily, for, besides their retail business in the market, the stall owners carry on an extensive wholesale trade.

From his pedestal nearby, Samuel Adams looks down upon Faneuil Hall and sees in retrospect the exciting scenes which have been enacted there. He sees the Boston patriots gathering in that very spot to make opposition to the impressing of Colonial seamen into British service; he remembers soldiers of the Crown sleeping there when the people of Boston refused to quarter them in their homes in 1770; he recalls the vigorous speeches delivered in the hall against the injustice of the Stamp Act in 1765. He nods approval, therefore, as we hail Faneuil Hall "The Cradle of Liberty."

MADELEINE O'BRIEN, '30.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

A CONTRAST

The Christian world has been shocked by the drastic measures taken by the Soviet Government of Russia to enforce atheism on its subjects and to obliterate completely the name of God. Daily we read the horrible story of how the religious faith of the Russian people is being destroyed, and how brutally many Christians have been put to death because they refused to blaspheme God.

Recently I saw a picture of the despoiling of a monastery in Moscow to make way for a new "house of culture." Soviet soldiers were carrying out religious decorations, while an eager crowd of onlookers assented by their presence to the ignominious actions. It brought to my mind another scene in sharp contrast to this, that of Lourdes, the famous shrine in southern France, and the remarkable demonstration of faith I had witnessed there. At this shrine, by the intercession of Our Lady of Lourdes, many miraculous cures have taken place. Pilgrims from all over the world go there to pray for all manner of favors, thereby demonstrating their earnest religious faith. Thousands of sick people are brought to Lourdes, and although these people are suffering from every known disease, never has anyone contracted a disease there. This is truly miraculous as the sick are in crowded quarters and in close contact with one another. Another miracle is that all are cured in spirit, for resignation and peace glow in the faces of all the invalids one meets there.

At no time is this more evident than during the daily procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Early each afternoon many of the invalids are carried to the Grotto, accompanied by the other pilgrims. The sick are placed in rows on the esplanade facing the Grotto. A priest ascends the pulpit and says the rosary while all present answer him with the greatest devotion. At four o'clock a procession forms and moves to the Rosary Square in front of the Basilica. All the sick are then brought there for the procession and massed in rows around the four sides of the Square, crowding every available spot. The procession is made up of grades of young girls in blue and white, of men carrying lighted candles and of priests in cassock and surplice and at the end an ecclesiastical dignitary bearing the monstrance. As he draws near the sick he steps from under the canopy and makes the sign of the cross with the Blessed Sacrament individually over each invalid. While he is thus administering Benediction the pilgrims, led by the priests, pray beseechingly. Their invocations rend the air. Imploringly they cry, "Seigneur, faites que je

marche! Seigneur, faites que je vois! Seigneur, faites que j'entends." One is carried away by the wonderful faith of these people, by those ringing cries of supplication. It is during this procession that many cures actually take place.

At eight o'clock in the evening the torchlight procession forms at the Grotto. Each pilgrim carries a lighted candle, its flame shielded by a paper shade. The procession moves around Rosary Square, up and down the ramps leading to the upper Church of the Basilica, while hymns are being sung. Frequently earnest voices are heard singing, "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria." The heart and soul of each one is in the singing of this aspiration. The procession ends with the singing of the "Credo" by the pilgrims massed in Rosary Square, each one bearing aloft his lighted candle,—a most impressive, inspiring and unforgettable scene.

Our Lady of Lourdes, ever mindful of the ills of humanity, cannot fail to aid the weakening faith of the Russian people. Theirs is a spiritual ill, and through her intercession with her Divine Son she can cure it. Fully aware that her intercession is not sought in vain, let us ask her to cure the terrible evil, atheism, which exists in Russia today, and to restore and strengthen the religious faith of the Russian people.

SUSAN BRENNAN, '31.

PERFECTION HID

I just witnessed a transaction that gave me a thought. I admit it. It gave me a thought. Only a decidedly unusual occurrence can do that, but this was a near-phenomenon! The fact is this: I just saw a professor, calm, pleased, and satisfied, hand to a student (there are such creatures) likewise calm, pleased, and satisfied, a stack of corrected papers. All were perfect, all were excellent, all were the student's. The professor beamed, the student beamed. I screamed (inwardly, of course). The tragedy of it! Never had that student experienced that delightful sinking sensation peculiar to professor-student relations,—sometimes at least. Never did that student need to be corrected, admonished, reproached. Scholastically, he was without blemish. Yet I was sorry for him. In the richness of his intellectual success, my lesser brain respected and pitied him.

There is a certain exhilaration in being justly reprimanded. It stirs up sluggish brains, it awakens drowsy ambitions, it, figuratively, sticks a pin into lagging little thoughts and hurries them on their way to the light of day. The perfect ones will never know the satisfying zest of it all. And then again, "imperfection means perfection hid." Consolation is seldom lacking.

ANNE MCNAMARA, '30.

FOOT-LIGHTS OR SIDE-LIGHTS?

In my opinion nothing is less interesting than one of those ridiculous comedies which are so often shown on the screen, sponsored by some so-called Educational Board. Their *educational* value is indeed obscure. Invariably a poor, insignificant hero must overcome a suitor, who is not only aided and preferred by the fair lady's family but who is also a towering creature of Herculean strength. This setting always heralds many difficulties, such as miles of endless chasing, hair-breadth escapes, and such extraordinary tumbles that, if experienced, one would never live to tell of them. For real amusement during such farces the thing to do is to sit back and watch your neighbors in the audience.

The man sitting across the aisle is really enjoying it. He follows the characters with interested eyes and his face serves as a mirror, for watching him we know, without glancing at the screen, that the hero has no doubt fallen from a tenth story window into a barrel of soft cement, or at least a bucket of water. Our friend leans back in his chair, throws his head back and laughs loudly. Directly behind him a middle-aged woman sits, with in-drawn chin, casting austere glances on those around her. When Chester Langdon, star of the production, emerges from the whitewash, tar, or soft cement, looking crestfallen and extremely uncomfortable, we can read from her tightly-drawn lips the spinsterly ejaculation, "Tsk, tsksk." We often wonder whether she is more disgusted with the performance or with man's appreciation of such inanities.

Of course there is the young man sitting in the next row who feels duty-bound to explain the more subtle points of humor to his lady friend and the audience at large. His expression, if we should turn around, is one of keen delight and he certainly enjoys foretelling just when the villain is going to spring from behind the portière, or the lilac bush, or the divan, armed with a club with which to attack the hero.

Finally, when Chester has bravely succeeded in outstripping the efforts of his rival, and when he is at last sharing in the paternal smiles and blessings, we note that Mr. Across-the-Aisle is applauding heartily and beaming with approval. He is shaking his head appreciatively. Miss Not-a-Smile, from behind, bestows upon *him* a final glare and settles back with a sigh of intense relief when her own favorite Romeo is introduced in his latest screen romance. Even the young man in the next row is properly silenced, for the plot of the feature picture is far too complicated for his prophetic ability.

JEANNE H. STEINBRENNER, '32.

HOUSES AND HOMES

When I was a child, this question of houses and homes perplexed and in a way worried me. Now that I am older, I have tried to find out wherein lie their fundamental differences. Consequently I was particularly impressed recently when one Sunday afternoon, I happened to be riding through some nearby New England towns.

One by one houses came into view, and then disappeared, all, like the souls of people, were made to the same image, yet differed greatly in atmosphere. My attention was drawn especially to a beautiful white mansion, situated on a sloping hill which formed a beautiful green frame for the attractive house. On closer study I saw that it was uninhabited, truly a "house with nobody in it." I am impelled to call it just an "impersonal" house, for one thinks of a home as resounding with happy laughter of parents and children. Indeed the very atmosphere of this house seemed melancholy and forlorn. Unconsciously I began to form mental pictures of the people who might have lived in it. Perhaps a white-haired mother and drooping father, who, left alone by their grown-up family, could not endure the pitiful loneliness and resounding echoes of vacant rooms and halls and had moved to smaller and less familiar quarters. This house, with its empty arms, must be, indeed, a lonely place,—more than lonely, because it once had shared the joys and sorrows of family life, and once had sheltered in its moral and spiritual walls a home. It had been a sheltering place, presided over by loving parents, with a family firmly united in a complete and mutual understanding of happiness and sympathy.

By this time my house had been left far behind, and we were riding past a tiny home by the side of the road. I saw a laughing, broad-shouldered man, helping his wife and small baby into a car of a popular and abundant make. Here, indeed, was happiness, joy of living, mutual understanding, and natural pride. In this little home, moral walls of peace and spirituality were being formed. Laughter and companionship lurked and beckoned from every nook and corner. I was at once filled with a desire to know these simple folk, who were so carefree and happy. But our car rushed on, and I wondered sadly if this couple, one day, might be drooping and white-haired, too, just as my imaginary pair, and this question lingered in my mind: "Can a home, after sheltering and rearing a family, ever in any respect be called a 'House for Sale,' just because it now has empty arms?"

ALICE LARKIN, '31.

ANOTHER MIRROR

A few months ago *America* published a short article entitled *A Mirror for Teachers*. It was concerned with a report submitted by a committee of chosen students in one of the larger colleges for men, in which was drawn up a list of recommendations for professors. Accepted in the spirit in which it was written, the report is a praiseworthy attempt on the part of the students to bring collegiate life to a higher standard, to insure the student's gaining every possible advantage from his college, and lastly, what is most important and fundamental to the other two, to bring into closer, more intimate relationship, the student and his professors.

"Professors who make themselves accessible to their students outside of class are to be commended," says the report. Equally commendable, in one opinion, is the student who avails himself of a professor's proffered time and advice. In our own colleges, the majority of professors, men and women, are only too happy to be the confidants or advisers of their students. It is to the Catholic college student's advantage to have as professors persons upon whom no outside claim or interest is binding. They offer their lives, and they mean their offering. Why is it so often ignored? One group offers the old excuse of so-called bashfulness or timidity. Such an attitude is not only unworthy, but unbecoming in a college man or woman, yet it is not uncommon. Neither is that of the painfully evident sophisticate, always absolutely sure of and sufficient unto himself. This type trusts entirely to his own judgment or to that of his selected friends (invariably few), who look upon the asking of advice as childish or old-fashioned at the best. Too often discouragement and dissatisfaction on the part of the student is the inevitable outcome of the lack of a proper understanding between him and his professor. The shell of reticence into which a misunderstood student will creep is one from which he finds it difficult to emerge, and also forms one more barrier, almost hopelessly impregnable, between two persons whose mutual success actually depends upon congenial intercourse.

Many a college professor whose time hangs far from heavily upon his hands has voiced the idea that one has expressed in these words: "Why is it that the students do not come to us in their difficulties? We went through college and faced the same or similar problems. We understand them. Why do they not come?"

Only a sincere goodwill can bring about the ideal relationship, a goodwill that has been widely expressed and evidenced among the majority of college professors, but which, in a great degree, is noticeably lacking among student groups.

ANNE McNAMARA, '30.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

THE HEART OF BLESSED JULIE

“For life and all it yields of joy and woe,
And hope and fear, —
Is just our chance o’ the prize of learning love.”

With the wisdom of experience Browning thus pointed out the means of “learning love.” Most of us are pupils in the School of Love, novices in the art of entire and complete expenditure of self, and especially in that greatest of the sciences, charity. At certain periods of history, it is to be noted that there have been born into the world persons whose hearts have been made for loving both humankind and God in an eminent degree, just as naturally and easily as a bird sings, or as a flower turns its face to the sun; persons, whose whole lives are a continuous expression and communication to others of the goodness and charity of their own souls. Julie Billiart was such a gifted soul, endowed with the talent for loving, who neither lost nor hid her gift, but strengthened and developed it with sacrifice and suffering, so that she has become a teacher in this School of Love.

Blessed Julie realized, as did all the Saints, that they are most tenderly human who know and love the Giver of all things. She, herself, a shining example of human love, liked nothing better than to have her little ones, her young Sister-teachers, go to her, their Mother, with their cares, troubles, and discouragements. We feel the joy with which she once wrote, “All the children in the town who come to our school call me their Mother.” And it was no wonder that children confided in her naturally and readily for she personified patience, always urging them to make rapid progress in their school work, and continually encouraging their efforts with little prizes: a book, a pretty picture, a silver medal.

She expressed this mother-love in delightful ways to her Sisters. One reads that she always watched carefully over their physical health, making them eat simple, substantial foods, and take proper rest and recreation. But it was not uncommon for Mother Julie herself to stay up a whole night in attendance on a sick Sister after a day of hard, unrelenting labor. Her whole thought was for others; it did not matter to her how she fared.

It was from this fountain-head of love that flowed all the other solid, practical virtues of Blessed Julie: the virile strength and courage of her nature, her great kindness, her humility, her absolutely confident and child-like trust in God. As one studies her portrait, one reads in

her countenance all these qualities in a high degree. Deep calm and perfect trust look out of the large, dark, luminous eyes; the patient, kindly smile about the mouth seems engraved there, while the whole expression speaks the words, always on her lips, "Ah, how good is the good God!"

Seeing how the flower of love has bloomed in her heart and has given birth to other fruitful blossoms, how it has enriched and has deepened her life, let us become more earnest pupils in her school, so that knowing and understanding the reason of life as she did, we may live with the best powers of mind, heart, and soul, so that it may be said of us as of Julie Billiart,

"Her children rose up and called her blessed."

RUTH KELLEY, '30.

THE LITURGY OF HOLY WEEK

An old adage tells us that there is nothing new under the sun, but rare is the day whose twilight fails to find us in possession of some knowledge new to us, if not new to the world. We are constantly reminded of our utter ignorance of the beautiful things of life by poet and artist who reveal beauty to us where we never thought to seek it. Even the impressive ceremonies of the Church we take far too much for granted, because we are unacquainted with the full significance of the acts they symbolize.

The Church is now fostering a widespread movement for the revival of the study of the Liturgy among lay people in order that we may gain the proper understanding of those fundamental dogmas and doctrines of our faith which are the basis of the external forms of prayer in the Church, and of those visible signs which are also a powerful incentive to prayer.

We are now in the holy season of Lent, and are rapidly approaching a week set aside to signalize the heinousness of sin, in the betrayal of Judas, and the triumph of good, in the death of Our Lord; a week, in short, which commemorates the most heroic action ever performed on earth, the action which effected the redemption of the human race.

In the Liturgy of Holy Week the ceremonies are more numerous and more impressive than at any other season of the year because of the greater solemnity of the acts represented there. There is not a word said or movement used in the liturgy, that is not rich in symbolism and deep meaning. On Palm Sunday, for example, we recall the triumphant entry of Jesus Christ into Jerusalem. The palms, blessed and distributed to the people on that day, are a reminder of the palms that were strewn in the pathway of Christ by a fickle populace, which so soon became an

angry mob seeking His life. Consequently the Church then abandons every sign of festivity and on Wednesday begins the evening office of the Tenebrae which is recited in sympathy with the Sufferings of the Passion. The term "Tenebrae" is given the office of the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Holy Week because it commemorates so sad a period of Our Lord's life. During the ceremony itself, all the candles except one, which represents Christ, the Light of the World, are extinguished one by one, to signify the veil of darkness which enveloped the world during the first Holy Week. On the morning of Holy Thursday a brighter atmosphere prevails, for although it is still the week of the Passion, we commemorate the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. White vestments, flowers, and lights are used, and appropriately, since the Blessed Sacrament was to be the joy, comfort and strength of the faithful followers of Christ for all time. After the single Mass which is said in each Church on that day, the Blessed Sacrament is laid in a repository, where the people may go to offer their homage. Here again, the Church uses fitting ceremonies and beautiful flowers to do honor to God and to inspire prayer in the Faithful. On Good Friday there is no consecration of the Holy Eucharist and no sacrifice of the Mass, but instead what is called the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified, because at it the priest uses the Sacred Host which he consecrated on Holy Thursday. This is done to emphasize the fact that Christ is crucified, and has died for us. The liturgy of the services of Holy Saturday, with the blessing of the Pascal candle, an emblem of the risen Christ, the blessing of the new fire, and of the Easter water, all remind us that Our Lord is at rest in the holy sepulchre and will rise again, the Conqueror of Death, the Light of the World. Easter Sunday marks the final step in the commemoration of the work of our Redemption, the rising of Christ on the third day after His death. The vestments, prayer, music and altar decorations reflect joy and gladness, prayer and thanksgiving.

Since we realize that we can appreciate only what we know, since we can understand masterpieces of painting, sculpture, or music only when we have been trained to do so, how much more do we need to study and to learn that which includes all the arts, that which surpasses the achievements of any human genius, the great Drama of the Redemption of the World? These outward manifestations of our religion emanate from a supernatural source, and offer a sublimity and beauty we should be proud to appreciate. It is only by studying the symbolism of our liturgy that we can realize its sublime beauty and universal appeal.

Let us coöperate with the endeavor of Holy Mother Church to learn and then to teach others this appreciation.

MADELEINE O'BRIEN, '30.

E. C. ECHOES

"IT PAYS . . ."

Second Semester had scarcely found time to take its first step when our Publicity Committee issued far and wide a compelling invitation to Bridge and Tea. The affair, held in the gymnasium, proved gratifyingly rather than suprisingly successful. Miss Elizabeth Cloney, '30, was in charge, aided by the Misses Mary Delaney, '30, Ann Grady, '31, and Teresa Delaney, '32. Many prizes of outstanding attractiveness lured the players on to keen competition. The occasion evidenced the sincere interest of Emmanuelites and their friends in the work of our Publicity Department, all of which proves that it "pays to advertise."

NEOPHYTES

Until recently, qualifications for entrance into the Literary Society was achieved by the submission of an acceptable essay written by the candidate. Now, however, any type of literary offering is considered. Consequently, at the first meeting of Second Semester, a novel and entertaining program was offered the society by several Freshman candidates. Miss Kathleen Parker acted as interlocutor in a literary game of authors in which all the candidates participated. An essay on "Literary Friendships" was read by Miss Louise Theriault. Miss Elinor Cronin read an original poem, and a poem entitled "Valentines," and Miss Margaret Donahue also read an original verse. The program concluded with "A Supplication" by Miss Kathleen Parker. At its close, Miss Anne McNamara, '30, made a motion that all the candidates be admitted immediately to membership. This motion was quickly and unanimously seconded. Besides those participating individually in the program, were admitted: Miss Lillian Cronin, Catherine Burke, Margaret Lynch, Anne Noone, Elizabeth Healey and Mary Keenan.

THREE MUSES

Emmanuelite attendance at musical programs is always particularly eager. In February, the student body paid its usual

homage to the well-known Hilger sisters, the reputation of whose concert work has extended all over this country and abroad. These three artists are becoming a traditional part of Emmanuel entertainment.

AND SO—

At the last the day arrived. The Sophomore play was on. Last classes dispersed abruptly to gather in the Auditorium for one of the traditionally-important events of the year. As a prelude to the play itself, Miss Margaret O'Connell charmed her hearers as usual with several songs, a beautiful dance was performed by Miss Agnes Geary, and Miss Catherine Boucher read Henry Van Dyke's "The Lost Word." Then appeared "Sylvia's Aunts," which is only another name for the "Sophomore Play." Miss Mary Barry, in the guise of "Aunt Martha," and Miss Helen Shanahan, as "Sister Madeleine," quite captivated their niece and the latter's college friends. These rôles were portrayed respectively by the Misses Anne Bigelow, Mary Kenney, Jeanette Ouimet, Anna Joyce, Margaret Budds, and Teresa Delaney. Emmanuel always lives up to its traditions!

SYMPHONY

One of the most pleasing programs of recent days was an invitation concert given by the Boston Symphony Ensemble. Emmanuelites with their friends enjoyed the program, which was conducted by Mr. Paul Shirley, assisted by Miss Marguerite Porter, soprano. For several years this famous Ensemble has visited Emmanuel and has always offered a concert of impressive and delightful selections.

FAIRY TALE

Last week the "Cercle Louis Veuillot" entertained Little Red Riding Hood; that is, at a meeting of the club, her spirit returned (speaking true Parisian French), incarnate in the form of Miss Katherine Healy '30. With Little Red Riding Hood, to speed her on her way "chez Grand-mère" was Miss Doris Donovan '30, while you never would have guessed that the

sepulchral voice issuing from the monstrous head of a calculating "loup" was that of Miss Mary Gilman, '30. The latter's "endearing" machinations proved, to the profound relief of horrified spectators, ineffectual in capturing Little Red Riding Hood. The dramatization progressed smoothly and effectively, even the butterflies adding a tone of reality. Miss Mary Cleary '30, president of the Cercle, acted as interlocutor for the players.

The winners of two contests open to members of the French Club were announced as follows: for an essay entitled "Haut Les Coeurs," Miss Ruth Kelley, '30, received the reward; Miss Ann Dargin, '31, received the prize for a French translation, while honorable mention was made of the Misses Margaret Lee and Blanche Crispo, both '30.

A CONFLICT OF WILLS

At a recent meeting of the Dramatic Society three Senior members presented a scene from Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew." Miss Doris Donovan evinced an urgent need of being tamed, while Miss Mary Delaney proved to be the one to do it. Petruchio, the shrew's benignant sire, found capable management in Miss Eleanor Donovan. The performance proved thoroughly delightful to the student body, which had taken advantage of an open meeting to view the entertainment.

FORWARD, JUNIORS!

The sun of all preceding balls and proms has been eclipsed. At least, since Friday, February 21, such is the confirmed opinion of all members of the class of '31. On that evening the Junior Promenade was held at the Hotel Somerset, presided over by the unseen spirit of festivity. Rainbows flashed rampant on every side, Euterpe herself must have caroled the notes that laughed so exquisitely and would have made a frown a foreign thing.

To Miss Mary Spencer is due the praise of managing this social and financial success. Her aides were the Misses Helen Martineau, Louise Doherty, Dorothy Groden, Alice Larkin and Grace Dooley.

A TOUR OF ROME

Rome is always a fascinating object of study. Members of the Classical Society

were entertained not long ago by a lantern-slide showing of numerous beautiful and historical sites of that eminent city. Miss Elinor Rich, '31, delivered an explanatory lecture of startling compendiousness. Assisting her in the showing were the Misses Mary Hoye and Louise Scannell, both '30.

TERCENTENARY

The approaching celebration of Boston's three hundredth birthday naturally gives rise to curiosity and interesting research concerning the early inhabitants of our city. An extremely informative account of these courageous settlers and of the arduous existence which they endured was delivered to Emmanuelites and their guests by Reverend Jones I. Corrigan, S.J., of Boston College. The Historical Society, under whose auspices the lecture was arranged, is to be congratulated in having secured so eminent and so busy a lecturer as Father Corrigan.

FRESHMAN ENTERPRISE

On Tuesday, March 4, the gymnasium was the scene of an interesting penny sale, managed by the Freshman members of the Foreign Mission Society. Many beautiful and useful articles were received by those who were lucky, while frequent touches of humor were added when several persons happened to receive prizes of an edible character. This undertaking is the first to be directed by the Freshman members of the Society and proved an auspicious beginning.

SPANISH BRIDGE

On Wednesday, March 10th, in a gymnasium made gay with the vivid red and yellow, national colors of Spain, the members of Spanish Club were hostesses to the student body at a bridge and tea. The affair was most successfully conducted under the capable leadership of Miss Helen Agbay, '30, president of the Spanish Club, assisted by Carmel Lynch, vice-president; Miriam Walsh, secretary; Sally Carroll, treasurer.

ST. PATRICK'S FEAST

The feast of St. Patrick was commemorated by the student body by a concert held in the Auditorium on Friday, March 14th.

A delightful harp solo, rendered by Dorothy Hatch, '33, opened the programme. This was followed by the song, "Mother Machree," by Louise Hollander, '33, accompanied by Mary Frances Murphy, '33; a violin selection, "Kathleen Mavourneen," by Mary Cahill, '30, accompanied by Ruth Kelley, '30; the recitation of an original poem, "A Song to St. Patrick," by Mary Rose Connors, '30. Accompanied by Margaret Brewin, '33, Margaret O'Connell, '32, closed the programme with the solo "Danny Boy."

LE CERCLE LOUIS VEUILLOT

At a recent meeting of the French Club, the student body had the pleasure of witnessing a short dramatic production written by the Misses Mary Cleary and Ruth Kelley, both '30, president and vice-president of the society. Those taking part in the skit were the Misses Helen Agbay, Mary Hagan, Josephine Alberghini, Doris Donovan, Mercedes Vuccassovich, and the co-authoresses. The performance proved highly entertaining to all, but especially to the Juniors, who may have perceived a touch of good-humored satire.

FRESHMAN HOUR

On Wednesday, March 19, the Freshmen were hostesses to the rest of the student body at a costume party held in the gymnasium. Many and various were the disguises adopted by those who attended. A program offered by members of the committee-in-charge found high favor. Miss Catherine Leonard opened the program with a toe dance. She was followed by Miss Louise Hollander, who sang; Miss Mary Barry, whose tap dancing won much applause; the Misses Marguerite Downey and Marie Barry, in a specialty number, and Miss Louise Theriault in a Spanish dance. Accompanists were the Misses Margaret Brewin and Mary Frances Murphy. A grand march next took place, after which prizes were awarded to Miss Phyllis Hennibery for the most original costume, Miss Clare O'Neil for the prettiest, and Miss Marguerite Downey for the funniest. Refreshments were served by members of the committee, and dancing followed. Miss Barbara Hall is to be congratulated for her splendid work in making the affair so thoroughly enjoyable to all.

RECITAL

One of the most pleasing programs offered this year to the faculty and student body and their friends was a pianoforte, violin, and voice recital presented by the advanced students of music. It took place on Wednesday, March 26. The program was opened by a pianoforte selection, Shubert-Heller's "La Truite," by Miss Mary Frances Murphy, '33. Following this was another, Czerwonsky's "Prelude in G minor," by Miss Grace Adams, '30. Miss Mary Cahill, '30, rendered a violin solo, "Meditation" from Massenet's *Thäïs*. Pianoforte selections were given by the Misses Margaret Brewin, '33, who played Czerwonsky's "Prelude in C minor," and Chaminade's "Air de Ballet"; Carolyn Noonan, '31, who played "Romance," by La Forge, and "Valçik," by Mokrejs; Agnes Knox, '32, who gave Levine's "Humoreske" and Olsen's "Le Papillon," and Louise Scannell, '30, whose interpretation of Rachmaninoff's "Prelude" won deep appreciation. Two vocal selections were presented by Miss Rosemary Stanford, '30. They were Haydn-Wood's "Daffodils," and Ardit's "Il Baccio."

The students evidenced a very careful preparation, their interpretation being extremely accurate and expressive. The recital will long be remembered by all who were fortunate in attending it.

LENTEN PERFORMANCE

The Dramatic Society will have its annual Lenten drama on April 11 and 12 for the children of various nearby schools and for young friends of the student body, and on Sunday, April 13, for adults. A one-act play, "The Gift," will be presented by the Misses Eleanor Murphy, Rosemary Stanford, and Margaret Crowley, '30, and Marie Barry, Mary Farnham, and Mary Keenan, '33. Following this "The Upper Room" will be given with the following cast: Doctor, Alice Gallagher, '31; Achaz, Mary Delaney, '30; Samuel, Doris Donovan, '30; Joseph, Margaret McLeod, '31; Peter, Colette Fulham, '33; John, Louise Fielding, '31; Judas, Catherine Grant, '31; Longinus, Mary Macken, '31; Mary, Madeleine Navien, '32; Mary Magdalene, Catherine Boucher, '32; and Veronica, Anne Merrick, '33.

ALUMNAE NOTES

On March 1st the class of '24 conducted a very enjoyable as well as a decidedly successful social in the form of a bridge and luncheon which was held at the Salmagundi Tea Room, Beacon Street, Boston. The affair was under the capable direction of Miss Evelyn O'Donnell.

The ETHOS extends heartiest congratulations to Miss Virginia Wilde, '26, on the publication of a volume of verse entitled "Walled Gardens," and to Miss Kathleen Rogers, '29, on the publication of "Cape Cod Word Sketches," also a book of verse. We are proud of the success that Miss Wilde and Miss Rogers have attained.

Class of 1928

Anna Kearns and Alice Scanlon have received appointments to fill important positions in the State House.

Mary O'Shea took part in the program presented by the Catholic Truth Hour on the Sundays of March 2nd and 9th. Miss O'Shea sang with Mr. John O'Shea's choir.

Class of 1929

Helen Callahan is a statistician in Yetman's Financial Service Bureau.

Mary Fowler is teaching in the Fitton High School, East Boston.

Mary McDonnell is employed in the Child Welfare Department of Boston City Hall.

Mary O'Brien is teaching in St. John's School, Cambridge.

Antoinette Pelletier is teaching French in the Somerville Southern Junior High School.

The class of '29 is planning a post-Lenten dance. The committee in charge of the affair consists of Katherine Sullivan, chairman, Ruth Nelligan, Catherine Delaney, Agnes Collins, and Mary McDonnell. No definite plans have as yet been made.

The Lowell Emmanuel Club recently elected new officers. They are: President, Miriam Riley, '28; Vice-President, Marie McKenna, '27; Secretary, Theresa O'Flahavan, '30; Treasurer, Mrs. Homer Bourgeois (Juliette Marin, '27). The club will conduct a dance April 23d in Liberty Hall,

Lowell. Miss Etheldreda McKenna, '27, is chairman of the committee in charge. Her assistants are: Mrs. Homer Bourgeois (Juliette Marin, '27), Louise Doherty, '31, Katherine Casey, '31.

The Rhode Island Emmanuel Club held a colorful Valentine bridge, February 15, in the auditorium of the Providence Plantation Club. A folio of modernistic stationery was presented to the winner at each table. A sale of home-made cakes and candies followed tea, which was served at 4:30. The great social and financial success of the bridge was due to the efforts of Miss Elizabeth Kelley, '24, chairman of the committee in charge, and to Mrs. Savage (Frances O'Brien, '23), president of the club.

On March 4th the members of the Alumnae Association enjoyed unusual success at a theatre party held in the Shubert theatre. The presentation of the delightful operetta, "The New Moon," was received with enthusiasm by a capacity house of members of the Emmanuel Alumnae, student body, and their friends. To Miss Elizabeth Logan, president of the Alumnae Association, and to Miss Ruth Keleher, '27, chairman of the committee in charge, are due sincerest congratulations for their capable direction of the social.

Sister Teresa Carmelita (Helen Gallivan, '24), was professed at the Notre Dame Novitiate, Waltham, Mass., February 2d.

Engagements

Mary Downey, '26, to William Kelley of West Somerville.

Marriages

Helen Shartell, '25, to William Leary on January 15. Mr. and Mrs. Leary are now living at 101 Ashmont Street, Dorchester.

In Christo Quiescens

Mrs. Margaret Fallon, mother of Mrs. W. Raymond Hewes (Frances M. Fallon, '23).

Ipsi, Domine, et omnibus in Christo quiescentibus, locum refrigerii, lucis et pacis ut indulgeas deprecamur.

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The Ethos

VOLUME III

MAY-JUNE, 1930

No. 3

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The Ethos

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The Ethos

VOLUME III

MAY-JUNE, 1930

No. 3

On Parents' Day

(Prize poem in Poetry Contest)

Unfold, ye buds that wreath the fragrant spring!
Our hearts' crowned monarchs come this way today.
Tell whispered secrets as our parents pass;
Unfold! The earth must bloom on Parents' Day.

Unfold, ye gates that close us safely in!
Reach out a welcome from Emmanuel.
Today our parents heed your festal call;
Unfold! Weave round their hearts your mystic spell.

Unfold, ye mighty portals of our hearts!
Burst with our thankful prayers and swelling song;
Show our loved parents their own shrines within;
Unfold! The day's sweet happiness prolong.

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

Address to the Graduates of the Class of 1930

*(Delivered by the Right Reverend Richard J. Haberlin, D.D., I.P.P.,
Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Boston, on Degree Day,
June 12, 1930.)*

I am very happy to be here this afternoon, for I fully appreciate the distinction accorded to the one selected to preside at the Commencement exercises of this institution of learning, which, though yet without the setting and boast of age, has abundantly contributed to the glory of God and to the progress of mankind.

I feel singularly honored in the privilege afforded me by His Eminence, the Cardinal, to serve as his representative and as the messenger of his hearty congratulations and good wishes to the members of the graduating class of 1930, and from my heart I thank him for the confidence reposed in me.

A few miles beyond the gates of the Eternal City, on the historic Appian Way, there stands a small chapel scarred in the wear of a long span of years, about which centers a beautiful tradition of Christ and Peter. The story goes that Peter, fleeing Rome at the behest of the early Christians, upon whom Nero had placed the blame for the burning of the city, met Christ, whom he addressed, "Lord, whither goest Thou?"; that Christ answered him, "I am going to Rome to be crucified again"; and that Peter, reading a rebuke in the Master's words, returned to shepherd his flock. It is a touching legend, beautiful in thought and rich in suggestion, and perhaps the mention of it may not be amiss on this occasion when the young graduates we honor today are stepping beyond the portals of these sacred precincts to assume the duties and responsibilities of their respective callings, with the best wishes of their parents and friends,—yes, I hesitate to say it—sometimes with exhortations for success, what matter the cost.

Within a short time, my dear graduates, this Commencement will be a story of the past. The beautiful flowers about you will begin to wither and fade and applause no longer will ring in your ears. The world which you thought was eagerly awaiting you will greet you coldly and indifferently, and the cheer and comforting smile of your companions of yesterday will be missing, for each will set forth upon her chosen path.

The days will pass on; for some sunshine and happiness, for others shadows and sorrows. Possible, yet God forbid, faltering steps in the

hour of persecution, pledges broken in the quest and possession of the things of Mammon and the vision of Alma Mater answering the challenge, "Mother, whither goest thou?"—with the stern rebuke, "I am returning to the mockery and derision of the world because you, my beloved disciple, are turning your back upon the City of God."

That one might falter in these days is not beyond the pale of possibility, for if anyone reads these times aright there must come the realization that the youth of today is beset on all sides with many grievous and subtle dangers, the poisons of which doom the victim to a spiritual death. Almost everywhere there is a tendency to the all-absorbing interests of the material life with its accompanying blindness and stupidity and the setting aside of Christian principles as formularies to be admired but which no one need be expected to follow. Material success is set up as the chief purpose of life and those who achieve it are acclaimed as gods. To be sure, there are voices crying in the wilderness ardently presenting spiritual ideals and principles, but they are looked upon as prophets of weakness. Wealth, power, luxury and display are the things glorified as worth seeking and possessing, and religion is estimated as the manifestation of ignorance or superstition. A spirit of extravagance and a mad whirl and turmoil of false values are abroad, sapping the very foundations of Christian life. Entertainment, custom, and costume are today of paramount interest and are surreptitiously working to debase the world and drag it to the degradation which inevitably follows corrupted public standards and the excesses of selfishness and unbridled passion.

There is going about now for some time a very glib expression:—"The Modern Woman." One hears it employed in almost every strata of social standing and those of us who are relegated to the category of lives of the days that are gone are regaled with her virtues, the chief of which is freedom,—freedom of mind and action. Woman, we are told, thinks for herself today. She no longer blindly follows the opinions of her male kin. She has a set of standards of her own. She is no more the mother of the household, for that is synonymous with slavery or at best drudgery. Her sphere of activity is not confined to the home. She goes whithersoever she will. Her chief purpose in life seems to be to squeeze out of it the last drop of pleasure, no matter the price. After all, convention is only the child of chivalry, and chivalry flourished in the long distant past when knighthood was in flower.

There is a deluge of "isms" flooding the world today, scoffing at everything beyond the natural and proclaiming as the horizon of life the narrow boundaries of mortal vision. There are thousands of false guides trying to attract attention with their theories and their fads, and a thou-

sand paragons of learning putting forth their vain and illusory programs of reasoning and empiricism; as though reasoning and empiricism ante-date God. A thousand voices are crying out that God is only an impersonal force, a sort of necessary energy, that death is a sleep and the future life the flimsiest of dreams. The presses of the country can hardly keep apace with the printing of volumes of mere sordid and agnostic doctrines, the froth of deluded minds which would shed upon others the artificial lustre and light of a code of morals and culture from which even the pagan philosophers would turn in disgust.

Lest temptation come, it might now be well to pause awhile and investigate just how much material success the modern woman and pride of the intellect have added to the happiness of the individual or of any nation. In our own day we have lived through a war the scourge of which has no parallel in the history of mankind. Is there anyone who today doubts the cause of the war? Is it not universally admitted that hatred engendered by wealth so clouded the vision of man and avarice so filled his heart that they left no place for love and kindliness? A cursory survey of the immediate years preceding the war shows all nations straining and pulling with every means, fair or foul, for the predominance of trade and wealth, and the richer the nation the more she was admired and revered as having achieved the acme of civilization. In the maddening chase respect for the rights of others and feeling for the weaker were soon lost from sight, and when disappointment or failure attended the efforts of this or that race it immediately vomited its poisonous propaganda in rage and studiously set about to infect and thin the life blood of its competitor. Steadily and consistently the world passed from one strata of debasement to a lower level until its genealogy read:—Materialism begot avarice; avarice begot hatred; and hatred begot ruin.

The contribution of "The Modern Woman," as she styles herself,—what is it? "Freedom," she answers. With the exception of Divine Grace, no greater blessing can come to man or woman than that of liberty, for the sense of personal freedom awakens within us a sense of self-independence and a sense of self-worth, which inevitably result in success. But that liberty must be within proper bounds, and liberty within proper bounds is not license. License accepts no restraint and license is the legacy which the so-called "modern woman" bequeaths to the world of today and to posterity, cloaking it under the name of freedom. This license dispenses her from the home, its cares and responsibilities, and children pass from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood and womanhood uninstructed in principles and ideals, and follow the whims of their fancies or desires.

When children remember home only as a den of disorder where

God's name and prayer were seldom heard, where religious matters were passed over without a concern and sometimes ridiculed, where naught but pleasure and selfishness were the mother's worry,—what can be expected of them other than that they go from bad to worse, lose faith in God and man, and cast themselves into the yawning abyss of despair? Disorder is the natural consequence, for there is no common recognized standard and the country, the citizens of which have written a constitution of disorder, soon passes, and history records of her only another sad and distressing chapter.

With her pagan ideas "The Modern Woman" soon strips herself of womanly fineness, delicacy, modesty, and sweetness, and that chastening and savoring influence which she has held over man soon vanishes, for how can a man respect womankind when she has sold her treasures for a mess of pottage? When the day dawns when men are wanting in respect for women, then the world will be afloat on a sea of such corruption, that God looking down from Heaven will veil His face lest He behold the traitorous and deserting legions, marshaled and marching to damnation under the commands of Satan and trampling on the Cross of His Divine Son.

What is the purpose of all these "isms" and doctrines which are everywhere preached today? The purpose is an evil effort to uproot religion and a repudiation of God, and as such they aim with a death-blow at what next to God the citizens of this land cherish most,—our liberty, in defense of which thousands of lives have been willingly sacrificed. But without religion there can be no true freedom, because only religion safeguards and guarantees the true dignity of the individual, for religion keeps clear in the mind of man the value of the soul to God and his duty to observe God's law.

In the days preceding the French Revolution men threw off like steel from an emery wheel almost countless sparks of theory and doctrine. In delighted insistency each school informed the world of the magic formulas which had been found, and praised their teachings to the very limit. The result was a slavery and a misery compared to which the excesses and tyrannies of the old order were a delightful condition. Pride came before the fall, for after worshiping the pet gods of rationalism and materialism they were compelled, in order to get back to some sort of equilibrium, to accept a Napoleon and years of bloodshed.

How history repeats itself! Is there any happiness in Russia today where the Red army is marching rough-shod over a starving and sorrowing people, robbing the peasant of his material and spiritual possessions and treasures, and leaving in its wake a terrible state of turmoil and a chant of hatred of man for man? No sooner had these protagonists of

anarchy thrown off every form of allegiance than immediately, in their godless prescriptions to curb the ails and wails of a tyrant-ridden nation, they imposed with greater despotism their own opinions and novelties of doctrine, even to the extent of demanding life, if there appeared the slightest objection to their specious theories and ideals.

My dear graduates, it is not in any way my intent to instill fright or fear into your hearts in bringing to your attention the facts to which I have referred. I appreciate that for you today is a day of rejoicing, and I would be the last to cast a shadow over these exercises to which you have been looking forward for some years. It is merely my purpose to warn you of the pitfalls before you. Forewarned is forearmed. To sense or know of a danger ahead prepares one better to be able to avoid it. You have nothing to fear, for you have everything that makes for rightful accomplishment,—true principles, which were exemplified and made familiar to you during your course in this college, keen intellect, sharpened by the training you received under the eyes of sane and vigilant teachers, and the precious heritage of faith, the gift of a Benevolent God.

No one can deny you the right to temporal things, but amid these do not forget or undervalue the truths and principles you carry away from this holy place, for the things of eternity are worth far more than the things of this life. Remember that much is due from you in compensation for what you have received from others, and that your efforts must not be directed from the motive of self-interest. Do not pattern yourselves after those who are eloquent in words and whose deeds are abundant in selfishness and greed, but work, and work hard, for the good of mankind, and in your disregard and distaste for the luxuries and extravagances so rife today, prove to the world that happiness is a thing apart from the mere possession of material things.

No one can deny you the right to freedom, but be careful of the delusions of "The Modern Woman." Range yourself not only against disorder but also cultivate order. You need not devote your lives to penance and self-sacrifice, but be strong-minded enough to avoid excess of dress and entertainment and thwart the danger lurking in it for those who have not had the advantages you have enjoyed. "The Modern Woman" may have a pet set of standards, but you need not be her debtor. You have a set of principles which have stood the test of ages. Stand by them and be not turned aside to the ideals which lead to ruin and to failure. If you seek a gay life, be assured that the joys you anticipate will be denied you, for you cannot build on sand.

It may not be your privilege to relive the life of a Theresa or a Catherine of Sienna, but these holy women can be an inspiration. Their poise,

their womanly fineness, and their holiness, emanating from the same principles as taught to you by Alma Mater, enabled them to accomplish much, to give advice to the great men of their day and direct the affairs of Popes and Kings.

No one can deny you the right of faith, but be on guard against the pretences of those who would challenge the wisdom of God. Beware, lest that subtle and destructive phrase, "Think for yourself," dull your power of reasoning. Those who are crying it from the house tops are the last to believe it. They want to do the thinking for you, for when they urge you to cast away the treasures of your faith they are at the same time asking you to accept the vaporings of their vicious minds. Be independent, but be independent in the right sense. Hold to that which you know to be the truth and do not give heed to those who preach the contrary. Make no mistake; you know the truth, and if you are faithful to it you will add much to your own happiness and to the happiness of the world. It is not sufficient to be negative. You must be positive. Since you have the truth, go forth, therefore, teach it and preach it: As you sow so shall you reap.

The diploma which your Alma Mater places in your hands today is a badge of distinction which she expects you to wear with honor. Do not disappoint her and let it not be told of you as was told of Peter, who was rebuked. Rather may your steadfastness and loyalty to all that is good and to all that is true merit, as they will, success after success in the things in which it is worth while succeeding and the radiant sunshine of God's choicest benedictions.

Dedication

The gossiping nights tell the tale,
And the young, timid dawns,
Speaking with words that are stars
And unraveling buds:
They tell how the darkness was made
That His light would be sought;
They tell how all Promise was given
That faith would be tried;
They speak: and the listening heart
Sends its muted response.

At last I am glad. If the earth
And its fruits are the Lord's,
And beauty and love but His tools,
And knowledge His sword,
'Tis best I should know.

If I live

With values that err,
If means should be ends in my sight,
And science a goal,
If mountains and rivers and birds
Should lift but my eyes,
And leave my heart empty of prayer,
My schooling is vain.

A score of years I have looked
For tarrying truth.
I have learned deathless laws
And alien tongues;
Followed in history's wake
Down through the years;
Studied the sages' thoughts.
I have been proud—
Proud of the treasures made mine;
Proud of my eyes,
Heavy with beauty's draughts;
Proud of my hands,
Touching the things I love;

Proud of my mind,
Pulsing, creating, alive;
Proud just to live!
But since I have heard His voice,
I have waked.

'Tis a dream,
That knowing is end enough
And all is here;
That schooling is aid for life
And nothing more.
No lesson is king to this:
Our tutored years
Must harvest eternal fruits,
Or fail. All truth,
All tested facts and knowledge
Are but means
To pay the King's account
In His own coin.

The Spring has whispered the tale,
And the cold Winter's lips,
Speaking with words that are rains
And capricious snows:
They tell how He fashioned the earth
To ring with His Name;
They tell how He filled it with souls
To people His home;
They speak: And my heart hears the tale
And offers its all.

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30.

Then and Now

"Jerry, aren't you rather absurd to compete? You are so extremely—different." Mary Leigh had intended saying "old-fashioned," but somehow the adjective seemed bitter. Do you think you could win the prize, Jerry?"

"I could try, Mary."

"Oh, but you can't!" Mary Leigh was impatient. Jerry—daring to compete, daring to attempt to win the Reynolds prize! Mary became emphatic.

"You can't, Jerry!"

"Can't? Why not, Mary?"

"Must I tell you? Then you're not sufficiently modern. And Mr. Reynolds demands something modernistic; something realistic. You—why you never could win! Don't be silly. Don't waste your time—and our paints!" . . . Mary Leigh stopped speaking. It seemed ridiculous to her to have Jerry competing for the Reynolds prize. Why, it belonged already, before the pictures were even painted, to her! Everyone, that is, everyone in the world of art, accredited her with the production of superlative pieces of futuristic art. Jerry Lee painted too well! Jerry's pictures were wonderful, her very soul seemed in them, but they were essentially of bygone eras!

"Now my pictures sell! And yours, Jerry? You must admit they fall considerably short of the mark."

"I do admit it," and mild-mannered, petite Maura Geraldine Lee—"Jerry,"—as she stood framed in the doorway of their studio, a room literally crowded with pictures, easels, stands, canvases, and what-not, calmly conceded Mary's sarcastic point.

"I do admit it, and regret it. But there will be a reaction. Soon you will find these pictures—but are they pictures? I call them angles, squares, circles and what-not, splashed with red. Soon you will find they do not satisfy the public.

"What will, then?"

"Pictures with—souls in them!"

"I think not, Jerry." Mary Leigh belonged to the futuristic school.

"Yes, the change is bound to come. You are selling your gift, Mary, for a bubble, a transient thing called 'fame'!"

"No, my dear. I sell my art for good sound cash!"

"Cash! Do you get anything else?"

"I'm famous in the art world."

"And that? Does that bring anything?"

"Well, it sells my pictures, and it will win this Reynolds contest. My 'M. G. L.' in the corner accomplishes much. . . ." Mary Leigh was

confident. A name was everything—and hers was quite familiar, whereas Jerry's was practically unknown.

"And, Jerry, have you heard the subject of the Reynolds picture?"

"No. It has been decided?"

"Yes, *Sunset*. Not unusual, is it? In fact, too ordinary, I think."

Mary Leigh was a silent companion this morning. A smile of complete satisfaction played over her features. The intervening five months between the notification of the Reynolds contest and the actual date of the exhibition, had passed with unusual rapidity. Now that it was all over and she had won, she was quite content. She had painted furiously, with all the skill at her command. Finally she had given a tremendous sigh of relief and had gasped:

"There! that's finished!" Then she had stepped back to survey her work. It was—the acme of the modernistic, according to Mary Leigh. "Sunset—Against a City Sky." One saw towers, pointed things, seeming to stretch themselves upward to the very sky; smoke stacks, huge round things, resting after a working day; flag poles, all silhouetted against a crimson wall, tinted here and there in dull carmine, or purple fringed with gold. Modernistic, futuristic! Mary Leigh sighed. In her heart she did not care for it; it was not really her idea of a good painting, but it was what the public demanded, and one must bow to one's public! Again Mary Leigh sighed. It had won the prize, however; yet these splashes of color, these lines—what did they really mean? If one could paint like—Jerry! Somehow even one long, intent look at Jerry's picture gave one a certain sense of serenity, of peace, of reactionary feeling which this so-called modernistic art did not produce. Jerry's *Sunset*. . . . Mary Leigh envied it now as she had before the exhibition. Jerry had pilgrimaged out far beyond the city limits each night "to get the right atmosphere," she said. A thing to marvel at was Jerry's *Sunset*. A ball of golden fire, wreathing pale clouds in soft pink silver mists, and breathing a solemn benediction on the quiet world below. Oh, well . . . and Mary Leigh came out of her reverie. She could never put such a tremendous amount of thought, such careful planning, such consideration of detail, into one picture!

And now it was over. They were walking toward their studio. Mary was quite pleased. Indeed the morning papers had contained a whole account of her picture, from its very conception in her mind to its production and its presentation in the galleries. "A wonderful thing," the papers said, "the work of a genius." . . . Mary smiled. The prize was hers.

"It was wonderful!" Jerry broke the silence.

"I think so myself. What about your theories, Jerry?"

"My theories?"

"Yes, about this reaction of the public. About the crave for pictures with souls!"

Jerry was silent. What plans she had made! What care she had given to details! And she had failed. It seemed as though Mary was right after all. Modernism, in a modern age. Sacrificing the best for a fad!

"But, Jerry," once again Mary Leigh's seemingly boasting voice ruthlessly disturbed Jerry's thoughts, "but, Jerry, you really lack the 'pep,' the color, demanded in pictures today. Perhaps I could help you. . . ." Mary knew how Jerry would feel on this score.

"No, no, Mary."

"Well, you may come to it yet! I'll give you one of my pictures to use as a model, if you like. I'd be glad to help you, you know," Mary repeated, condescendingly.

"No, Mary, thank you. I guess I'll get along quite all right."

Jerry's disappointment was great, but her hopes were not quite dead.

The girls climbed the stairs to the studio, Mary walking quickly, the joy of her recent conquest hastening her steps; Jerry slowly, and rather tired.

"But, Jerry, Jerry!"

Mary's puzzled cry roused Jerry from the lethargy into which she had lapsed. Quickly she hastened into the room. Mary, standing beside her picture, with a note in her hand, confronted her.

"Oh, Jerry!"

Jerry, too, was puzzled. Why should Mary's picture have been returned to the studio? With a note, too?

"But, Mary, I thought this was at the galleries!"

"I—it—here, Jerry, read this," and Mary Leigh sank dejectedly into a chair.

Jerry opened the note. It read:

"My dear Miss Leigh:

We regret the error which has been made. The picture chosen was *Sunset*, by 'M. G. L.' The coincidence in signature confused us. The artist is Maura G. Lee. We regret our error. Perhaps we can assist you at some future date.

Yours very regretfully,

A. J. Reynolds."

Maura G. Lee! . . . Mary G. Leigh! Their initials alike! Jerry hadn't noticed; in fact, had just slipped them in, at the last moment. Jerry Lee's *Sunset*! The picture with the soul in it!

CATHERINE LAWLER, '30.

Source of Beauty

CHARACTERS

MISS EVANS *a novelist*

MARGARET *her maid*

A BOY

A GIRL

Scene: *Interior of a log cabin, elaborately furnished. Door, center back, leading out of doors. Window left of door. Door extreme left, leading to kitchen. Another door, right, leading to bedroom. Table center stage, set for meal for one person.*

Time: *About seven o'clock in the evening.*

(As curtain rises, a tall, angular woman of about forty-five years is seen standing center stage with hands on hips looking disgustedly at the table, from which she carries a few dishes to kitchen, left. She returns and goes slowly to door at right, which is closed. She speaks in an abrupt, but kindly voice to someone in the next room):

I don't know how you expect to survive if you just *look* at the food I set before you!

(Silence.)

You're not fallen in love at this late date, I'm hopin'?

(More silence.)

Seems to me a week is long enough to stay in this place, anyway. Nobody knows whatever put it into your head to come here in the first place; leavin' all your friends without a minute's notice!

(Getting no response, she turns away, picking up the rest of the dishes and starting toward the kitchen. A knock at the outside door interrupts her march. She opens the door. A boy of about twelve years stands outside, carrying a small pail.)

Well?

BOY: Miss Evans want any berries tonight?

WOMAN: Berries? No, she don't. Miss Evans don't want anything to eat.

BOY: Guess she don't like berries no more?

WOMAN: Berries! She don't even like herself, lately!

BOY: Yeh! Well, I'll drop 'round this way tomorrow.

(He turns away just as door at right opens, disclosing a tall woman of about thirty years. She is dressed modishly and has an air of boredom about her.)

WOMAN: Well?

MISS EVANS (*noncommittally*): Well?

WOMAN: Goin' to eat?

MISS E.: No, Margaret.

MARG.: Are you starvin' yourself?

MISS E.: I hadn't thought about it, no.

MARG.: Maybe you think you're too fat?

MISS E.: On the contrary (*with a touch of humor*), I think I am just right.

MARG.: Bah! (*She takes the remaining dishes into the kitchen. The younger woman goes to a small bookcase at right. She opens book at random and stares unseeingly at the page.*)

MARG. (*reentering room, emphatically*): Yes, ma'am! I think we should leave this place before we both lose our minds. I know the feelin' and, from the signs, I guess you know it better than I do!

MISS E.: Margaret, why don't you go to bed? Perhaps we shall leave tomorrow.

MARG.: That's right! Insult me! Just because you've written a few books that "took the public by storm," you think you've got a right to get temperamental! And now, because the last two books you wrote just didn't "click," you think you should get disgusted with the world and all that's in it, order me to pack your things, and come traipsin' out here to this place until you get another inspiration! Well, I'm tellin' you now, I don't like this place, I never have liked this place, and I don't intend to stay here another twenty-four hours!

(*She makes a violent exit, leaving Miss E. sitting apathetically in her chair, but reënters almost immediately.*)

The trouble ain't with the world, Miss Alice Evans, it's with your own point of view. If you'd get down and say a few honest prayers once in a while, 'stead of writin' these "modern" books, you'd be a happier woman! I may not belong to the "elite" society, but I've lived a few years longer than you have, and I guess I know what's what!

(*As she makes a second exit, Miss E. looks after her, then rises and crosses, thoughtfully. Pausing, she returns to bookcase, taking from it a pencil and a few sheets of paper. She sits down at the table and starts to write, spasmodically.*)

Door at back opens, disclosing a young girl of about eighteen years. She is plainly dressed and wears a light coat. She stares straight ahead, her right hand stretched out in a groping gesture. She speaks in a timid voice):

Oh, I—I am afraid I am lost!

(*Miss E. starts, turns around, and rises.*)

MISS E.: My dear child!

GIRL: Then, I am lost! You are not Mrs. Heath. Oh, I am so sorry.

MISS E.: You are not a stranger here?

GIRL: Oh, no, I am—I cannot—see.

MISS E.: Oh, my child! You are blind!

GIRL: Yes, I live down the road a way. My name is Grace. I—I often visit my friend. I have never been lost before, but tonight I was so busy thinking that I must have walked farther than I realized. I am very tired.

MISS E.: Forgive me! Come, sit down. Your friends are not expecting you?

GIRL: No. I should like to rest, if you do not mind.

(Miss E. leads her to a chair.)

MISS E.: May I give you a glass of water or milk? You must feel thirsty after your long walk.

GIRL: No, thank you. I wish just to rest a little.

(Neither speaks for a few minutes. The girl closes her eyes, leaning back against the chair, while Miss E. watches her.)

I feel better now. Sometimes a little rest is as refreshing as a long one.

MISS E. *(After a pause)*: Rest! Rest! *(She sighs softly.)*

GIRL *(quickly)*: You are unhappy!

MISS E. *(more quickly)*: Yes! *(She catches her breath, staring wonderingly at the girl.)* How did you know?

GIRL: Your voice told me. Your heart is very heavy.

MISS E.: I suppose you envy people who can see the world. Do you, —Grace?

(The girl is silent. The older woman comes quickly to her, kneeling beside her.)

I have offended you!

GIRL: Oh, no! I was wondering—sometimes I cannot say the things that I feel. I do not envy you your sight, because—I—have so many things that mean more.

MISS E. *(taking her hand)*: How old are you?

GIRL *(smiling)*: Very old, but I have only been here eighteen years. *(Miss E. rises, walking slowly right. She turns around and gazes toward the other.)*

MISS E.: Yes, I am very unhappy.

GIRL: And yet——

MISS E.: Yes?

GIRL: Yet your tone is not resentful; it is only hurt and—puzzled.

MISS E.: Go on!

GIRL: The trouble seems to be—not with what is—outside, but with what is inside yourself.

MISS E. *(taking a step toward her)*: Yes?

GIRL: That is all I can tell. That is all that your voice tells me.

MISS E.: You are—happy?

GIRL: Why, of course. My eyes are closed to much that is beautiful, but the loveliness that I cannot see is loveliness that will not last. Inside here (*she presses her hand over her eyes*), I see the most beautiful things! Haven't you ever closed your eyes and——do it now! Close your eyes, forget this room, forget me, forget yourself——you can!——and now, think of the most wonderful, the most exquisite sensation that you have ever known! Perhaps you loved your mother devotedly, perhaps you have loved someone else——Wasn't the feeling more beautiful than any flower or bird or sunset that you ever saw?

MISS E. (*softly*): Yes.

GIRL: Then you have been happy. Then you will always have cause for happiness. You have memories, you have felt a bit—Godlike. The world—oh, I am wiser than you think!—the world is sometimes ugly and strange and terrifying. It puzzles and hurts us. I suppose that the longer we live in it, the harder we have to fight against the troubles that it brings, but if you will only close your eyes to the ugliness of the pain and the sorrow, endure it, and look inside yourself for the beauty and the gladness that you desire, you will be happy, too!

MISS E. (*after a pause*): Bless you for that! If I could only make you know what you have done! My dear child, you have made it impossible for me to ever be truly unhappy again.

GIRL: Then you do understand. I am so glad. I should have been sorry to leave you with a heavy heart.

MISS E.: Tell me, in that—world of yours, what do you see? Are there beautiful colors?

GIRL: Sometimes there are. Sometimes the loveliness of them—hurts, but I like best the—whiteness!

(*She rises. Miss E. puts an arm about her shoulders.*)

MISS E.: You will find your way?

GIRL: Oh, yes, and thank you so much!

MISS E.: *You thank me!* (*She kisses her and leads her to the door.*) Thanks to you, I shall always forsake the ugly, I shall open my eyes to loveliness and keep them fixed upon it.—Good night, my dear,—good-bye.

GIRL (*kissing her hand*): Goodbye. (*She goes out. Miss E. watches for a moment, then comes slowly into the room. She stands very still, her eyes closed, and speaks softly to herself*):

“If you will only close your eyes to the ugliness of the pain and the sorrow, endure it, and look inside yourself for the beauty and the gladness that you desire, you will be happy, too.”

FRANCES I. O'BRIEN, '30.

The Lily of the Mohawks

Among the exemplars of womanly virtue whose names are inscribed in stone above the windows of the Catholic Girls' High School of Philadelphia is Catherine Tegawitha, the Lily of the Mohawks. Finding her comparatively unknown name in company with such illustrious ones as those of St. Cecilia, Saint Brigid of Ireland, and Saint Joan of Arc was a happy surprise for us who had thought that she was almost a stranger to her own brothers and sisters, the Catholics of America. Seeing her name again, we recall the excellent account of her life given in a French manuscript of the eighteenth century.

An extraordinary display of piety in an Indian is so foreign to our concept of a stolid, unemotional nature, that when any member of this race can be singled out for her great sanctity we are impressed in a very special way. Such a daughter of the now "vanishing Americans" was Catherine Tegawitha. She was born at Gandaouqué, a small village of the Aniés, the daughter of a Christian Algonquin mother and an Iroquois father. Her father died when she was a very young child, and the dread disease, smallpox, which proved fatal to her mother and little brother, left its horrible mark on her own face, and made her an orphan at the tender age of four years. Moreover, because of the ravages of the plague she was forced to wear a veil over her face from that early date until the day of her death. Even as a child she considered this as a grace from God since she might thus live unknown to, and unmolested by, the young braves.

Unfortunately, her mother when dying had left the little girl unbaptized, but since she had been a very fervent Christian, it is said that her prayers no doubt obtained the grace of baptism for her daughter and gave us a saint. The holiness of the child became evident when she was very young; she was gentle, patient, chaste and innocent, and was as wise and sensible as a well brought-up child of the civilized world.

It was the custom among the Indians for mothers to do everything in their power to make their daughters appear as attractive as possible. For this end they pierced their ears at infancy, and when they were only seven or eight years old, curled their hair, painted their faces, and adorned them with all kinds of gaudy trinkets. The Indian woman into whose hands Catherine fell after her mother's death, desirous to prepare her for a good marriage, encouraged her in all these little vanities. Strangely enough, however, she seemed to have no share in the corrupt customs of the savages, and, although she wore as many ornaments as the other little girls of her age, she seemed quite indifferent to them. But because of this innocent participation she disciplined herself severely less

than twenty years later, in reparation for the pride she considered she had shown.

Among the Indians there was a custom according to which very young children were promised in marriage, this contract being just as binding as the later contract when the consent of the parties was given. Consequently, when Catherine was about eight years old she was promised to a little boy who was scarcely older. This plan did not materialize, however; although later, on two different occasions, her guardians tried by some ruse or other to force her into the marriage, but her resistance was too strong for them. As a result she was treated very unkindly, and in fact she came to be looked on as a slave.

While she was still a child a peace was effected between the Indians and the French, which resulted in the arrival of the Jesuit missionaries, Bruyas, Frémin and Pierron, who came to Catherine's native village to establish a mission, but it was not until she was eighteen years old that she came into close personal contact with Jesuit Fathers. She had become very ill and Father Lamberuille went to see her. She confided in the priest and after a short time expressed the desire to be baptized. A series of instructions followed and inquiries regarding her former life and habits. These proved so highly favorable that on Easter Sunday the Indian maiden received baptism and was given the name, Catherine.

Christians and infidels who knew her alike remarked that she never lost her first fervor after her baptism; her life was regular and exact, yet this was neither difficult nor new to Catherine since her actions and manner of living had always conformed to Christian standards.

For the next two years her life was subjected to constant persecution by her associates. Her uncle, who was her guardian, was greatly displeased at the step she had taken, and even refused to permit her to leave that part of the country where even the people in her own cabin made it almost impossible for her to perform her Christian duties in peace.

Father Lamberuille took the opportunity offered at this trying period to take her to chapel more frequently, to instruct her further in her religion, and to induce her to offer her sufferings to God without weakening. Her strength and consolation at this time was constant prayer. Even the most wicked admired her, and the best found something in her to imitate. At length, the fame of her piety spread to the great mission at "la prairie de la Magdeleine," and it was through the help of Louis Garonhia, one of the most fervent Indians in the tribe, that she escaped from her uncle's cabin and arrived at last at the famous mission, in the autumn of 1667, when she was twenty-one years old.

Here, while under the tutelage of the good Anastasie Tegonhatfiongo,

she met two very ardent Christians, Marie Thérèse and Marie Ikarichions. The three joined in a routine of constant prayer and religious activity, and finally told Father Frémin of their desire for the religious life; but he considered them too young and refused them permission to go to the monastery at L'Isle aux Hérons.

Catherine was very happy to learn that, contrary to the insistence of Anastasie, she was not obliged to enter the married state and could follow the life to which she felt herself called. Shortly after her interview with Father Frémin she received special rules of life from him, and from then on allowed herself no vanities, and no variety in costume, except for a blue veil which she wore on the days on which she received Holy Communion.

This last period of her life was marked by the severe penances which she inflicted on herself, very often unknown to her friends and companions. She made a practice of going to four o'clock Mass, barefooted, on cold winter mornings. Very often she went into the woods to pray, and while praying would chastise her body severely. Once on the feast of the Purification she walked a long distance, barefooted, in the deep snow, carrying a heavy bundle of wood and wearing a cincture made of sharp-edged iron links. Her sins overwhelmed her with such sadness that she could not sleep all night, and so would arise and punish herself by burning her skin with glowing tongs. She went to Mass twice daily, received the sacraments frequently, went to confession every week and made spiritual communions frequently.

For two years she performed these acts of glorious self-sacrifice, the more glorious because of the ill-health which she suffered at the same time. Finally she became so weak that she was unable to leave her cabin; and about five months later, April, 1680, rejoicing that the end was so near, after receiving Holy Viaticum, she closed her eyes in their last sleep. The soul of a saint had gone back to God.

KATHLEEN V. MCCARTHY, '30.

Love's Way

She was nonplussed. Every one of her stock arguments had been overridden, yet she was unwilling to be convinced.

"But," Ann Mackay reiterated as she faced Father Doran, "why should God want me? I don't want to go, yet there is a persistent something that tells me I should."

"My dear child," responded Father Doran patiently, as if to an intractable child, "you don't want to give your life to God because you are unwilling to sacrifice your ambitions. Your ambitions!" he laughed. "What will they amount to when the day comes for which we all live? You refuse to offer to God willingly the life He has given you, but be careful, Ann, Love will find a way. Or worse still, Love may not choose to seek you, but leave you to a life of unhappiness. Think seriously, my dear, before you turn away from God."

"Father, there are days when my sole desire is to enter a convent, and other days when my religion means nothing to me. This is one of the blue days, Father."

"You are only experiencing, Ann, what everyone feels when she refuses to choose between Heaven and a chance of Hell. Ann, if a man enters a profession for which he has no aptitude the chances are that he will not succeed. The same applies to you, Ann. Think this over and come to see me again very soon."

In a troubled frame of mind Ann Mackay left her silver-haired friend. He knew that she was fighting a hard battle, spiritual happiness against intellectual pride. He wondered, he hoped, he prayed.

Driven by the conflicting thoughts that swept through her mind like a torrent, Ann Mackay neither knew nor cared where her unerring hand directed her roadster. She wanted quiet, she wanted noise, she wanted to drain the bubbling glass of life, but—she wanted happiness! And where was she to find it? Therein lay the solution to her problem. On she whizzed like an arrow.

"I must make up my mind soon," she thought. "June isn't very far away. I am going to write. I shall not enter any convent. I want my freedom."

Heedless of the rising speedometer she rode, her eyes, as she thought, seeing everything before her on the road, her thoughts like a seething volcano. Suddenly a piercing scream echoed through the trees. Ann jammed her brakes. . . . A second too late . . . she had hit the child.

"I've killed her!" she thought as she hastened to look at the huddled figure that lay beneath the car. "I didn't see her! What shall I do?"

She looked at the frail, beautiful face. Was it a child or an angel? She stood motionless. . . .

"Well, what did you do?" She was rudely interrupted by the rough voice of a man at her elbow. "If you harum-scarum college women would look where you were going there would be fewer accidents. Are you going to take her to the hospital? Who is she, anyway?"

Ann docilely climbed into the car while the farmer held the mangled body in his arms. Ann shuddered. Not a word did she speak during the long ride to the hospital. She sat stunned until the doctor returned from examining the patient.

"Doctor, will she live?" she cried, her pent-up anguish revealing itself in a dry sob that shook her frame.

Doctor Warren looked at her. He hated to break the news. "Unless, Miss ——" he looked inquiringly.

"Mackay," Ann answered.

"Unless, Miss Mackay, there is a miracle performed, I do not think the young lady will live."

"Young lady! Why, Doctor, I thought——"

"Yes, the girl is about nineteen or twenty. But, that is neither here nor there. Do you know who she is? The authorities here have discovered nothing that reveals her identity, except her rosary beads, so they have sent for a priest. If I were you I would report the accident, then we might find out who she is."

Ann nodded and left the hospital. The youthful face of her victim followed her like an avenging accuser. A miracle was beyond all hopes, for how could she expect a miracle, she who had spurned the Dispenser of miracles?

As her victim hovered for a few days between life and death Ann learned many things. Mary Galvin was the niece of a prominent family in the country. On the day of the accident she had just arrived from her own home in a distant state for a last visit to her aunt and uncle prior to her entrance to a Carmelite Convent.

This last bit of information Ann had gleaned before she went to the hospital two days after the accident.

"Doctor, how is she tonight?" Ann inquired as she met Doctor Warren at the door.

"Tonight, Miss Mackay, is the crisis. Even if she lives, she will be incapacitated for life. Her spine is injured very badly."

Before visiting the sick girl's room Ann went to the chapel. On her way to the hospital, an idea had crossed her mind and the doctor's news had served to formulate that idea into a determination.

He was all alone with a mere flicker of a red light to while away the night's dreary but loved exile.

Ann slipped to her knees. "Oh, God," she prayed. "I know I am not worthy but such as I am will You take me? I refused You once, but here I am. Do with me what You will. Spare her, let her live and take me, not in her stead, for I am not good enough, but as a hostage whether to live or to die for Your Glory."

A sense of peace and contentment permeated her being as she completed her offering, such as she had not experienced since the beginning of her struggle with her vocation and her pride.

A tap on the shoulder aroused her reverie. How long she had been kneeling there she did not know.

"Miss Mackay, the crisis is passed," said Doctor Warren, softly, gazing in astonishment at the expression on Ann's face. "Dr. Crowley," mentioning a famous spine specialist, "says that in six months Miss Galvin will be in perfect health."

Ann Mackay fainted. . . .

Doctor Warren asserted afterwards that the reason why Miss Mackay fainted was because her nerves were tense and the news of her victim's recovery was too great a shock. Who was he to know, however, that Ann Mackay lost consciousness because of the happiness she felt in being accepted as a hostage?

When June came and Ann Mackay announced her intention to enter a teaching order the following August, there were those who thought she was foolish, there were those who thought that the accident had had an effect on her from which she had not as yet recovered, but there was one, Father Doran, who knew that Love had found His way.

MARY G. DELANEY, '30.

Voyage

I set sail
With many a quip and a smile
In a light-hearted skiff
On a friendly sea,
While breezes fed hope
To my hungry sails,
Puffing their sides.

“This port of familiar, old ‘knowings,’ ”
Laughed I,
“Hath sheltered me once and for aye!”
Glancing back
On heavier barks,
That dipped, rose, and smiled
In the rays of the sun,
I turned,
Threw back my head,
Screamed,
And flung wide my arms
In a gesture encompassing all.

“No coast of the world
Shall be strange
To the brush of my bark!
No star but shall guide me,
No wave that shall beckon,
But kiss!”
And, grasping in one hand
My slender mast,
While the other,
Palm outward,
Splintered the breeze,
I skimmed in my light-hearted vessel
Straight in the face of the sun.

Sad!
What man could have guessed
That the sea,
That beckoning friend,
Would turn traitress,

Rise up in a wrath-consumed aspect,
Set monsters to scare me,
And great waves?

Oft
I fain would have veered half a cycle,
Brought back to that port of embarkage
My skiff,
Sated
With the winds of the world.
I could not.

Strange!
On such a day
As hearts break,
When all coasts of the world had embraced me,
Then cooled to my touch,
Eyes, weary, widened
To wonder, to glisten,
Beheld at my prow
(Heart, be still in your beating!)
That haven whence, one day, I fled!

Glancing back, eyes adew,
At remote shores of earth,
Wrapped in fog of funereal hue,
I turned,
Threw back my head,
Sobbed,
And flung wide my arms,
A smile on the lips that had tasted—to sneer,
And sailed
Into the pregnant silence
Of the Port of First and Last.

FRANCES I. O'BRIEN, '30.

The Pharisee and the Publican

Professor John Griffin entered the main door of Cotter Hall, Lenox University, walking swiftly, haughtily. He condescended a smiling greeting to several students standing about in a manner that plainly stated, "I am the King: it is good of me to speak to you!"

Well, was he not Professor John Cunningham Griffin, the greatest teacher in Lenox University? Was not his decision in the fields of Mathematics and Science the final law in a discussion? Indeed, he was THE Professor Griffin!

He continued on into the classroom in the manner in which he had entered it for the past ten years. A student was waiting inside to speak to him. "Professor," he began, but the other stopped him with a gesture similar to that employed by a traffic officer.

"I will hear you shortly," he rebuked him gently. Then he carefully placed aside his hat and coat, and stood his gold-headed cane in a corner. He inspected his suit scrupulously for a disfiguring speck of dust. Then he returned to his desk, seating himself pompously. His deep-set, cold blue eyes scanned the desk top anxiously to see if everything was as it should be. Slowly he rearranged several books, opened a drawer, and drew forth a black leather notebook, which he placed before himself. Finally he turned to the student.

"Now I am ready," he stated nobly. Magnificently he explained the young man's problem. After the boy had left, the Little Teacher entered the Great Master's presence. The Little Teacher was Assistant Professor Dexter Napoleon Greenaway, who bowed to the will of his superior in the realms of learning.

"Professor Griffin," he asked in his timid, thin voice as he displayed two tubes, "how do I mix these two acids to obtain the solution we were working on yesterday?"

"Ah, yes, indeed, I had quite forgotten to mention that to you yesterday. Here it is written out: 20 grams of the sulphuric to 10 of the other. Oh, and by the way, Professor Greenaway, I shall speak to the Junior Chemists myself today. You may take charge of the Geometry class that hour. I feel that the subject matter of today's chemistry lesson requires my personal attention. That will be all," and he smiled a ghost of a smile upon the departing man.

Throughout the day the Greatest Teacher conveyed atoms of his great learning to the students in his classes. He spoke, he demonstrated, he explained, and they learned, but never once could they forget that this man before them was other than a very important person. He never bent to their level and laughed over a perplexing problem, or grew eager and excited over the successful scientific finding of one of the students. Not

he, the Greatest Teacher, Professor John Griffin, Head of the Mathematical and Scientific Departments of Lenox University.

With the advent of early evening, he returned home as pompously as he had left it in the morning, a tall, stiff figure, immensely satisfied with himself.

As he was about to enter the doorway, he nearly collided with his eldest son, a boy of sixteen. "Nathan, you must be more careful," he admonished dutifully, not fatherly. "Where are you going?"

"Aw, just down to the movies with some of the fellows," came the answer. "Got half-a-dollar?"

"Here. Have you done your lessons yet?"

"Yeah, all but one problem."

"Well, if you get in early enough, I shall explain it to you," and the father, turning, left his son to spend his evening carelessly as usual.

He heard his wife scolding, as he deposited his cane in the hallway stand, and Marie, the eight-year-old, crying.

"Now, now, Jane," he asked, "what is Marie doing now?"

"It's her music lesson," answered the exasperated lady of the house, "she has practised only twenty minutes, instead of half an hour."

"Oh, well, perhaps she has had enough for now. Let us have dinner, then I shall go over her lessons with her. After that, if she isn't too tired, she may practise a bit." Thus did the Greatest Teacher dispose of such a trivial matter as rebellion and disobedience.

A man's voice sounded from the house next door, the residence of the Little Teacher. "Raymond, Raymond, come back here," the meek professor's voice was unusually strong and commanding.

"Gee, Pa, I only want to go down to the corner a while!"

"Well, you're not going to the corner tonight. I won't have my sons hanging about street corners.

There was but short distance between the two homes, so Professor Griffin heard every word spoken. He sneered scornfully to himself, and shook his head pityingly. "He knows nothing about handling children; they must have their fun while they are young."

At the dinner table, Junior, the six-year-old, set up a hearty wail. "I want some more cake!" he shrieked.

"Cake isn't——," the mother started.

"A little more won't hurt him," put in the father. "He's a healthy youngster."

From across the way drifted the strains of young Laura Greenaway's attempts to master the scale. A light shone in an upper room of the house. "Twins going to bed on time as usual," thought Professor Griffin. "Poor kiddos!"

Before he slept that night he thought to himself his customary

prayer, "God has made me a great teacher. I am a success in life, and under my influence youths will rise to important positions. I am a man of prestige."

While in the house next door, a professor knelt and prayed, piously. When he had finished, he added, "And God give me strength to guide my children right, and teach me to do my duty."

For ten years John Griffin had taught at Lenox University. He continued to teach there during the next ten, and Dexter Greenaway continued to ask him if it was all right to mix the green solution with the red, or to solve the problem by derivatives.

Two of the latter's sons were students in the University. Not so Nathan Griffin. When he graduated from High School, he calmly announced to his father that he would not go to Lenox University, that he had lived in a small town long enough, and that he was going to Proctor College in a far-off state. Father agreed that such a course would no doubt be most advisable, so Nathan went away, and stayed away. When he finished college, he wrote home, "I have accepted a position in a broker's office with first-rate chances for advancement. I couldn't get anything like it back in Lenox, so I might as well stay here."

Professor Griffin thought it the best possible arrangement. Poor, meek Mrs. Griffin, who had practically become a servant in her own household, accepted this state of affairs in a rather matter-of-fact fashion. She had become hardened to the griefs of life. So in a distant state Nathan Griffin led a lawless life and no one was the wiser.

Marie Griffin, pretty, wilful, eighteen-year-old Marie, was in her last year in High School. Her father liked to think how much gayer and livelier she seemed than Laura Greenaway, who was attending a nearby girls' college.

Junior Griffin was following in the footprints of the brother who was headed the wrong way in life. But not the Greenaway twins. Sturdy, robust young fellows, they still had their hours of recreation limited to a youth's hours for retirement, and they knew they had to keep them.

The Greatest Teacher was still the master to whom perplexing difficulties were referred for solution. He wrote to Nathan, "Dean Hersholt will soon retire, and I hope to obtain the position."

"Bah!" ejaculated Nathan, reading it.

It was a few months later that Nathan received the telegram, "Come home at once. Important."

And back to Lenox flew the answer, "Impossible to leave now. Letter will follow."

All was quiet in the Griffin home when the professor sat down to read that letter. He sat at a window facing the house next door. His

face was cupped in his hands for a few moments while the letter lay unread beside him. There was a look in his eyes that had never in his whole life been there before, a look of incredulity, wonder, grief, lurking tragedy. He didn't know where Junior was. He had said last night when he went out, "I'm just going to meet the gang. I'll be back pretty soon."

Marie? Ah, that was the trouble. A few days before Marie had eloped with a foreigner, a man of thirty-five, of whom the family knew nothing. The man, Professor Griffin had learned now, was a gambler, a "nobody."

A car drew up before the house next door. Laughing Laura Greenaway stepped out, followed quickly by a tall, young man, the son of a local banker. Her laugh drifted silvery, youthfully, happily through the air a few moments, then the boy strode rapidly away.

Laura paused as she saw her father approaching. "Gosh, Daddy, we're getting prominent. Here you are Dean of Lenox University now, and guess what? Ray was elected president of his fraternity today! Then the twins are both playing on the football team. Denny got a good bump on his head today. And oh! Roger asked me to his Frat dance in two weeks! Isn't that wonderful?"

They disappeared within the house. Professor Griffin continued to sit as though in a trance. His mind wandered back to a week before when he had first heard of his assistant's appointment to Dean Hersholt's place. He had felt stunned then, but now it all seemed so trivial. Marie, Marie, Marie! His only daughter married to a common gambler! Then he remembered the letter held unopened in his hand. Mechanically, he opened it and read:

"Father,

I have just received your second telegram telling about Marie. When I think about it! And I can do nothing. But you have never even guessed, I suppose, that I am in prison! That is why I couldn't come home.

"You needn't be shocked. Not you! You were the Greatest Teacher of Lenox University. You turned men out into the world each year, the product of your learning and teaching. You taught your children that they were blessed to have such a father, but did you teach them to obey you?

"Now, late in life, I admit, but not too late, I have learned. I shall soon be out of here. I shall earn an honest living at last, and I shall try to make a home for Marie and my little brother. I want you and my mother, who has never really known the love of sons and daughters, to come and live with me. We shall try to mend our lives, and have a truly happy home together.

Nathan."

MARY E. McDONALD, '30.

The Catholic College Builds for Life

(Gold Medal Essay in Contest open to all the Student Body.)

When we consider what life is the realization comes to us that our preparation for it should be adequate, dependable, and complete. In our day, preparation for life and education are synonymous, for in the world of the twentieth century, life in its reality begins only when the period of adolescence is passed and the young man or the young woman is ready to take his or her place in the world. We hear much today of improved methods, of specialized curricula, of all manner of revolutionary changes in the training of youth, and it is interesting to watch the cycle in which the vehicle of education has moved. A few years ago the cry was, "Down with the classics! This is an age of specialization. A practical education is the only one which will meet present problems." Now the watchword in many of our leading universities is, "Back to the classics! The Humanities are the true foundation of education!" In the chaotic environment into which such diversity of opinion necessarily plunges one, the seeker after truth must grope for and find a foothold. Where shall he turn?

He is looking for an educational institution which will not only fit him for whatever he may choose as his life work, but which will also cultivate in him an appreciation of all knowledge, an acquaintance with all branches of life, that will enable him to take his place with courage and confidence in the world. He is looking for a place in which to satisfy his intellectual appetite, and at the same time to be brought into contact in a social way with personalities that will be an inspiration and an incentive to him on his way to the high road of life. He wants to find friends in his instructors and in his fellow-students. He wants to be happy in his work.

Shall he go to the technical college? It offers to him a splendid training, one that will sharpen his mind, awaken his mechanical instincts, make him a great engineer, a clever draughtsman, a skilled architect. But he wants more than that.

Shall he enroll himself as a student of science? Science is a broad field. Diligent application to his course will make him a chemist, a physicist, a biologist. He will analyze, synthesize, discover—he will be a typical modern, secular scientist. But his whole life, every day, every minute, every second, is not going to be devoted to science! He must do other things. He must live. He must be more than a scientist.

Shall he become a student of the arts? Since the beginning of time artists have been celebrated and admired. Through their talents they have soothed the weary, comforted the afflicted, moved men to noble

deeds, to chivalry and honor. His art might do the same. The years of training that he would have to undergo would be more than compensated for by the great things that he could do. But he would not wish to be just an artist. Artists grow old. They climb the peak of success, they produce a masterpiece, and then they are finished. The hand of sixty is not so steady as that of twenty-five; the eye is not so clear; the heart is weaker. Even artists—die.

Shall he, then, choose a professional school? With effort and serious application he might be a lawyer, a doctor, a business administrator. Either one would assure him a profitable income, a busy, useful life, a secure future. But he has no desire to be a professional or a business automaton. It is something universal that he craves. All these specialized branches of endeavor are good in themselves. What, then, is their fault? It is simply this. They are graduate studies, and as such they are impossible of perfect attainment without the foundation of college life. It is just as ridiculous to attempt an intelligent attack upon them without such a basis, as it would be to try to put the roof on a building before constructing the foundation.

Where shall the seeker after truth find a complete and universal education? Let the answer come immediately, for its truth has long since been established. He must go to the Catholic college, for she, in the wisdom of her centuries of experience, and in the power of her universal contact with all men, in all nations, and under all circumstances, builds not for science alone, not for mechanics alone, not for art alone, not for utility alone, but for that which embraces all these within its broad boundaries. The Catholic college builds for life.

Those whose policy it is to disagree will grant the necessity of a college education, but will never admit that it should be derived from a Catholic source. Every college, they will maintain, builds for life. If that statement were true, there would be cause indeed to admire the modern secular educational system, but unfortunately it cannot be satisfactorily proved. The inevitable result of all attempts to justify it has been an admission, tacit or expressed, that all colleges and schools outside the pale of the Catholic Church neglect one or more points in education which we consider essential to the perfection and happiness of life.

The program of the Catholic college in building for life is not a complicated one. It is refreshingly simple, yet its comprehension is tremendous. It recognizes in every student a threefold nature, each vital, each necessary, each demanding direction and development, and all three, mental, moral, and physical, coöperating to the end of real education, the drawing out of the best qualities in every faculty of the student. The Catholic college, deriving her tenets from the law of God Himself, does

not make the mistake of supposing knowledge in her children. Like the true teacher that she is, she begins at the beginning, and step by step, carefully, soundly, completely, she leads the way to truth. She shows that the moral law is fundamental and vital to happiness, and proves with logic, and with truths that are as old as the world itself, that the Catholic Church is the treasury of faith and morality, the representative of God upon earth. By her eminent example, she teaches him to build his life upon virtue, for it is a pillar against which no worldly forces can prevail. She leads him into the garden of knowledge where grow the trees of science, of mechanics, of art, of professional pursuits, and bids him cull what fruits he will, but counsels him against those which are forbidden, those which might poison his soul, or stunt the growth of his young and plastic mind. She teaches him that the health of mind and heart must be supplemented by the health and strength of the body, and to this end she provides for him all the advantages which his non-sectarian brother enjoys. She cherishes him, she plans for him, she warns him, she admonishes him, she corrects him, she loves him for four years, and then she sends him out to be a representative of Catholic culture before all men.

Let him who would be a specialist attend the scientific, the artistic, the professional school, but let him who seeks universal knowledge, universal culture, universal truth, go to the Catholic college, for she is a builder for life.

ANNE M. MCNAMARA, '30.

The Thrush's Message

When angry storm clouds o'er the forest rush,
And trees and flowers to its fury bend,
Above the noise of crying winds the thrush
Its clear, sweet note to all the world dares send
In praise and love to God, its greatest friend.
Oh, little songster, brave when skies are gray,
What message to mankind your songs extend!
That we, like you, should praise God every day,
In times all fair, and when the storm clouds come our way.

CATHERINE E. LAWLER, '30.

The Third Degree

"Hello, there, Ed! Come on over here, and listen in on a little discussion."

"Hello, Colin. What seems to be the matter, Cliff?"

"Well, it's this way. We've been talking about that fellow who just confessed to the Brigham murder; broke down under the third degree, you know, and admitted everything. Well, Colin here says that the third degree could never make him admit anything he didn't want to. I say that the strain on a man's nerves is bound to be too much for him, and that he'd say anything to have his questioners let up on him, and leave him alone."

Here Colin interrupted, "No, sir! If a man just keeps cool, and keeps his wits collected, he can withstand all that sort of questioning. I claim that if I were guilty, I simply could not be made to admit it, and if I were innocent, no one could make me say I was guilty just because I was a little worked up or tired. No, siree!"

"Oh, go on," scorned Cliff; "why, I'd be willing to wager you ten thousand dollars you'd never be able to stand up under a night's drilling!"

"Is that a bet? I'll take you up!" exclaimed Colin.

Cliff looked startled for a moment. Unknown to his friends his finances at present were rather low. Then he smiled. Colin's chances of being subjected to the third degree were equally slim.

"Sure I'll bet," he said.

"Well, boys," Ed put in, "it looks as though Colin will have to commit a murder to put his convictions to test."

"Say, that's an idea," Colin said. "What do you say, Cliff? Let's stage a pretended crime, and make me out a criminal. Let me think a minute. I'm getting an idea."

"The sky's the limit, Colin, old sport, except that I refuse to be murdered!" said Cliff.

"Wait, I've got it." Colin outlined his plan of procedure for the approval of the other two. "Get the idea? Cliff and I'll just hang around the club quite obviously together some night, then go off together. Then he can disappear, and naturally suspicion will attach itself to me as the last person seen with him."

"You sound like a professional crook, Colin," Ed laughed. "What part of the underworld do you inhabit when you are not playing the gentleman clubman? But, anyway, I agree to stand witness to your little plot."

Exactly a week later Colin Walsh and Clifford Loring visited their club together again. Various acquaintances saw them there during the evening. About twelve they arose from a group with whom they had been exchanging stories, and made ready to leave.

"Come on, Cliff," said Colin, "I'll drive you home. I'm going that way tonight."

So they left together. Several men saw them get into Colin's car and drive off.

Colin looked at his companion, and grinned. "So far, so good! I'll drive you down to Rollinsville and leave you there. Remember the bargain is that you are to disappear until needed."

"Yes, I know. I've made my plans."

Visitors were announced to Colin in his apartment only four days later. When he entered he perceived the professional air of his guests at once. There were two detectives and a police officer.

"Mr. Walsh, I believe?" asked one of the detectives.

"Yes, won't you be seated?"

"I suppose you are aware, Mr. Walsh," the former continued after they were seated, "that your friend, Mr. Loring, has mysteriously disappeared?"

"Why, yes. Still I thought he might have taken a sudden fancy for a trip. He has a sort of gypsy nature, you know."

"Mr. Walsh, we have found the body of Mr. Loring. You are under arrest for his murder!"

The four men stood up almost simultaneously. Colin stared at the speaker. "Murder? Murder, you say? Why—why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that the remains of a man's body—his ashes, for he was burned to death—have been found on the Cunningham road on the way to Rollinsville. There is sufficient evidence to show that the man is Cliff Loring, and that you are the murderer."

"But,—but I tell you that there is some mistake! Cliff isn't—can't be dead!"

"A Mr. Edward Graham has told us the story of a bet you made with Mr. Loring. Another man passed you on the way to Rollinsville that night, and claims that you were stopped near the scene of the murder. And read this, it was found in Mr. Loring's room."

The note was not addressed. It read: "I am afraid. Colin seems to be wrapped up in this little plan of ours. He has always been a great student of crime. I feel that he may become momentarily so excited that his desire to put his theories to a test may lead him to murder. But I am desperate for money. If I win the wager, I can regain my losses. I

must run the risk. But I am uneasy—he has been acting very strangely of late, and can talk of nothing but our plot.”

Colin raised his eyes from the note, and searched his visitors' faces. “Why, this is absurd! Is this some joke? What does it mean?”

“Mr. Walsh, you must come with us. Are you ready?”

Was this some dream, some horrible nightmare? Colin tried to make out the features of the four men in the room with him. It was a large, gloomy room with strange shadows flitting about. Two of the men were almost concealed in the shadows. Their faces looked distorted when the light fell upon them for a moment. The other two men were sitting close beside him. Queer—the questions they kept asking on. So this was the third degree! It seemed more like some uncivilized form of torture. Didn't they know he hadn't slept all last night? and had lain awake thinking, thinking, thinking?

What was it Ed had said to him when he had visited his cell? “What made you do it, Colin? Oh, Colin, Colin! They are going to plead insanity for you, you know.” He wanted to laugh. Insanity, indeed! It was funny. But if this kept up he would be insane. All he wanted now was to sleep, sleep for days. When had he ever been so tired?

He rested his head on the table in front of him. One of the men pushed him. “Tell us how you attacked him. You poured gasoline on him, burned him. You had it planned,” he shouted, “answer me, didn't you have it all planned?”

Colin groaned. He shrieked then in answer, “Must I go on telling you forever that I didn't, I didn't?”

Oh, to be able to sleep! But no. They bombarded him with questions. Those ghostly shadows were so annoying. Why didn't they put on a light? More questions—one after another they asked them.

Suddenly he raised his head with a new light in his eyes. His questioners sensed the change, and ceased to talk. He thought, “How strange that I should have forgotten. I'll tell them now.”

He spoke—like one in a trance—“I remember now. We were riding towards Rollinsville. I was thinking: ‘Why not make it a real murder? No one will ever be able to prove it. If I just pretend a fake crime, I'll be too sure of myself anyway to be annoyed by anything or any questioning, and then I'll never feel that I have proved my theory satisfactorily. I'll do it.’ So I stopped the car, said I thought my tire was flat. We both got out to look at it, and I hit him over the head with a wrench. Then you know the rest, I burned him.”

He spoke slowly, and in a low tone to the end. He looked about him, then he fell forward in his chair, and the shadows near him were swallowed up in the sudden darkness that came.

Colin opened his eyes to a different sort of world. Why, this was his own bedroom. A strange man was standing near his bed. He looked like a doctor. Ah! That was it! He had been ill. He heard a murmur from his other side. He turned his head. He looked in astonishment. The events of the past few days came thronging back. This was, surely this was Cliff Loring, a tired, troubled-looking Cliff, pale, with dark circles about his eyes.

"Colin, are you all right? Colin, it's Cliff, don't you know me? You've been delirious since the night before last."

"But, they told me you were dead. They kept saying that I killed you, and I said I didn't. Then something seemed to snap in me, and I don't remember any more!"

"It's all right, Colin, old boy. Listen. I needed money pretty badly, so I left the note trying to give the impression that I thought I would be murdered, and I planned to make even you worried by staying out of sight. Then I came back into the city here to hide. I heard that you were accused of my murder, and I was pleased with the success of my plans. I thought that it wouldn't do you any harm to undergo the third degree and find out that your idea of it was wrong. I'm sorry now that I carried it so far; I didn't realize that you would be so badly hit. As for that man they found murdered, I guess that will remain a mystery."

Colin never placed much faith in his nerves again, not after he made out that \$10,000 check to Cliff.

MARY E. McDONALD, '30.

BOSTONIANA

THE CENTENARY EDITION OF THE BOSTON PILOT

September 5, 1929, marked the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Boston *Pilot*. This weekly paper is the oldest Catholic journal in the United States, having been founded by Bishop Fenwick under the name of "The Jesuit" in 1829. For a hundred years it has been fulfilling its original purpose, the dissemination of religious knowledge together with current topics. To commemorate its significant anniversary, the *Pilot* staff issued a few months ago a special centenary number of over one hundred and sixty pages, tracing the Catholic history of Boston during the past century.

The centenary issue, the result of months of thought and labor, is a remarkable publication. First, the entire history of the *Pilot* is traced, and the various trials it suffered in its endeavor to mirror the feelings and tendencies of the times. Then comes a complete and excellent biography of His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, Dean of the American hierarchy, and Archbishop of Boston. This biographical sketch includes not only many interesting details of the life of our revered Cardinal, but also an appreciative exposition of the many difficulties and conflicting influences with which he has had to contend during many years. The Pope's encyclical on the education of youth introduces an amazingly extensive section which shows the great progress Catholic education has made in Boston. Statistics of all the schools of the diocese are given, along with brief accounts of the history and aims of the newer institutions of learning. Emmanuel's tower appears among the pictures of the many Catholic schools established in Boston during the last hundred years. The pictures alone tell a vivid story of the development of parochial education in Boston.

The paper is replete with congratulatory letters from city, state, and nation, as well as from individuals and business firms. It is interesting to note that Mr. Coolidge, renowned for his silence, sent a three-page letter to the *Pilot* instead of the few lines he generally submits to other publications. The prevalent note of these testimonials is a tribute to the work of the *Pilot* in helping immigrants to Boston to find happiness and contentment by preserving their common bond of religion, identical here with the practices of the clime from which they came.

Another feature of the centenary edition of the *Pilot* is a group of articles by foremost writers of the day. Hilaire Belloc's name alone is an incentive for reading his essay, "On Puritanism." In his simple force-

ful way, Belloc describes the origin of Puritanism in Manichaeism, a heresy which like a fitful flame breaks out anew from time to time, under different names but always fundamentally the same. Its prime characteristic is a fascination with the power of evil. Puritanism grew from gazing exclusively on evil to a hatred of joy, and a consequent practice of cruelty; it saw cruelty even "in the likeness of God," and was able to convince many of its soundness by reference to passages in the Old Testament on the slaughter of captives. Words like figures can be so distorted out of their original context and meaning as to convey almost anything; in this manner, the Puritans found a basis for belief in the cruelty of God by basing their proofs on Scriptural quotations taken out of their context. Small wonder, then, that we read of the most inhuman punishments inflicted on persons merely suspected of crime in Puritan days! Then there are the inevitable effects of Puritanism, destruction of beauty, and, worse still, of the power of creating beauty; and also the inordinate love of wealth. Belloc closes his article with a glance into the future where he sees Puritanism decaying even more rapidly than it is at present.

Coinciding as it does with the tercentenary celebration of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, the hundredth anniversary of the *Pilot* marks a distinct step forward in the history not only of Boston but of our state. May the *Pilot* continue to spread its influence during many years to come!

MADELEINE F. O'BRIEN, '30.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH

Mid travail, pain, and need you found your birth,
 Handwork of men who strove for truth and light,
 Who fought for good and for the God of right,
 Who sent them storm and wind and heat and dearth.
 You lived in times that tested strength and worth,
 And suffered profanation in the night
 Of war; rejoiced when freedom and its light
 Was won, to guide our nation on this earth.
 Today you stand with worn walls, dark, austere,
 While those who scarred your soul lie stark and cold,—
 Symbolic of the truth that conquers death,
 Of right, a virile strength against weak fear,
 Reminder of ideals our due to hold,
 And reverence, love, respect with every breath.

RUTH KELLEY, '30.

A FIRST COMMENCEMENT

The hamlet of Newtowne was awake bright and early on Tuesday morning, August 9, 1642. This was a big day in Massachusetts Bay Colony, for Harvard College, founded in 1636, was to confer its first degrees on nine worthy collegians. Harvard's first Commencement! Great interest was taken in it by every one and, judging from the unusually minute reports of the proceedings of the day, the occasion must have well fulfilled the expectations of the friends of the college. Indeed, so auspicious was the event considered that a letter had been addressed by the governor and "diverse of the ministers" to their friends in England in which they had given assurance that the students had been fully examined before the conferring of degrees.

This letter is interesting in that it demonstrates how high the standard of education was set in those days and how much a young man had to know before he was given the privilege of being addressed as "Dominus" or "Sir," a title bestowed on a Bachelor of Arts. The nine members participating in the Commencement of 1642 were obliged to orate in Greek and Latin, and were examined in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, logic, ethics, physics, and metaphysics. Having passed these examinations to the satisfaction of the judges, they were found worthy of the first degree, commonly called Bachelor of Arts, "pro more Academiæ in Angliæ."

According to Cotton Mather during the first years of Harvard's existence, a man who was aspiring to a Bachelor of Arts degree was requested to write a thesis upon all or most of the Liberal Arts. A program printed in Latin at the University Press in 1642 for the Commencement reveals that not only one but many theses were written. Of these questions to be discussed, the program states that ten were of grammar, four of rhetoric, thirteen of logic, eleven of ethics, fifteen of physics and fourteen of metaphysics. Quite a remarkable fact to be noticed in connection with these theses is that, although the college was conducted mostly as a theological institute in accordance with the political feeling of the times, the questions discussed were those of philosophy or philology.

When the academic dissertations conducted in Latin were completed, the students received their degree and a "Booke of Arts." By this latter presentation they were empowered to read lectures in the Hall upon any of the arts when they might be called upon to do so and they were given the liberty of studying in the library.

Centuries pass quickly. In the interval of time since that first college graduation in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, the first college founded in Massachusetts has grown to a university, from one building it has increased until now its many buildings flank the Charles and extend over

what might be considered a colony in itself. With this growth its numbers have been doubled, trebled over and over again until at the Commencement in 1929, Harvard University conferred 1,969 degrees upon students who undertook not only courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, but those in the graduate schools of law, medicine, and business.

When the governor of Massachusetts and "diverse of the ministers" conferred degrees upon nine men in 1642, did they in their wildest fancy ever imagine that the 287th Commencement of Harvard would differ so vastly from the Commencement of which they were so justly proud? Did they think that the standards of education would undergo such a radical transformation that an aspirant to a Bachelor of Arts degree would not only not be obliged to dissertate in Latin, but would be given his degree without the classical languages having any place in his curriculum? Our Puritan ancestors might have blushed—and justly—at the lowered standards of their successors, had they lifted the veil and peered into the future of Harvard. They could, however, have consoled themselves with this thought: Education, like Dame Fashion, is a cycle which turns slowly until it has completed its revolution, introducing in its turning, it is true, novelties which are, nevertheless, as ephemeral as a bubble. The cycle of novelties in education has been completed, we hope; now enters again the "old order" into our large institutions which will bring education to the high place it held when nine worthy pioneers received their degrees in 1642 from Harvard College.

MARY G. DELANEY, '30.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

THE SODALITY

Glancing back over four years of college life, which seemed long sometimes, but which now seems to have been all too short, since we must leave the place we love, we find that during these years we have devoted a great deal of our time to social activities. And we begin to wonder just how and when each of us became a part of all this activity. The real beginning of every student's life at Emmanuel, we find, is her admittance into the Sodality. This, then, is the prologue of all our college activities. Each student is consecrated into this celebrated organization that has been founded in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It exists not for Emmanuel students alone, but for all Catholic college students. It is centuries old and has included in its membership countless scholars, nobles, and saints of past ages. It embraces the whole world and binds together Catholic students of all nations and climes by the strongest of bonds,—devotion to Our Blessed Mother. The emblem of membership, the medal of Our Lady, is the sign to each student that she has received a rich heritage, a true "prologue" to a new life, summed up in the promise of Our Lady: "A true child of Mary shall never perish," or in other words, "Emmanuel, God with us."

EILEEN MORRISSEY, '30.

FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY

As my friend withdrew from the auditorium, having just witnessed the finest Commencement play ever given at Emmanuel, she remarked first how excellently "Monsieur Beaucaire" had been presented, and secondly, how fortunate we were in having such a large, pleasant and ornate assembly hall. I agreed with her on both points and added:

"But Emmanuel has another auditorium, you know."

"Another auditorium?" she asked, looking about. "But where?"

"In Okayama," I answered.

The name of course meant nothing to her, but she managed to exclaim:

"You mean in China or Japan, perhaps?"

"Yes," I answered, "in Japan." And then I explained to her what we at Emmanuel are doing for the Foreign Missions. Of course the Sisters of Notre Dame at Okayama come first on our list, and when they decided to build a new school for their little Japanese girls, our Foreign Missions Society promptly undertook to furnish the most important room, the auditorium. I often wonder if these Oriental pupils have Assembly at 10.50 every day, and if so, if they ever picture their American friends in another Emmanuel auditorium waiting for the sound of the little bell to call us to attention? It is the quarters of the penny sale and the half dollars of the bridges and bowling parties that have made this second auditorium possible. Certainly they have been well spent. I for one shall look forward to the day when I read in *Uchiwa* that "the students of Okayama have successfully presented 'Monsieur Beaucaire' to a capacity audience."

ANNE B. MULLIN, '30.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY

"The Dramatic Society is to have a play next week and I wonder if the Orchestra will be able to play for us between the acts?" or "The well-known Mr. ——— is coming to speak and we should like some of the members of the Glee Club to sing." So programs come and programs go and the Musical Society readily responds to the numerous demands and appeals made for its services. In fact, if we were not becomingly modest we could almost boast that the terms "Musical Society" and "indispensable" are synonymous. What pleasure it is to think back to the solos we have listened to in the chapel, to the orchestral accompaniments as we marched down the chapel aisle on Cap and Gown and

Baccalaureate Sundays. Then we think of our recitals, of our concerts in honor of St. Cecilia, of St. Patrick, and of Our Blessed Lady, of our operetta, and finally of our own Musical Day, the Society's "au revoir" to the Senior members, this year, to "us"; and we ask ourselves:

"Why should feelings ever speak,
When music speaks its charms so well?"

MARY CAHILL, '30

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

(A CONVERSATION BETWEEN QUINTILIAN AND THE MODERN STUDENT)

S. Oh, Quintilian, you have been the bane of my existence during this entire semester.

Q. Why is that?

S. Because I found your discourse on Oratory of so little interest that I begrudged every hour of study I spent on it.

Q. My dear, I fear you have taken the wrong idea from my tenth book.

S. Well, what is the right idea?

Q. Did you perchance overlook the comparison of Greek and Latin authors? Did I not give you sound advice on writing well? on developing style? on meditating before writing? Have I not told you of Homer, "that fountain head of Greek literature," and of Cicero?

S. Perhaps I did have the wrong idea. I must admit your worth, now that you have been so good as to explain yourself to me.

Q. I am surprised that members of a society as active as those of your Classical Society have failed to grasp my meaning.

S. Pray do not judge the others by me, and do permit me to exonerate myself by showing how thoroughly interested we have been in classical matters.

Q. I have heard of your excursions to Rome, of your research work in Forum excavations. What else have you done?

S. What? Have you never heard of our famous plays? Of course we could never rival Sophocles, or your compatriot, Plautus, but we have produced a Greek drama.

Q. What was the subject?

S. Sir Walter Raleigh.

Q. By Hercules!—Sir—who?

S. You wouldn't know him, he was an Englishman and lived long after you.

Q. What else did you do? This is interesting.

S. We produced another drama called "Caesar's Ghost"—and another—

Q. You have been active!

S. We surely have. But concerning you, Quintilian, it all comes back to me in a different light now, and I am going, this very minute, to begin to reread your famous tenth book in order to make some of its treasures my own.

MARY HOYE, '30

EL CLUB ESPANOL

Early spring found El Club Español rejoicing in the success of a happy Christmas party and our first Bridge, which was a social as well as a financial success. We soon felt, however, that we had greater cause for joy and previous successes were eclipsed by the honor received by members of the club from none other than Concha Espina, the foremost woman writer of Spain. These visits from Concha Espina, an honor un hoped for by the members of El Club Español, were in the form of a friendly correspondence. The first visit we received was in the form of a charming greeting to her "dear friends of El Club Español," an autographed photo of herself, and a book of criticisms of her works. Truly a mark of true Spanish courtesy! We returned this visit by sending her our comments of her work, written by Carmel Lynch and Helen Agbay. Ever the courteous Spanish lady, Concha Espina, visited us a second time by sending a

delightful letter to our honorary president, telling her that she would keep these criticisms of her works amongst her most prized possessions. With this letter also came a copy of her latest book and two autographed photos with personal messages of greeting, and laudatory comment of their work in Spanish to Miss Lynch and Miss Agbay. The interest Concha Espina has shown in El Club Español is the highest honor to which its members could hope to aspire. The true Spanish courtesy she has shown us, in spite of the many demands on her time, has served to increase greatly our already sincere admiration of this truly great lady and novelist. With other admirers of her genius, we may add, "Viva Concha Espina y su obra!"

HELEN G. AGBAY, '30.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

As he signed the last letter Alfred Emanuel Smith, the great executive, pushed his pen aside, while continuing to gaze at his signature. Somehow or other that second name called up a remembrance of some sort. In a flash it came to his mind: the Literary Society of Emmanuel College had reviewed his *Up to Now*, and according to the animated reports he had heard of their discussion, they had enjoyed it immensely. So the great executive allowed his mind to recall all he knew of Emmanuel and the little group that meets monthly for the enjoyment of literary work. His mind readily visioned eager girls talking over novels, biographies, short stories, and all types of literary endeavor. He felt certain that opinions, bringing out pros and cons of questions, arose at these interesting gatherings, and he realized their benefit in making the girls of Emmanuel College who entered into them capable critics of the good and true in literature. Then he remembered the report he had received of the meeting when the Freshmen made their bow to the Society by reading works of their own composition, and he mentally cheered Emmanuel's efforts to engender the love of writing in her students and her encouragement to try their literary wings in the hope that in the near future new names should be added to the ever-increasing list of Catholic writers. Here his little day-dream ceased, for an efficient-looking clerk stood nearby to hand him another pile of letters to be signed "Alfred Emanuel Smith."

EILEEN MEANEY, '30

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

(NOTES FROM A SPORTING EDITOR'S JOURNAL.)

I wanted to see for myself just how the basketball games at Emmanuel were managed, so I went over one afternoon, and witnessed an interclass game. It was a lively affair. The sidelines rang between the halves and quarters with cheers, yells, and songs. After the game refreshments were served, and I ate my "weenie" sandwich as ravenously as the rest. It is strange how these animated encounters of brain and brawn give an edge to the appetite. On my way out I noticed that the tennis courts on the campus were alive with motion and color even at that late hour in the afternoon. I watched for a while, and as I stood there heard comments about the annual tennis tournament that the college sponsors. The girls were getting in trim for the next one in the fall. I was very much surprised and pleased to receive an invitation to the Athletic Association Farewell Party that is given every spring. I must make a note of this in my engagement book for I have heard that these parties are famous throughout girls' college circles, and that besides the basketball game and refreshments there are speeches and prizes for all. No, I mustn't miss that day!

MARY ROSE CONNORS, '30

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

It was a novelty the first time I entered a newspaper office, yet even after the novelty wore off a certain fascination always remained. When I stopped to consider that with every sheet of copy laid on the editor's desk news was being conveyed to an eager public, or that someone's reputation was perhaps being destroyed, is it any wonder that I re-

flected not on the strong arm of the law, but on the strong arm of the press? True it is that a newspaper office is noisy with the click of typewriters, loud with voices assigning stories, with telephone calls being answered, and commands being rapped out by his "majesty on the desk." Yet there is no confusion as one might be led to believe from reading newspaper stories. What amazed me most at the beginning was the apparent lack of the dignity and calm which one expects when really important things are being accomplished. I realized later, however, that the very nature of the work demanded the rush and the noise; I saw how tense was the pressure under which everyone worked, and I marveled at the perfect method and system by which all things were governed. What a moment when the paper is ready to go to press and a big story "breaks!" The excitement! the clamor! the noise! the fun! One of the most satisfying experiences of a reporter is to see his stories in print without being "blue-pencilled." That is one of the reasons why I like to bring stories of Emmanuel to the newspapers. The public is so anxious to hear and see us that the city editor never "blue-pencils" my news. So I "kill two birds with one stone."

MARY DELANEY, '30

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Margaret's pockets were overflowing with circulars and an excess of literature. She gathered up every leaflet available and started home to enjoy an evening looking them over, for her present hobby was travel—not just to see things, or to visit quaint little towns, or to pick up curios in far-off lands, but for historical purposes. She spent so many delightful evenings looking over these pamphlets, that she decided to stay in the United States and spend her surplus time in research travel. So she came to Emmanuel and joined the Historical Society. What an interesting itinerary it planned! One guide took the members to many parts of their own country, where they studied conditions after the World War. Their train on this trip had all the comforts made possible by government ownership. The first stop brought them to a governmental-looking building of the latest style of architecture, known as the new home for disabled veterans. Other trips were taken to Salem, the scene of New England witchcraft, and the home of Mrs. Anne Glover; to Plymouth, the first landing-place of the Puritans on our continent; to Europe, to Asia, and to Africa; in fact to every place in the world where peoples have ever lived and where history has been made. Thus Margaret traveled extensively during four happy years.

GRACE AYERS, '30

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

I, Monsieur Beaucaire, came one morning to the gathering—"the-what-you-call" Assembly at Emmanuel. As long as I had been invite' to the Commencement I thought I should at leas' pay a little visit before.

Arrayed in white satin, my bes' perruque and my dress sword, I entered the auditorium and, as I had never had the pleasure of being presen' to the fair ladies, I expected to be lef' quite alone, a stranger in a foreign lan'. On the contrary I was usher' to a seat by a mos' charming girl dress' in the black robe and cap that, in my day, one only wore when one grew to be a white beard' philosopher. While I was trying to understan' her so glib chatter, my attention was arrest' by a male voice which I knew I had 'eard before. It belong', I discover, to my good friend, Petruchio. His wife, Kate, was with him, an' to me she seem' a very vision of sweetness, although I 'ad 'eard tales of her temper.

"How charming," I said, "that two such famous persons should be 'ere with me!"

Petruchio laughed. He has that English habit of laughing at one! "If you want to see some real celebrities, let me presen' some of the people who have visit' here this year."

Then so many gentlemen and demoiselles began to talk to me at once that I, Louis Philippe de Valois le Duc d'Orleans, I was somewhat confusé'. I met someone's grand-

mother who came from California, une grande actrice who had the worl' at her feet but only ashes in her heart, that gran' ol' gentleman, King Lear, an'—oh—many, many others.

I have decide' that whenever I want a taste of the ol' worl' I shall come again for a visit to Emmanuel.

DORIS DONOVAN, '30

EPILOGUE

I am at the end of their beginning and the beginning of their end. I was born on the nineteenth of September, in the year nineteen twenty-six, of noble parents, Emmanuel College and the Class of Nineteen Thirty. My earliest days were passed in seclusion, for it was my parents' wish that no one should see me until the day appointed for my début. For three years no one saw me, for though I was alive and sensitive to the activities of the little world that made up my parents' life, I was not formally of it. I remember the fond words with which they always spoke of me. It was "When our Epilogue comes out," or "We must save that for our Epilogue," or "Our Epilogue will be wonderful!" Often I would lie awake at night wondering at their devotedness to me, and suddenly in my third year, I began to realize what I meant to them. I was to make their lives everlasting. I was to be the record of all their ambitions, and I thrilled at the glory of my position. My third year was almost complete when my parents entrusted me to a person whom they called "the Editor," and placed in competent hands sufficient funds to launch me successfully upon my social career. The selection of my wardrobe was to be the work of one called "Art Editor," and my protection was further insured by the appointment of nine assistant guardians, under whose constant and critical surveillance I spent practically all of my fourth year. My fine points were polished up, and my rough points were planed down with religious attention, and finally I was sent away to some men named "Printer," "Engraver," and "Binder" to be measured for my débutante trousseau. The task of selecting the color scheme was not difficult. Even to my youthful and inexperienced mind, no color was too rich for the daughter of nobility, and accordingly I chose what I had been advised was the richest of all color combinations—blue and gold. On the eleventh of June my heart was all a-flutter. How many times did I smooth down the ivory satin of my gown; how many times did I breathlessly arrange the gorgeous cloak I had chosen for my wrap! Would my parents be satisfied with me? Would they approve the product of the earnest labor and the loving attention of the guardians they had selected for me? Would I please them? No one will ever know the thrill I experienced when my parents, happy and proud in my great moment, took me in their arms and presented me to all the world as their own *Epilogue*.

ANNE M. McNAMARA, '30.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

WHY GO TO COLLEGE

You want to know why I am going to college? Ah, that is easy to answer. Mohammed said (I just know that I shall love philosophy!), "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the mountain." You don't get the point? No? Why——ah, you do now? I thought you would, you are so understanding. Is that the main reason that I have for entering college, you ask me? Gracious, no! You see, I just love parties, bridges, teas, and all the things that they do at college. And college girls are so sweet and get-together-like—pardon me, what did you say? Won't I have a great deal of studying to do? Aren't you funny! I suppose there will be some studying to do, but I won't mind it . . . really! You know there are "snap" courses at college, and I shall manage to elect some of them, so that the most of my studying will come just around exam time. As long as I get by "by the skin of my teeth," that is all I care. Would I be disappointed and disillusioned if I found college to be a great deal of hard work? Oh, yes! But I am sure that I won't find it so.

RUTH KELLEY, '30.

Regardless of their appearance or of their destination I long to ride in trains. The engine, that smoking, thundering monster, feeding on fire and carrying living men within itself, that unbridled horse running in the tracks of no other creature, fascinated me. I look at it and I am off, off to the lands beyond the horizon where other engines roar, and farther still to places beyond the rim of the world where dragons are still at large and where Pegasus roams with no one to tell him "stay."

To ride in a train, to breathe dust and feel heat, to look at a landscape flying madly to the place which one has left—this is happiness beyond expression.

I have heard of people taking pleasure trips. There are instances of riders taking the same route many times in succession but never, oh never, have I heard of, and much less know, a person who rides in trains every day for the train's sake. Gone are the days when a train was its own excuse for being. I see that I cannot indulge my fancy without incurring the comment and curious questioning of my friends. I must find some legitimate excuse for riding, riding, or rather for wanting to ride and ride. I learn that, if I join that group of college students who are

known as "commuters," I may ride well-nigh endlessly, be pitied or praised, but never ridiculed. My anxiety is at an end. I am going to college.

PLACIDA VILEIKIS, '30.

From childhood I have been a consistent admirer of the intellectual prowess of man. Thus at an early age I was attracted to *The Portrait of a Lady*, by Henry James. I had been visiting the adults' department of the public library in search of elevating literature when the title of the volume caught my eye and my fancy. On opening the book at random I found an analysis of the character of the Lady by one of her appreciative friends to whom it seemed that the beloved heroine had a "massive intellect." That one remark was enough for me. I decided on *The Portrait of a Lady* at once, and prepared myself for a rare experience,—communing with a "massive intellect." Well, everything comes to an end; so did Mr. James' novel—there were two volumes of it—and the sad part was that the Lady really did not have the promising "massive intellect." The problem which then confronted my youthful mind was whether or not there are ladies with giant minds, and whether such mental ability is innate or acquired. The answer, I found, was that there is an innate mental power but that it is broadened and perfected by education; and that the member of the intelligentsia, the élite being who is able to discuss modern trends in novels, poetry, and drama, and to argue convincingly on philosophy, in short, the paragon of intellectual superiority, is the college graduate! Immediately my mind was made up; the only thing for a girl with my admirations and ambitions was a college education!

KATHLEEN V. MCCARTHY, '30.

The word *campus* had always intrigued me. It may have been,—yes, I believe it was that which brought me to college. I recall anxiously perusing all the college catalogues I could obtain, and imagining myself in each of the many tall buildings surrounded by countless acres of green lawns, stately trees, winding paths, and even a river here and there. I dreamed pensively of the day when I would join groups of students in caps and gowns walking about the campus discussing books and, of course, social activities. When I saw charming pictures of a beautiful 'Gothic structure rising above trees and shrubberies, with the fascinating title of "Emmanuel from the opposite side of Muddy River," "Emmanuel from the bridge," my mind was made up. How could one fail to study in such an atmosphere? Fancy reading poetry by the riverside!

But alas for my athletic and convivial yearnings! Alas for poetry-reading by the river side! Alas, again, for the paths trodden by groups

of students!—but long live the much-loved and much-sought haunts which after four years have become dear to the heart of every one of us!

MARY GILMAN, '30.

My early ideas of college were, oh, so different from what they are now. I accepted unquestionably in my High School days the declarations in writing of those who, I am firmly convinced now, never even saw the inside of a college. You must know to whom I refer, the authors of those monstrosities with titles such as, *Annie Jones' College Days* and *Dick of Wellington*. I remember that as a High School Senior I perused tales such as these during every spare moment, thoroughly envious of the people of the book world who led such envious lives. You must have read some of these narratives. Remember the nice cozy room Annie Jones had at college? And will you ever forget the night the burglar got into the dormitory (that was the same night the Sophomores were holding the party in Annie's room on the top floor), and everybody was scared stiff, until our heroine saved the occasion and quelled the panic by seizing the robber, or hitting him over the head, or something like that? Then there were those gorgeous picnics and hikes the girls used to take every so often, not to mention a thousand other little socials they frequently held. The scholastic element of college life seemed to hold no concern for Annie's creator; classes were mentioned only as a means of accounting for a little spare time, and studying was a mere incidental. Those were the days! Boy students shared these same joys. Dick certainly revelled in four glorious years at Wellington! Oh, the night I read about how he defeated the rival team in the last half-second of the football game! My throat was sore for days from the scream of triumph I gave vent to at the crucial moment. Didn't you envy Dick that beautiful roadster in which he made the record trip to save the Senior banner from the Sophomores? I did. I dreamed about it, about him, and about that trip for weeks. I was a Senior in High School when I finished reading about Dick. Dad asked me if I wanted to go to college in the fall. Did I want to! I was fed up with studying and a humdrum life. I would be like Annie and Dick for the next four years, just enjoy life under the caption of acquiring an education. Visions of fun, fire, trouble, mystery! Down with the tyrant, Study! Up with the freedom of youth and adventure!

That was why I came to college.

MARY E. McDONALD, '30.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

This year marks the third century milestone in the history of Boston. Each year of the city's life has contributed to its development and its progress. Each year has steeped these winding streets in the atmosphere of the glory for which our ancestors fought, and of the standards they established. This year, too, marks a definite milestone in our lives. Each of our years at Emmanuel has contributed to our own development, our own personal progress. And each year has taught us that it is our duty to uphold and increase the glory which our predecessors have won for Emmanuel. Boston—its streets, its traditions, its people—will go on next year in harmony with the spirit of the times. Emmanuel will continue to grow and thrive. But what of us? Our college, situated as it is in the very heart of historic Boston, breathes on us a parting prayer, a final benediction, and bids us go into life itself. We cross the threshold into a new, and tremendously different, existence.

Do we ever stop to consider the manifold opportunities open to us, young college women, today, in contrast with those hitherto presented? Social service, teaching, executive training, are but a few of the new fields of endeavor which young ladies may now enter. New advantages are opening to us all the time. It is our duty to accept them, to approach them with zest, with enthusiasm, because "nothing great has ever been achieved without enthusiasm." Then we shall be a part of the future progress of Boston and of Emmanuel.

CATHERINE E. LAWLER, '30.

TO THE CLASS OF 1930

"All the world's a stage and everyone must play a part."

You, our friends and companions of the class of nineteen hundred and thirty, are about to play your parts on the stage of life. During the past few years you have been as it were in the wings, you have been coached. Now you are ready and the curtain is about to rise. We have watched you during the years spent together and we know that you will not fail. You cannot, for you have been well trained by Emmanuel in principles which will ever stand by you. You will "see life steadily and see it whole." Some of you will play leading rôles; immediately you will hear applause, you will be fêted enthusiastically. Others will pass across the stage scarcely noticed. Your rôles are minor. But shall I say "minor"? Perhaps they are judged so in the eyes of your audience, the world; but they are important to the play of life as a whole, for in the perfect plan of God

all parts are needed. Yes, nineteen hundred and thirty, the overture is playing, your cues have been given, and as you leave the wings and face the rising curtain, know that all our wishes for success are with you.

LOUISE FIELDING, '31.

SELF-RELIANT SPIRITUALITY

[*The ETHOS takes pleasure in publishing the following editorial, on request of the Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J.*]

Even the severest critics of modern young men and women admit their initiative, self-reliance and competence. They can do things and do them remarkably well. They have learned to lead as captains of their athletic teams, as editors of papers and year-books, and as presidents of their classes and heads of their student organizations.

And the friends of modern young men and women have believed that these admitted good qualities can be turned to leadership for God and religion.

You who have followed the work of the Sodality and the S S C during the past years, know that back of that movement has been one implicit trust, a trust in ability, natural leadership, and real unselfishness of American young people. On that trust was founded the belief that, given a chance, they would want to be leaders in their religion as they are in other things.

While the Sodality and the S S C aimed to create that spirit of leadership within the school, they also aimed through annual conventions to make this religious leadership national in scope.

Undoubtedly these conventions are splendid manifestations of national student religious leadership. When 1,500 or 2,000 of the country's finest Catholic young men and women come together, talk religion for three days, plan for Catholic action, and insist on the importance of personal holiness, the effect must inevitably be felt, not only in the schools represented, but throughout the whole of Catholic education.

More than that, the effect will eventually be felt on the communities into which these student leaders will in later life go to carry on the Catholic leadership they have learned during student days.

So, as the student leaders gather in Chicago this summer, their convention is bound to be of immense importance.

First, it is a tribute of trust in the students themselves. It says implicitly, "We who are responsible for the Sodality and the S S C believe that you students can lead in religion quite as competently as you can lead in athletics, journalism or social life."

Again it will have important consequences for the individual schools when next year the leaders come back with news of the convention, with plans and methods they have learned there, and in increased appreciation of the value of their Catholic education. The spiritual organizations of the school cannot but leap forward to new life under their leadership and inspiration.

Finally, because of the convention, hundreds of young men and women will have taken active part in a great Catholic enterprise, learned to talk and plan religious activity, will have met religious leaders from all over the country, and have felt a new pride in the greatness of their Church.

We count largely on the effects of the convention. And we count on your presence to help make it a success. How very welcome you will be when we all clasp hands at the Palmer House, Chicago, June 20, 21, and 22.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

To a Word

Words! Bright vessels of our thinnest thought,
O'erflowing with libations to your God,
The fool may surfeit of your dregs—and nod,
The sage thirsts wisely for the finer draught.
White messengers! Your spangled pinions caught
My heart, when but a child I vaguely trod
The earth's green pathways, knelt upon the sod,
And lisped shy praise for all that Spring had wrought.

But, wordless word! O phantom, mystic sign,
What speechless eloquence your breath reveals!
White roses at a snowy altar-shrine
Answered, of late, my softly-phrased demand
To hear the sound your pregnant calm conceals.
They whispered,—but I could not understand.

FRANCES I. O'BRIEN, '30.

E. C. ECHOES

SOPHOMORE SUCCESS

The Hotel Somerset was recently the scene of a well-attended affair, when the Sophomore Class conducted its annual Bridge Party. The management of the event was in the hands of Miss Helen Shanahan, assisted by the Misses Dorothy Jackson, ex officio, Catherine Minnehan, Mary Omar, and Kathryn Mullaney. All who were present spent a very enjoyable afternoon, while the committee in charge expressed deep appreciation of the co-operation received from the student body and friends.

INFORMAL PARTY

The most recent meeting of the Classical Society took the form of an informal "get-together" party. A short play, "Caesar's Ghost," presented by the Misses Jean Steinbrenner and Helen Donahue, '32, provided a wealth of merriment, while two entertaining contests, one in crossword puzzles, the other in conundrums, were conducted by the Misses Elinor Rich, '31, and Mary Hoyer, '30, respectively. The meeting was concluded with the reading by Miss Louise Scannell, '30, of an original and interesting paper entitled "A Psychologist Looks on the Classics."

SENIOR AND SOPHOMORE

On Thursday, April 24, the Seniors conducted their annual dance in honor of their "sisters," the Sophomores. Held in the Princess Ballroom of the Hotel Somerset, the affair was under the direction of Miss Josephine Alberghini. Her aides were the Misses Marguerite Burke, ex officio; Mary Hagan, Anastasia Canty, Katherine McLeod, and Mary Cahill. The splendid work of the committee was evident in the ballroom, beautifully decorated with flowers and the banners of the two classes. Thanks are due to the mothers of the committee who brought arrangements to such a happy and successful culmination.

JUNIOR FETE

On Friday, April 25, the Hotel Commander was the scene of a brilliant affair,

the Emmanuel Junior Dance. This event is always one of the most pleasantly anticipated of extra-curricular activities, and proved this year as ever a source of delight and happy memories. To Miss Mary Bradley and her assistants in directing the affair, the Misses Lorraine Cassier, Anne Dargin, Mary Mullane, Catherine Casey and Collette Murphy, ex officio, the Junior Class is deeply indebted.

HAPPY ENDING

The activities of the Athletic Society were brought to a close for this year on Monday, April 28. The basket ball teams of the Senior and Junior Classes competed with their "sisters," the Sophomores and Freshmen, respectively, the two upper classes emerging victorious. Next, letters and prizes were awarded to various players by Sister Helen Madeleine, who congratulated each one on her work during the season just past. After refreshments had been served, general dancing took place. Many thanks were extended to Miss Esther Doyle, '30, President of the Athletic Society, under whose direction this affair and all the events of the season have been capably managed.

"LES FEMMES SAVANTES"

The long-awaited play presented each year to the public by the Cercle Louis Veuillot, the Emmanuel French Club, was given this year on Wednesday, April 30, in the Auditorium. Molière's popular comedy, "Les Femmes Savantes," found high favor with the large audience. Those participating in the production were the Misses Mercedes Vucassovich, Anastasia Canty, Mary Hoyer, Josephine Alberghini, Mary Cleary, Mary Gilman, and Frances I. O'Brien, '30, the Misses Mary Thompson and Anne Dargin, '31, Miss Margaret O'Connell, '32, and the Misses Mary F. Murphy and Marian Barry, '33. Miss Doris Donovan, '30, gave a synopsis of each act in English. Stage direction was managed by the Misses Ruth Kelley and Madeleine O'Brien, '30. Great enthusiasm was expressed for the work of the players.

Between the acts, Miss Louise Hollander, '33, entertained the audience by singing Gregh's *Parais a ta Fenêtre* and Moya's *Chanson du Coeur Brise*, and pianoforte selections were rendered by the Misses Agnes Knox, '32, and Carolyn Noonan, '31.

A LASTING TOKEN

Mindful of the proclamation recently delivered by His Excellency, Governor Frank G. Allen concerning the celebration of an "Arbor Day," the faculty and student body took occasion to make Thursday, May 1, a memorable day. All having gathered upon the campus, the Senior Class sang a "Tree Song" composed by Miss Mary E. McDonald. After this, Miss Marguerite Burke, Senior Class President, planted the tree which her class had presented to the College on Cap and Gown Sunday in October. Miss Alice Grandison, Vice-President, affixed the inscription which accompanied the gift. The "Tree Orator," elected for the occasion, was Miss Doris Donovan, '30. In her address she stressed the allegorical significance of the gift, comparing its roots to the ties that bind us to our Alma Mater, the trunk to the solid store of knowledge that we have received, and its future blossoming to the fruits of our college education.

The ceremony was concluded with the singing by the entire assembly of *Emmanuel* and *The Star Spangled Banner*.

"ANY GIRL"

The Junior Play was presented on Monday, May 5, to a large audience composed of the faculty and student body and numerous friends. The piece, "Any Girl," included in its cast many members of the Junior Class, the title role being expertly portrayed by Miss Mary Mullane, while the Misses Mary Bradley and Grace Sullivan contributed a vocal duet, "Memories." Miss Regina Studzinska accompanied the songs and dances. Stage managers were the Misses Mary Sullivan and Alice Gallagher. Praise was given to all who participated in the program, especially to the Misses Louise Fielding, Margaret McLeod, and Grace Joyce, who composed the dialogue and musical arrangements.

The committee in charge of the day's program included the Misses Louise Fielding, Grace Joyce, Margaret McLeod, Susan

Brennan, Alice Gallagher, and Betty Killion.

"FAIR WEATHER"

"Parents' Day" took place at Emmanuel this year on Sunday, May 11. The entire college was thrown open to the mothers and fathers of all the students. The Auditorium was transformed into a scene of colorful charm where all might meet old and new friends and enjoy the entertainment offered and the refreshments served. An even larger attendance than usual gratified the efforts of the faculty and students who coöperated in preparations for the day. Miss Marguerite Burke was Chairman, ex officio, of the committees. Her assistants, elected from the Senior Class, were: Anne McNamara, reception committee; Dorothy Tumelty, Senior hostess; Margaret Crowley, entertainment committee; Madeleine O'Brien, decorations; Theresa O'Flahavan, refreshments; Mary McDonald, finance; and Mary Rose Connors, printing. Miss Lucietta Piscopo acted as hostess for the Alumnae.

The result of an essay contest open to all Emmanuelites was announced by Miss Burke. The prize-winning essay, entitled "A Catholic College Student Builds for Life," was written by Miss Anne M. McNamara, '30, who received a beautiful gold medal. Honorable mention and prizes were also awarded to the Misses Mary Rose Connors and Ruth Kelley, '30. A poem entitled "Parents' Day," submitted in a poetry contest and composed by Miss Mary Rose Connors, '30, was printed on the program of the day.

A delightful concert was provided by a string orchestra, while vocal selections were given by the Misses Rosemary Stanford, '30, Grace Sullivan, '31, and Margaret O'Connell, '32.

All who were able to attend these exercises voiced their gratitude for an extremely enjoyable afternoon and their desire to return to participate in "Parents' Day" of next year.

RECITAL

An informal organ recital was presented on Wednesday, May 14, by students from the organ class. The faculty and students, together with friends, assembled in the College chapel where a delightful program

was offered. Miss Louise Theriault, '30, opened the program with Nevin Custard's "The Rosary," followed by Batiste's "Marche Militaire." Miss Kathleen Sullivan, '30, next played "Evensong" by Keuntz, and Volckmar's "Postlude." The concluding two numbers were played by Miss Agnes Knox, '32: the "Prière" of Wagner-Lemare and Guilmant's "Sonata in D minor."

OUR BLESSED LADY'S DAY

On Sunday, May 25, Emmanuelites joined in a procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which was one of exquisite charm and simplicity. Various honors were held by members of the student body: the May Queen was Miss Eileen Morrissey, President of the Sodality; Miss Marguerite Burke, President of the Senior Class, was Queen of the Holy Rosary; other important parts were given to Agnes Garrity, Queen of the Blessed Sacrament; Ruth Kelley, Queen of Peace; Doris Donovan, Queen of Wheat; Alice O'Neill, Queen of Grapes; Eleanor Murphy, Queen of the Chalice; Josephine Alberghini, Bearer of the Banner of Our Lady of Good Counsel; Madeleine O'Brien, Guardian Angel; Anne Sullivan, Faith; Mary Thompson, Hope; and Mary Mullane, Charity.

The ceremony of the procession was one of the most beautiful ever witnessed at the College and will be a lasting memory to all who viewed it.

CONGRATULATIONS

The *ETHOS* wishes to announce the results of various class and society elections. The Senior Class officers for the year 1930-1931 are: President, Susan Brennan; Vice-President, Alice Gallagher; Secretary, Emily Quinn; Treasurer, Ann Grady. Officers in the other classes for the first semester of the year 1930-1931 are as follows: Juniors: President, Margaret O'Connell; Vice-President, Catherine Minehan; Secretary, Eileen Doyle; Treasurer,

Dorothy Curran. Sophomores: President, Mary Flatley; Vice-President, Isabelle Powers; Secretary, Margaret O'Neil; Treasurer, Collette Fulham.

The Editor-in-Chief of the *Epilogue*, the Emmanuel Year Book, whose staff is chosen from the Senior Class, is Catherine Grant. Her assistant editors are Grace Joyce, and Helen Sheeran. The Business Manager is Alice Larkin, and her assistants are Catherine Casey, Mary Mullane, and Mary Spencer.

Miss Louise Fielding has been elected Editor-in-Chief of the *ETHOS*, the College Quarterly. Her assistants in the literary department are Clare Martell, Helen Foley, and Katherine Flynn. The Business Manager is Catherine Smith, and the Assistant Business Managers are Elvina Cahoon, Louise Doherty, and Anne Sullivan. Junior Assistants are Agnes Geary, in the literary department, and Jean Steinbrenner in the business department.

The officers of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin are: President, Carolyn Noonan, '31; Vice-President, Lucy Perry, '31; Secretary, Mary Kelly, '32; Treasurer, Catherine Leonard, '33.

The President of the Dramatic Society is Margaret McLeod, '31; the Vice-President, Anne Sullivan, '31; the Secretary, Miriam Walsh, '32, and the Treasurer, Ada Erlandson, '33.

The officers of the Foreign Mission Society are: President, Elizabeth Loughran, '31; Vice-President, Margaret Ahern, '31; Secretary, Mary Kenney, '32; Treasurer, Mary Koen, '33.

Congratulations are extended to all the newly-elected officers. The results of other societies will be announced at a later date.

VALE

The *Ethos* staff extends its sincere congratulations and best wishes to those members of the student body who succeed to the happiness of participating in the publication of this paper.

ALUMNAE NOTES

CLASS OF 1924

Sister Emmanuel (Aloyse Doherty) is teaching in St. Gregory's School, Milton.

CLASS OF 1925

The members of the class of 1925 are making plans for their fifth reunion which they expect to celebrate at the New Ocean House in Swampscott on June 8. Although the program for the event is not quite completed Miss Margaret Hinchey, the president, reports that she will soon be able to announce the definite schedule.

Despite the varied predictions made for all the class in the prophecy five years ago, the majority of the class are now engaged in teaching. Only one, Helen Gallivan, now Sister Thérèse Carmelita of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, has entered the religious life. There are four brides to return to the fifth reunion:—Mrs. Daniel Cronin (Eileen Keating), Mrs. John Flynn (Carolyn Moylan), Mrs. Edward MacAuliffe (Sally Gallagher), and Mrs. William Leary (Helen Shortell). Only three of the remaining number of the class are not teaching:—Mildred Hannon is now completing her work for her Ph.D. degree; Madeline Doherty and Anne Keefe are forging ahead in business careers. The final boast of the class is, however, the class baby, Daniel Cronin, Junior, the only newcomer to be invited to the reunion this year.

CLASS OF 1926

Alice Barry expects to sail for Europe early in July.

Roquetta Curtin will sail on June 21 on the *Staatendam* for a ten months' tour of Europe.

Mary J. Foley has been appointed to the faculty of the Northeastern Junior High School, Somerville.

CLASS OF 1927

Mary Hackett recently received a promotion in the Boston Public Library.

Ruth Keleher is one of the many Emmanuelites planning to tour Europe during

the summer months. Miss Keleher will sail July 2 on the *Laconia*.

CLASS OF 1928

Katherine Gallivan will finish her course in library science at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, in June.

Sister Ann Bartholomew (Mary Grady), and Sister Thomas Marie (Catherine Maloney), are teaching in St. Augustine's School, Lawrence.

Elizabeth Tobin is employed by the United States Census Bureau.

On May 3 the Class of '28 sponsored a Bridge and Tea which was held in the Hotel Victoria. Very attractive prizes were awarded to the winners at each table. The success of the affair was due to the work of the committee in charge: the Misses Mary Campbell, Adelaide Mahoney, Mary O'Shea, and Esther McCafferty.

CLASS OF 1929

Agnes Collins is teaching in St. Mary's School, Boston.

Jean Flynn is teaching History in St. Mary's School, Brookline.

Elizabeth McMahan has been appointed assistant dietitian at the Boston Children's Hospital.

Ruth Nelligan has returned to Boston after an extended visit to South Bend, Indiana.

Kathleen Rogers is to be congratulated on the acceptance of her poem, "Ave, Massachusetts," by the Boston Tercentenary Committee.

Congratulations are also due Mary Sheehan who is leading her class, the college-graduate secretarial course, at Katherine Gibbs School.

Sister Elizabeth Marie (Grace Norton) received the Dominican habit in March at St. Catherine's Convent, Springfield, Kentucky.

The Class of '29 held its first reunion in the form of a dance held at the Hotel Commander, Cambridge. "Bill Bigley" and his Country Club Orchestra furnished the music which helped to make the affair the great social success that it was. Congratu-

lations are due to the chairman, Miss Catherine Sullivan, and the committee: the Misses Ruth Nelligan, Mary McDonell, Catherine Delaney, Agnes Collins, and Agnes Smith.

ALUMNAE BRIDGE AND FASHION SHOW

The Bridge and Fashion Show, the most outstanding event on the Alumnae Spring Social Calendar, took place Tuesday, May 13, in the Louise XIV ball room of the Hotel Somerset. Miss Irene McDonell, '29, with the assistance of a very capable committee, was responsible for the unprecedented success of the affair. Through the courtesy of Jordan Marsh and Co. fashions, ranging from sports' wear for all occasions through the most formal evening wear, were displayed by the following models: Alma Danforth, '25, Alice Barry, '26, Mrs. Charles Walsh (Gladys O'Brien, '26), Mary Barry, '27, Marietta McDonald, '27, Katherine Connell, '28, Esther McCafferty, '28, Katherine Donovan, '29, Mary Sullivan, '29, Alice Grandison, '30, and Elizabeth Cunningham, '31. A bridal costume displayed by Mary Barry, '27, was the chief feature of the evening and appeared as the grand finale on a most delightful program.

ENGAGEMENTS

Mary McInnis, '26, to Mr. Frederick Delay of Rockland, Mass.

Eileen Skeffington, '26, has announced the date of her marriage to Dr. Raymond Murphy of Boston as June 21.

MARRIAGES

Helen Hurley, Ex. '25, to Dr. John Dumphy of Boston.

Mary Rogers, '29, to Mr. John Philbin of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Philbin are making their home in New York.

The ETNOS offers congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Keane (Mary Berigan, '24), on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Kelso Mairs (Catherine Delaney, '28), on the birth of a daughter, Mary Jean.

IN CHRISTO QUIESCENTES

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Mullen, mother of Alice Mullen, '24.

Mrs. M. Connors, mother of Rita Connors, '25.

Mr. Bartholomew Crowley, father of Mary V. Crowley, '26.

Mrs. Ellen Morgan, mother of Helen Morgan, '29.

Mrs. Mary McCarthy, mother of Mary R. McCarthy, '33.

Mrs. Anne T. Lee, mother of Margaret U. Lee, '30.

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The Ethos

VOLUME III

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1930

No. 4

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The Ethos

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VOLUME III

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Our Lady Smiles

Beyond the altar rail Our Lady stands,
And watches with a smile another line
Move slowly down the aisle, a single line,
Or so we think who see with earthly eyes;
But Mary lives with Christ, thus truly sees.
She knows we're not alone. Her smile takes in
The hundreds who have gone before, and all
Who will come after, children still, who need
Her warm, enduring tenderness. And so
Our Lady smiles. She has so many smiles,
The best one for her Son, but one for us,
Her special charge, and in it all the strength
And all the wise, sweet stillness of her love,
That gives for just the asking. We must kneel
In gratitude for such a love, and send
Our prayers beyond the altar rail, to where
Our Lady of Good Counsel stands and smiles.

HELEN FOLEY, '31.

Ave Maria

"What of this Sodality of Our Lady?" The best answer to this question of the Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J., is the enthusiastic response evidenced by the large number of Catholic youth present at the recent Sodality Convention, held at Chicago. The Sodality movement is spreading, and membership is increasing by the thousands. The College Sodality is as much alive and as modern as today's newspaper, and is well fitted to meet our present needs.

At Emmanuel College, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the oldest and most influential organization. Each student is a member, and at the beginning of her college course receives an unwritten guarantee from Mary, her Mother, for protection, guidance, and counsel throughout her life. It is as Our Lady of Good Counsel that we of Emmanuel particularly honor Our Blessed Lady, with a devotion that is living and ever increasing.

Throughout the world there are hundreds of beautiful shrines in honor of the Blessed Virgin, none of which is so extraordinary as that of Our Lady of Good Counsel, at Genazzano, formerly known as Latium, Italy. It was here that God willed should appear the first spark which afterwards was to inflame the whole Catholic world with tenderness and love for Our Lady of Good Counsel. For a long time the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, in Latium, had been very much neglected by its guardians, so, in 1356, Pier Giordan Colonna, a wise and pious prince, requested the Augustinian Fathers to take charge of the church and parish. They were unable, however, to do much for the material up-keep of the ancient edifice, so that by the end of the next century, all that remained of it was its name and a beautiful bas-relief in marble of the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel.

The twenty-fifth of April had always been held as the principal feast day of Genazzano. About four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, in 1467, the assembled townsfolk were astonished to hear strains of celestial music, coming, as it were, from heaven, the portals of which seemed suddenly to have been flung open. Soon they beheld a beautiful white cloud gradually descending, and finally resting upon the farthest portion of an unfinished wall of the chapel. Gradually the rays of light ceased to dart, the cloud began to clear away, and then to their amazement, there remained disclosed a beautiful image of Our Lady holding her Divine Child in her arms. Suddenly the bells of the high tower began to ring, although no human hand had touched them, and then, in unison, every church bell in the town began to answer in peals equally as glorious. The crowd was spellbound, filled with a holy awe.

As soon as loving hands and hearts could accomplish it, a noble tribute of marble, which remains to this day, was built over the miraculous image. In the fulness of their joy the people began to call the image, "Our Lady of Paradise." In a short time this wonderful miracle was known throughout Genazzano, Italy, and all Christian lands.

A few days after the image came to Genazzano, two strangers appeared among the multitudes visiting the shrine. They were from Scutari in Albania, where, according to their story, a few months before, the monarch had died. The Turks, whom he had resisted for more than twenty years, began at once to advance upon the unfortunate country of Albania, and Scutari was in danger of falling into their hands. Those who wished to preserve their faith and freedom attempted to migrate to nearby Christian lands, among them the two strangers who had come to Genazzano. In Scutari they had had the care of the church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, a shrine that had become very popular because of an image of the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel, which had been miraculously conveyed to the Church two hundred years before, supposedly from the Far East.

Before deciding definitely on departure from their native land, the faithful guardians of the shrine prostrated themselves before the sacred image of Mary to invoke her assistance. Later, in a dream, the Blessed Mother seemed to tell them to leave the country, and to travel with her as a guide into a foreign land. The following morning the loved image detached itself from the wall of the little sanctuary they had so zealously guarded and stood in mid-air enveloped by a white cloud. It moved towards the door of the church, passed through, and then traveled toward the sea. Here it did not stop, but passed over the waters. The two pilgrims, trusting in Mary's protection, walked over the waters, finding the waves become as firm soil beneath their feet, and followed the image until it reached the opposite shores of Italy. At nightfall the white cloud, like the cloud that had led the Israelites through the desert, became illuminated, and passed to the gates of Rome, where it suddenly disappeared from sight. For some time the travelers searched vainly all the churches of Rome, in the hope of finding the image. Finally news reached them of the miraculous event at Genazzano to which place they hastened.

This truly wonderful image is a fresco, painted, if human hands did paint it, long years ago, when and where the best judges cannot tell. It is on a thin crust of plaster, not much thicker than strong paper, its colors and outline being perfectly fresh, yet it has remained in the same spot where it may be seen today. How many centuries it existed before, none can tell. Its very existence is miraculous, but there is a greater miracle still. It remains as it was when it first came, not against, nor

in any way fastened to, but at a distance from the wall, without having behind it any material support whatever,—a perpetual miracle!

In observing her feast, making novenas to her, singing her hymns, and performing their devotions to her, each Emmanuel sodalist feels that she has a share in the exhaustless benefits that Our Lady of Good Counsel has dispensed from her miraculous throne in the shrine at Genezzano; and as long as Emmanuel students foster this tradition, they will continue to find her "of all friends the best and dearest," and of all counsellors "the most sincere and true."

CAROLYN E. NOONAN, '31.

Breath of Life

There was quite a controversy
Between the earth and sky,
And the disputed question:
"In what doth Beauty lie?"

The sky declared: "I hold it
In azure folds encased;
The moon, the stars, the heavens
Bear Beauty's every trace!"

The earth benignly listened,
Assumed the victor's rôle:
"Beauty is the spirit
That dwells in each man's soul.

"Beauty is no poem,
Designed for mortal eye.
Beauty is the power,
To live, and love, and die!"

AGNES GEARY, '32.

Cat - astrophy

The sagging screen door of the Stevens's back porch creaked forlornly as Homer's sleek brown form brushed through the bulging hole in the lower left corner. A trail of muddy tracks gave evidence of his nightly escapade. He directed his feline steps wearily to the newspaper spread beneath the sink shelf in search of food, but finding only milk, turned up his long black whiskers in disgust and started to look for a soft spot on which to lay his head, weary after a night's carousal. Beneath the kitchen table rested the basket of the week's clean laundry, which was invariably ironed on Tuesday, stress of great occasion having delayed the operation until today. Forlornly he raised his paws to the edge of the basket and peered over. The hastily gathered assortment within tempted Homer's amorphic inclination. He flexed himself on his tired haunches and with a supreme effort deposited his muddy paws on Mrs. Henry Stevens's clean clothes.

Mrs. Henry Stevens was just entering the kitchen carrying gingerly a partially filled ash tray. She was a woman of perhaps fifty, to judge from the gray streaks beginning to gather at her temples, was ample in proportion, and neither tall nor short. Her flushed face, already beginning to wrinkle, gave hint of former beauty, and at this moment wore an expression of utter discouragement.

She had reached the end of her rope! Twenty-three years years she had borne Henry's literary ambitions. Twenty-three years! Twenty-three years of evenings sitting with Henry in the den when he arrived home from the box factory, for they seldom went out. Nights when he had sat reading had not been so bad, even though he had the habit of breaking in on her love stories with choice quotations from the Old Masters; but nights when he returned from the box factory with that feverish light in his eyes denoting an inspiration,—how she had come to dread them! She had finally grown accustomed to sitting alone in her little sewing room on such occasions, for Henry was impossible. And then the following morning! Crumpled papers were everywhere, burnt matches on the carpet, ashes from carelessly-laid-down pipe on chairs and window sills.

This morning the whereabouts of the pipe was somewhat of a mystery. Mrs. Henry Stevens had visions of coat-pocket mending to be done, such accidents had happened often before. She had searched diligently, however, through the pockets of his smoking jacket, but to no avail.

If it weren't for his absent-mindedness! Last night, their wedding anniversary, Henry had asked, "Why the candles?" Mrs. Stevens sighed with resignation. Mother's best linen, too, and the pink Haviland set,

and Henry had not even noticed! She directed her attention to the pink Haviland now on the kitchen table. The shelves of the china closet having had their semi-annual cleaning, it could be replaced. The task was accomplished with much deliberation. Now the linen! This linen was the Stevens's main claim to prosperity. Goodness knows there was little enough else! Their car was an antiquated rattletrap of the "one-a-minute" type. Mrs. Frank Butler had had a new Buick club-coupe for her anniversary, and Mrs. Butler's husband had started with Henry; but his days had been directed toward making more boxes instead of a search for poetic inspiration. No, the car was no claim to prosperity, but the linen! Mrs. Henry Stevens had inherited that from her mother, who in turn had had it from her great-great-grandmother, Lady Margaret Brewster. Mrs. Butler could lay no boast to such an heirloom. The linen was always washed carefully. Instinctively she turned to the washing-machine on which she had folded it the previous evening. Some steps away she stopped aghast, for there, on the ancient and honorable linen of the Brewster family, reposed the missing pipe, ashes a-spill, and there in the middle of the treasured tablecloth was a ragged, black-edged hole!

Mrs. Henry Stevens experienced a strange, empty sensation as she gazed at the cloth in despair. This was the limit of Henry's thoughtlessness! The cats were bad enough, but this careless disposal of pipes! Mrs. Stevens had never been fond of cats, yet she had tolerated Henry's failing for them. There were only three just at present,—thank heaven!—Ovid, Virgil, and Homer; but goodness only knew when Milton or Shelley would rub his thin sides against Henry's trouser leg in the street and thus be initiated into the poet's paradise. But where was Homer this morning? He hadn't spent the night in the cellar, that was sure. Ovid and Virgil had fought their hurried way over her feet this morning when the cellar door had been unlocked. Homer must have slipped out last night when Mrs. Blake called.

Well, there was the laundry to sprinkle, anyway. Little good it had done her to neglect it yesterday! She turned to the basket beneath the kitchen table . . . Homer, stretched upon it luxuriantly, looked up with an air of supreme feline satisfaction.

For the second time that morning the eternal feminine in Mrs. Henry Stevens suffered! That settled it! The cats would go now. She was a woman of quick action when she believed herself in the right. Homer, his feet now less muddy, thanks to the Stevens's laundry, was rushed from the clothes basket to the cellar. By dint of much knocking on a soup bowl with a spoon, and high-pitched calling, Ovid and Virgil were also imprisoned below. Then she went to the telephone in the hall and called the Animal Rescue League.

"Dear me, I had hoped you could find a good home for them, but you say that people want only kittens. Well, they've got to go anyway. You say it is perfectly painless? Very well, send a man up as soon as possible. You can send the driver this morning? Yes, I'll pay him when he comes. Thank you."

She replaced the receiver with a click of determination and returned to the kitchen to view ruefully the ruined wash.

She felt some qualms at the thought of the driver's coming; but she solaced herself with repeated reminders that it was all for the best, as she reviewed her many previous discomfitures with a self-pitying air.

About an hour later the driver came and Homer, Virgil and Ovid were unceremoniously bundled into the back of the truck.

"You're sure they will go very painlessly?" she asked tremulously as he slammed the doors in the back of the truck.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he answered cheerfully, "I guess if you had one thousand volts of 'juice' passing through you, you'd go out like a light, wouldn't you?"

Shuddering involuntarily at the mention of the "juice," she turned into the house in order not to see them go; and the truck started away with a jerk that sent the three occupants tumbling into a corner.

Well, the washing would have to wait now. Somehow she couldn't start it today. Besides she must leave the incriminating evidence for Henry when he came home at night.

She made her way upstairs to the little sewing room where she had habitually spent her evenings when Henry came home from the box factory with a particularly obnoxious inspiration, and sat down in the slightly dilapidated wicker rocker by the window. Henry had boasted before they were married of being such a handy man about the house. Well, things had certainly changed in the long years since!

Her thoughts turned involuntarily to the old days. What a romantic figure he had seemed then, a blooming young genius.

"I shall not be working as a carpenter long, Kitten," he had said, "with you to inspire me, we will climb to the heights."

The heights! And in all their married life he had not had one poem accepted. He hadn't even climbed to the heights of the box factory! She smiled sadly. He had called her "Kitten" in the old days, and she had thought it romantic. Well, he had better not call her "Kitten" now. She recalled even an ode that he had written to her the night he had proposed. He had won her with it, but she was all he had ever won. Still, he had kept trying. He had been all in a fervor these last two months over that twenty-thousand dollar prize *Scribners* was offering for a great American epic. She dreaded his gloom and disappointment when the

contest closed, and wondered just what he had written for it. He had not made much of a confidante of her of late. That was a blessing, at any rate.

She had a sudden desire to see that "Kitten" ode again. Since Henry never destroyed any of his work, it was probably stuck in the back of a drawer somewhere in the den.

She arose with a sudden effort from the wicker rocker and went downstairs to the den. The chest beneath the window would be the most probable place in which to begin her search. She raised the lid and clucked with feminine displeasure at the dust within. Then securing a dust cloth she began to remove the manuscripts one by one, and lay them, dusted, in piles on the floor. She glanced through an occasional one; some were typed, and some written in Henry's painful scrawl. Some were not finished, and some were written in pencil, and some were already illegible with age. She was surprised to find how often she herself was referred to in such phrases as: "my dear companion," "my understanding mate," and once "my wife, my great inspiration." She began to feel a slight twinge of conscience over her impulsive act of the morning, and not having found the ode for which she was searching in the chest, she decided to clean Henry's den.

After luncheon she finished sweeping and dusting the den, and then turned toward Henry's desk with some hesitation. Since the first few days of their married life she had never disturbed this, in obedience to Henry's one ultimatum. The desk certainly had the appearance of not having been cleaned in twenty-three years. Indeed, she was at a loss to know where to begin, but reflected that she must hurry, for Henry would soon be home from work. She started with the top drawers and worked down, removing the papers and dusting the interior, before replacing them again in a more orderly arrangement. At last she came to the bottom drawer where it was his custom to keep his current work. A sudden desire came to her to know what his latest attempt on the epic had been. On opening the drawer she found a pile of papers in a manila folder, bearing the inscription: "Musings of a Carpenter."

With somewhat of a guilty feeling, she opened it and surveyed the collection of carbon copies within. On the top sheet was inscribed the dedication: "To My Wife," followed by:

"All that I have asked the gods have given:—

I am content!—

Good friends, a home, and you. You made it heav'n

As the long years went."

As she read, the tears welled up in her eyes and crept down her cheeks. Dear, kind, thoughtless Henry. He hadn't changed in all the years. He

had gone on cherishing his dreams and loving her all the while in his queer, sweet, undemonstrative way. She had not tried to understand him of late; she had thought only of herself. She realized now that the years had not changed her—that deep down in her heart she still loved him as she had at first. What matter if they did not have the world's riches? They had something far more precious—love. She would make up to him now for all his misunderstandings. She would——

Her reveries were broken sharply by the sound of an automobile horn from the driveway, the weed-grown driveway. Well, she didn't care if their friends did notice the weeds, Henry was too busy with his poetry to bother with such trivialities. She would go out and hoe it herself in the morning. She stepped to the window and pulled back the drapes cautiously to see who the caller might be. It must be Mrs. Butler, at least it looked like her club-coupe. They must be bringing Henry home, for he was getting out. No, that was a young man driving, not Mr. Butler. She hurried to the door to meet him.

Henry fairly beamed up the walk. His grey moustache no longer drooped disconsolately, it seemed to bristle with happiness. His thin shoulders were thrown back, and his complete appearance was that of a bantam rooster who has just come victorious from a fracas with a cock of heavier breed.

"How do you like your new car, Kitten?" he asked gaily. "Mr. Johnson has promised to change the color if you wish."

"My car!" Mrs. Henry Stevens felt for the doorway for support. "Henry, where did you get it?"

"We won *Scribners* prize, Kitten," he answered. "See our bank-balance and a request for more of my work!"

"Why, Henry! Why bless your dear heart! I don't know what to say." Mrs. Henry Stevens was crying now on Henry's shoulder. "Of course the color is just right, dear."

"Now we can start all over again, Kitten." They went on planning all kinds of improvements about the house, especially a new studio beneath the maple trees in back.

"Where's Homer?" asked Henry suddenly. "Where are all the cats?"

Mrs. Henry Stevens felt a sudden tightening around the throat. "Why—why—they are out back, I guess."

Henry went out calling, "Ovid, Homer, Virgil!" and she rushed to the telephone.

"Hello! Animal Rescue League? Will you return those cats sent in this morning by Mrs. Henry Stevens? What? You haven't them? Did you electrocute them? Oh, they escaped from the truck! They must be found. Do you understand? Yes, and returned here at once."

She hung up the receiver and sat dazedly looking out the window. How could she explain to Henry, if they were not found?

Henry appeared across the back yard, Ovid and Virgil at his heels. She stared again and rubbed her eyes, then ran to the door.

"What happened to Homer?" asked Henry. "Is he down cellar?"

Mrs. Henry Stevens had a sudden inspiration.

"I know where he is, Henry, he's found the cutest bed. Look!"

She stepped to the kitchen table and looked beneath it. Homer was asleep on the Stevens's laundry.

MARY K. CLANCY, '32.

Wind

The wind is a vandal, a buccaneer,
The wind is a pirate bold,
Who sailed the sea in olden days,
A-searching after gold.

The vandal has gone, the buccaneer,
The pirate has ceased to be;
But in the wind they still sail on,
And live in dreams for me.

MARGARET BUDDS, '32.

Swift Moons

“*‘Damna tamen celeres reparent caelestis lunae.’*

“Swift moons for yourself, dear child. You see I still remember enchanted days of youth together. To me, you will always be the same little lady who looked for her lover walking the trail when the little blue river sang in her dreams. “To be very gay, dearest dear, is so near to being very sad.” I do not want to know the sophisticated young lady who refuses to let her heart or anything interfere with our talks of old on youth, and life, and God, and those exquisite silences which had so much heart in them. Those little visits were to me all the lovely things I have no more. Do you remember when we used to think upon a sea stillness, and sea wonder, and the wedding rings that Venice gave the sea, and little love words slipping away into lavender dusk? There was the time when you proudly shouted: “To Victory, I am born!” but I am afraid, my dear, that you have added a new refrain: “Yet I am defeated every day.” In those sweet days when you were disillusioned in some way, you used to pretend that the windy dance of the sally tree with the dreams of golden music of the harp hidden in it was scenting the loneliness of heart which was upon you. Of late I fear you have been too satisfied with wearing the fallen fragments of others’ crowns. The change in you makes me wonder like the gypsy lad who found the Mother lady in Asissi all blue, and bright, and smiling, while in Malaga he found her all in black with a sword up to the hilt in her breast.

“The greatest boon that you in the glow of your youthful heart asked was to fight your own battles and go forward to death like your beloved Cyrano: “Ah, since she is now on her way, I will await her standing . . . sword in hand, and tonight when I enter God’s house in saluting, broadly will I sweep the azure threshold with what, despite of all, I carry for the unblemished and unbent . . . and that is . . . my plume.” Your plume was of green, for exaltation in the wild joy of living, with a touch of rose, the love of a lad for a lass; a streak of blue and silver of blue swords and silver lanterns. Now it is of shadowy purple woven of dreams sky-born, and lovely with a touch of white for the “lovers of wee children who, all the while they are making merry for them, are walking alone in their sadness.

“To you—

All gifts of love and laughter,—and swift moons in golden and silvery succession.”

GRACE JOYCE, '31.

Night Rain

The wind moans dully through the trees,
And stirs the larkspur at my gate,
Fog, soft-caressing as a breeze,
Steals on in silver fluff, to wait
Until the slender darts of autumn rain
Fall clattering at my window-pane.
Then, having kept the faithful tryst,
It melts into a shining mist.

My pansies that had held their faces
To the sun, all flushed and bright,
Lie drooping now in lowly places,
Saddened in the dusky night.
Beneath my rose-pink lamp I smile,
Enjoy my book, since all the while
I know that storm, so like to sorrow,
Will fade in sunshine with the morrow.

RUTH M. ELLIS, '32.

Children's Books

One of the best proofs that books for children hold an important place in literature today is the fact that a Children's Book Week is soon to be observed, in America's favorite manner of showing approval for any movement. Is there any reason why juvenile literature should not have an eminent position in our thoughts and plans? The young mind is so impressionable, so uncritical, so retentive, that its principal exercise, that of reading, should be a matter of interest to everyone who cherishes the hope that the child-generation of today will become the patriotic citizen-generation of tomorrow.

How I wish I could go back to my childhood days and absorb stories, credulous of all that the fancy of my author pictured for me, enjoying whole-heartedly everything from the classics to nursery rhymes. It is this happiness that we must strive to provide for children today.

In view of the coming event, it is interesting to note the history of the development of children's literature. In English literature we find the child's library a unique development from the point of view of inspiration, subject matter, and production. Within the term "children's books" we include books read, or meant to be read, by children for pleasure or for profit, or for both, in their leisure hours. In the very beginnings of English literature there were the riddles of Cynewulf, Aelfric, Aldhelm, and a few others, which children were forced to read as a part of their education, in fact children had no books apart from their school books before the seventeenth century. In the sixteenth century the "hornbook" came into vogue. It was made up of an alphabet, a short syllabary, and the Lord's Prayer, printed on a small sheet of paper which was nailed on a piece of board of the shape of a spade's head and covered with transparent horn. In the eighteenth century this evolved into a "battledore," which was no more than a folded card containing practically the same literary elements and the added attraction of a few crude illustrations. Another "best-seller" of the sixteenth century was an etiquette book, or a manual of courtesy and manners which was recognized as a necessity only by the more prosperous families. From this, reading for youth developed into a type that was extremely didactic, so that all through the eighteenth century a moralizing tone characterized the writings of such men as Thomas White and John Bunyan.

During the reigns of Queen Anne and the first three Georges the first attempt to give children what they wanted, or rather, what their elders thought they wanted, resulted in the publication of the "chapbook." This contained fragments of ancient romances which were not originally meant for children. The juvenile editions of the chapbook preserved the delicate trend of fairy lore, a remnant of ancient mythology handed

down through the ages. During the eighteenth century were added *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, several of Watt's poems, stilted versions of Perrault's fairy tales, and at the end of the century, the glorious *Arabian Nights*, which Cardinal Wiseman enthusiastically recalls as the favorite of his boyhood days.

1744 was the natal year of nursery rhymes as we know them, introduced by "Tommy Thumb's Pretty Song Book," the author of which is unknown, and followed in 1760 by our own "Mother Goose Rhymes." Who of us has not enjoyed many happy hours with Mother Goose? The publication and production of children's books dates from this time; for John Newbery, the first child's book publisher, opened a bookshop in London and became so successful that the trade became popular.

Until 1825 a struggle was waged for survival between the "moral tale" and the "fairy tale" which contained an element of fantasy and fun. Fortunately for future generations the fairy tale was triumphant. It is amusing to note that a very influential society, "The Society for the Suppression of Vice," had as one of its greatest aims the denunciation of fairy tales. We "moderns" may smile!

The nineteenth century in England gave us such juvenile writers as Mrs. Sherwood, a fine story teller, eminently moral; Maria Edgeworth, inspired and sympathetic moralist; Charles and Mary Lamb, who contributed a few poems and their "Tales from Shakespeare," the language of which was somewhat weighty for children, but still contained that "curious charm" belonging to the Lambs; and also Ruskin and Thackeray. The modern era includes Cruikshank's edition of the Grimm Brothers' "Fairy Tales," the fairy tales of Andersen, Kingsley, Jean Ingelow, George MacDonald, Ballantyne, Marryat, and many others, products of an age which realized the hopelessness of appending heavy morals to fairy tales, and of flooding playtime hours with instruction. Today England produces stories pure and simple, adult in form, but young in style and psychology.

To get an idea of the early type of an American child's books, we need only glance at their titles: John Cotton in 1656 wrote "Spiritual Milk for Boston Babes in Either England"; Cotton Mather in 1700 wrote "A Token of Children in whom the Fear of God was Remarkably Budding Before they Died." Needless to say their popularity could not have been overwhelming. "The New England Primer," published in 1690, added elementary instructions to the didacticism of its predecessors, made slightly more attractive by its few illustrations. Midway in the eighteenth century the desire to furnish amusement plus instruction led to the importations of the juvenile editions from the press of John Newbery's London shop. The same parents who were allowing their children to read

abridged editions of "Clarissa" and "Tom Jones" were at first hesitant about permitting them to indulge in these "new-fangled books." By 1800, the literature of Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Trimmer, Mrs. Edgeworth, and Miss More had crossed the ocean to be placed at the disposal of "young America."

At this time the Sunday School Union was established to furnish the young folks with proper material for Sunday reading. The rising preachers of the day and their maiden relatives wrote glibly on theological subjects adapted for children. Their books, first in great demand, gradually lost favor and publishers began to complain that their dogmatic nature limited their sale. Miss Sedgewick, the only educated and practised writer who had been asked to write for the Union, was requested by one of her readers to change a game of marbles mentioned in one of her stories to kite-flying, because the element of betting suggested by marble playing was immoral. By the end of the nineteenth century the Sunday School Union had vanished completely and left the field to such writers as Susan Warner, Martha Finley, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mrs. Sara Hale, and a few others of similar tastes.

Just as in the early eighteenth century the introduction of periodicals did a great deal toward the success of the essay, then in its embryo, so in 1827, the introduction of the first two children's magazines, the *Juvenile Miscellany*, edited by Mrs. Childs, and *Youth's Companion*, edited by Nathaniel Willis, was a landmark in the development of juvenile literature, and by the end of the nineteenth century America had become a leader in the fast-growing production of children's books. Some of our famous authors who did not write intentionally for children were enjoyed by them to such an extent that their characters have become traditions in the child world; for example, Cooper's Indians and his Yankee trader, his scout; Irving's Rip Van Winkle; Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom. Hawthorne, in his *Grandfather's Chair* and *Tanglewood Tales*, wrote directly for children. In 1865 Ticknor and Fields first published the successful magazine, *Our Young Folks*, and employed as authors, Mrs. Stowe, Whittier, E. E. Hale, Rose Terry Cooke, and Bayard Taylor. Later it was merged into the *Saint Nicholas*, edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. At last America's youth was being satisfied, and no more didacticism but pure recreation was available in literature.

The notable success of the next period is evidenced by the popularity of Louisa May Alcott, an author beloved by every American child. She wrote simply of her own experiences, and the romance and adventures of her family have been enjoyed by every generation since. *The Saint Nicholas* encouraged such writers as Sophie May and Margaret Sydney

and the market came to be overrun with books for girls, and series books such as the "Dotty Dimple" books and the "Little Peppers." This was immediately offset by the rise of Elijah Kellogg, William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), Horatio Alger, Jr., and similar concoctors of lurid melodrama. Their books aroused admiration for sterling qualities, but the sophisticated youth of the next generation disdained them. Moreover, careful librarians recognized the danger of over emphasis of the luck element, and the importance given to material ambition which would have a tendency to incline youthful ideas in the wrong direction. The revolt from this type produced the plots of innocent pranks as legitimate subjects for children's books. J. T. Trowbridge (1864) wrote *Cudjo's Cave*, James Otis Kahn (1877) wrote *Toby Tyler*, Thomas B. Aldrich (1869), *The Story of a Bad Boy*, and Mark Twain completed the era with *Tom Sawyer* (1876) and its sequel, *Huckleberry Finn* (1884). These were looked at askance by the moralists, but they were soon accepted not only as stories of typical American boys, but they became world classics and reaped with man and boy the highest triumph possible to fiction, the reader's recognition of his own psychology and temperament. Later Mark Twain, for the benefit of his few adverse critics, balanced his element of "unimprovingness" by his third book, *The Prince and the Pauper*, characterized by excessive seriousness of purpose.

The most characteristic feature of American juvenile literature is its distinct Americanism. "It has indeed several times been observed that one can get more of American life from juvenile than from the adult fiction of a period." This statement refers to the period just after the Civil War, but it may be applied to all periods of American literature. The independence and liveliness of American children appear on every page of their books. The all-important parents and guardians of English juvenile literature, who appear as unnatural and fierce ogres, figure very little in American children's books; but when they do, they are helpful, understanding companions of the children. In the domain of genuine fancy and literary power the American juvenile authors are inferior to those of England, so we are beginning to hear pleas for the restoration of idealistic qualities in place of the realism into which juvenile literature has slowly been deteriorating. Francis R. Stockton has given us a considerable quantity of valuable work in fairy tales, also Howard Pyles, with his *Robin Hood* (1803), and the *Uncle Remus* tales of Joel Chandler Harris.

America has also furnished a department of poetry for its youth in the work of Clement C. Moore, *A Visit from St. Nicholas* (1823), Lucy Larcom, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Eugene Field, James W. Reilly, and a host of others.

The Catholic youth of the past two generations realize their good fortune in having been able to enjoy the fruits of one of the greatest child-lovers of all ages, the late Reverend Francis J. Finn., S.J. Father Lord says of him in the Preface to his *Memoirs*: "He seemed to understand modern young people and like them. . . . He had the astonishing ability to get the viewpoint of a college boy and, quite as easily, the viewpoint of a flapper stenographer lately a graduate of this school." We know that the sympathetic mind which created *Tom Playfair*, *Claude Lightfoot*, *The Fairy of the Snows*, and his twenty-four other classics, many of which have been translated into French, German, Flemish, Italian, Polish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Spanish, and Portuguese, understood and loved his reader, and we are proud of him.

Maurice Francis Egan in his *Confessions of a Book Lover* tells of his love as a child for Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and Dumas. Of course the classics will always appeal to children, and in picking up a librarian's book list, it is amazing to note the vast numbers of juvenile editions of even the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Mr. Egan tells us that Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* had the greatest influence on him of any of the books read in his boyhood. "There was good stuff in it; it made me feel proud to be a Christian; it was full of thrills." And so it is, the main object of children's books should be to thrill them, and at the same time inspire them with noble ideals. The recent development in literature for children is amazing. "In America it has reached a comparative eminence which it shows in no other department." If this were true twenty-five or thirty years ago, how much more can be said of its development today. May the greatest success and the keenest interest attend Children's Book Week!

JEANNE H. STEINBREMNER, '32.

Nature's Sacrifice

Flaming holocaust is offered
On a sylvan slope today.
Dimming glory crowns the hillside,
As the sere leaves float away.

MARY F. KELLEY, '32.

Tout Passe

The sky is of the clearest blue ;
The trees in vivid autumn tints
Of flame and gold take up the glow
Lent by the sun, with sparkling glints.

The sky is of the dullest grey ;
Those gorgeous leaves of gold and flame,
Now trampled in the street, lie wet
And dark from harsh and biting rain.

All passes ; everything
That was, or is, or is to be,
Save God, the Maker of us all,
Who lives through all eternity.

MARY K. CLANCEY, 32.

Democracy

"A tulip and a rose,
You say, weren't meant to be
United in a nosegay
In close proximity.
And yet, why not?—The rose
Can't lose gentility,
The tulip can't repress
Her vibrant gaiety.
Now look at this bouquet
And read what you can see;
A tulip and a rose
That speaks Democracy!"

K. M. R.

"Will arrive on Southwestern Limited. Love. Jack," read the telegram. "Jack coming home! Jack coming home!" sang my heart, while several popular tunes poured forth from my lips.

It was a Saturday afternoon early in the fall. The boys were at one of the big games of the season, Father had been detained at the office, Mother was preparing the heartiest of meals for the return of our "Ohian" brother, and I was scheduled to meet the train.

Happy with anticipation I started to dress, and paused before my not-too-pretentious wardrobe. What should I wear to meet this beloved brother of mine? It wasn't very cold out, but still it looked a little like rain. After a few moments' deliberation, I chose the red beret, and the red jacket over the navy wool sport dress. These, together with my brown oxfords, made me look absurdly young for a college senior, still Jack liked me that way, so the red outfit won out. With a raincoat over my arm, in case those little clouds decided to burst, I set out happily for the South Station.

I was surprised when I arrived there to find such a crowd. Walking through the waiting-room I noticed the guard writing on the huge blackboard, and much to my dismay I read: "Southwestern Limited from Cleveland—One hour and forty minutes late."

It was so gloomy and grey outside, and such a long walk to the shopping district that I decided to content myself within the station. It is such a remarkable building now. So many improvements had been made, since the last time I had been there to meet the Ohio train, that I spent some minutes admiring it. Then a magazine with an attractive cover struck my eye, and purchasing a copy, I found a comfortable seat in the waiting room. The magazine was not, however, so interesting as its cover had promised and in a few minutes I had lost interest.

Looking up I saw sitting opposite me the strangest, most exotic, most,—could I say beautiful?—yes, the most beautiful young lady I had even seen, barring, of course, some cinema productions. She wore a sable coat, exquisite beyond all dreams, and under her small hat, her raven-black hair was brushed out over her cheeks. A beautiful face! Her eyes, large, dark brown, no, blue eyes! And these eyes were fixed upon . . . me. This beautiful creature was staring at me! I started to smile in return. She was so indescribably lovely, yet something in her glance was forbidding. She seemed to warn me not to notice her. Instinctively my eyes dropped to my magazine, and then, hardly knowing why, I felt she was leaving. Yes, she had gone out carrying a small suit case.

Why was she so strange? Why this apparent mystery? In a moment or two I noticed that she had returned, and instead of taking her former place opposite me, she sat on the long bench beside me. I glanced in her direction. Nothing separated us but a few old newspapers. She seemed absorbed in a book now. Her eyes were fixed on it; her face gave no sign of any emotion whatever. Even while reading, her features were perfectly controlled. But . . . yes, under the newspapers she was passing something to me. Quietly, unobtrusively I picked up a note and slipping it over my magazine I read: "You must sell me your red coat and hat. Take bag near you. At once! Go to parlor. Put coat and hat in bag. Imperative!"

My red coat and beret! My old red jacket that had seen at least two or three seasons' wear! What did this creature in sables want with my old coat? Still she seemed so lovely. I glanced at her, but her look told nothing. It would be adventure anyway. I couldn't understand it, but it would be fun! In this spirit I picked up the bag, which at a glance I knew to be a one-dollar Grant Specialty, not exactly in keeping with sables, but perfectly all right with red sportswear.

A few moments later I came out of the parlor attired in my rain-coat, minus my hat, and clutching the bag containing the desired garments. I wondered what would happen, but I needn't have worried an instant; for my friend in sables, quickly, quietly, without attracting any attention, relieved me of the bag. I was dumbfounded. I had never seen any one act with such assurance. What would happen next?

I stationed myself within easy range of the doorway of the waiting room, wondering what would happen. After a moment or two, I saw my coat. Oh! I'd know it anywhere, my red coat had been so much a part of me. But I didn't, I couldn't recognize the Lady of the Sables in this sporty, jaunty American girl. Her hair had been brushed back from her face, the beret was at a daring and rakish angle, and the kilted skirt she wore contrived to change her from a sophisticate to a mere child.

Surprised I stood marvelling at the transformation, and had enough of the philosopher in me to repeat the trite expression: "Clothes do make the man—or woman," so that for a moment I forgot that this creature, quickly losing herself in the crowd, without so much as a glance in my direction, owed me something. She had not said "Give," but "Sell me your coat and hat." Well, I was stupid! Old as the jacket might be, it would probably be some time before I'd see another.

No sign of her now! She had completely lost herself in that Saturday rush! I had started to turn back to my first waiting place, when I noticed a beaming redcapped porter approaching me.

"Yo' frien' jus' tol' me to give yo' this. She said yo' was to take charge of it."

Something in his behaviour told me that he had just become the possessor of a larger than usual tip, but I added to it as generously as I could, and with the Grant bag (for it was none other) in my hand, I sauntered down the platform. Naturally I was anxious to open the bag, but perhaps I had better wait.

The crowd seemed to be getting deeper, and in one part of the station I noticed a great commotion. Not feeling I had had enough adventure for one day, I joined these excited persons. They were foreign, possibly Italian, for although I did not know the language, it sounded like southern Europe. Some of them were in uniform, resplendent with brass buttons, others were in morning clothes, and all were gesticulating wildly, and talking loudly and violently as if trying to outdo one another.

"Didn't anyone see her?" asked one in English, the first English I had heard spoken for some minutes. I tried to ask someone standing near who it was they were discussing, and what had happened, but I could get no satisfactory reply. Finally I heard the station master explain to the foreign gentleman that the ticket sellers remembered no one in sable; and that there was no record of her boarding a train. Yes, someone had seen her three-quarters of an hour earlier, but not since.

What should I do? Should I say something? Certainly, it should not be hard to trace a red coat. Ah! But she looked so lovely, and there was something so very appealing about her. I must find out first her identity. The station master looked rather approachable, so I asked him, and to my amazement he answered: "They are looking for the Princess Georgiana."

The Princess Georgiana! I had read of her many times. "Yes?" It was a question on my part, and the kindly guard continued, "They are afraid she has run away to marry her American lover."

That settled it. I would be a good sport and keep faith with the Princess. I should not tell. I wouldn't have time anyway, for the big

clock said, "time for Jack," and in a few minutes I was enveloped in a brotherly bear-hug. Jack, being Jack, could not understand why I was carrying a bag, and almost demanded an explanation then and there, but I prevailed upon him to wait, with the promise that I should explain everything later.

In the bag was the sable coat! I have put it away carefully, very carefully, for only Princesses wear sables, but tucked away among its soft folds is a newspaper clipping which reads:

"Princess Georgiana on visit here, foils bodyguard, and escapes to marry American lover. Beautiful royal daughter refuses marital bans decreed by State and weds lover here."

My little help for Democracy!!

LOUISE FIELDING, '31.

A Cyclone

The sky, whose vast and ever-changing face
Reveals the forces Nature has at hand,
Was set awhirl, in rapid, quickening pace,
With storm clouds, black and fierce; and o'er the land
Was cast a shadow; and the wind, a band
Of loudest instruments, sent through the air
A melody disheartening and rare.

Sharp bolts of light were flashing through the sky;
A roar of thunder,—and
The calmness of the vale and lake nearby
Was desecrated; here and there a lane,
Bestrewn with upturned trees, a home, in vain
Protected from the rage of flames, showed well
The might of Nature in a wrathful spell.

MARY K. CLANCEY, '32.

Centennials

We of Boston have been so engrossed in duly observing the three-hundredth birthday of our beloved city, that we have been prone to overlook other important anniversaries commemorated this year. Turning from our demonstrations of civic pride, we find the attention of the world drawn to men and events which in classical, literary, and ecclesiastical fields are marking milestones in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty. Modern youth pauses in his hurry and rush to pay tribute to an ancient poet of poets, Virgil, the Bard of Romanity, the brightness of whose name is as undimmed on the bimillenary of his birth as it was when all Rome hailed his genius. English literature echoes this commemorative spirit by rendering honor to William Hazlitt, outstanding critic and essayist of the early nineteenth century. The Church roll of honor adds two memorable names to the lists: Saint Bernard, who was created a Doctor of the Church in 1830, and the great Saint Augustine, whose death occurred in 430 A.D. These are some of the anniversaries that are making this year a memorable one, anniversaries of men who have definitely left their mark not on one country or era, but upon the civilization of all time.

VIRGIL

Is it not remarkable today that we find a world, totally engrossed in its modernity and its progress, pausing to pay tribute to a poet, an ancient Roman, who lived two thousand years ago? Let us look to find the explanation either in the time, or in the man himself. Since this age of ours is one in which most men are not motivated by a dominant interest in the past, and especially in the remote period of the Augustan age, we must seek the cause of the magnetism which has drawn the attention of an otherwise indifferent people back over the centuries to the man himself. What manner of man was Virgil? What is the power in his works that has withstood the blight of ages and has preserved his glory undimmed?

From tradition and ancient records we learn that he was a shy, gentle person, whose physical constitution and general temperament debarred him from both the accepted Roman careers, that of the soldier, and that of the orator. He found delight in quiet study, in reading, and in meditation, pursuits in which his patrimony was sufficient for him to indulge. Fortune seemed to smile upon his peaceful existence, for when the Republican estates were confiscated after Philippi, Virgil

was compensated by another in Campania. After this slight interruption he continued his placid, scholarly life, applauded by all Rome, patronized by Maecenas, and befriended by the Emperor himself, whose interest in Virgil resulted finally in the composition of the "Aeneid."

That Virgil used these favorable circumstances to the best advantage is obvious to any one familiar with his masterful productions. He was essentially the poet of the true Roman spirit, whether he sang of the beauty of the Italian countryside to call back a wandering people to the simple joys and pursuits of their forefathers, or whether he poured forth the triumphant story of the origin of his city and his race in one mighty poem. It was this quality which roused in the hearts of his contemporaries a great love and appreciation for the man who so expertly voiced their ideals. To their Christian Roman descendants, they bequeathed their pride in their nation and their esteem of Virgil, its eulogist. The medieval world found in Virgil many Christian sentiments, especially in the case of the Fourth Eclogue, which was acclaimed by many as a "Messianic prophecy." Not only did their interest extend to content, but also to literary style and form, the beauty of which they must have recognized, for they adopted Virgil as a text-book almost universally. The moderns have now rejected all the allegorical interpretations of Virgil, which had so many adherents in the Middle Ages, and have turned their attention to the perfection of his poetry and the mastery of his style. But whether their interest is in his pride of race, or in remote Christian similarities, or technical artistry, there is one quality which has gained the admiration and sympathy of all times and all peoples, that is the note of pity, and of the understanding of the blend of sadness that makes life, "*Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.*"

CLARE MARTELL, '31.

ST. AUGUSTINE

There is no one more worthy of recognition by us than the great scholar and saint, Augustine of Hippo, who went to receive his eternal reward fifteen hundred years ago, in the year four hundred and thirty. He was not merely a man of the fourth century, for his influence has been felt in every age since then, and is with us today. We all know the interesting events of his life: his birth into a home where Christianity was worthily practised by his virtuous mother, Saint Monica, and where paganism was practised by a less worthy father; his subsequent falling from the straight and narrow path of virtue during his boyhood, and his pursuit of such a life for fifteen years; his ultimate conversion from the

Manichean sect to Christianity through the prayers of his pious mother ; and finally, his ordination, and his election to the See of Hippo. A truly remarkable career touching on both extremes of life, the highest and the lowest.

The Very Reverend Bede Jarrett, O.P., preaching at the midday Mass of the celebration at Westminster Cathedral, dealt with the conversion of the Saint. To reinforce his statement that he was the greatest man who ever lived in Christian times, he enumerated his titles of theologian, writer, expounder of Scripture, educationalist, philosopher, scientist, lover of beauty in every form and shape, drama, music, art, poetry, and cultivated speech.

In reviewing the life of this saint, however, let us not forget that he was very human. Unlike the lives of so many holy people in which sanctity came easily, his life was a continual struggle toward virtue. He met the same problems that face each one of us, he felt the same sorrows and heartaches, knew the same cares and worries, and what is more, he found their solution. This was not so simple as it appears, for temptations were as numerous to him as they are to us, and we have evidences that oftentimes he followed these strong inclinations. But that love that led him astray, according to his own telling, also brought him to extreme sanctity, because the same characteristics were in the new as in the old Augustine.

We all know the oft-repeated story of his conversion, told in his *Confessions*. One day, while in a garden, he heard a voice, and turning around beheld a volume which he had been reading, across which was written Saint Paul's message to the Romans: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences." Thenceforth he was converted. As a fitting end to his *Confessions*, he inserts the most beautiful chapter of all in which he depicts for us his perfect trust and hope in God, who is regarded as the mediator of all sorrows and trials: "Behold, O Lord, I cast all my care upon thee, thou knowest my ignorance and weaknesses, do thou teach me and heal me."

Although it is fifteen centuries since Saint Augustine left this world, there are many similarities between his age and our own. In his day there were three forms of paganism: first, that which regarded most things in the nature and standpoint of doom; next, that which had thrown off God and given itself to riotous living; and lastly, that of the Barbarians who gave no thought whatsoever to the Person of God but went on thinking solely about material affairs. That was Augustine's world, and if we look around today, is it not very much the same?

EMILY B. QUINN, '31.

SAINT BERNARD

Just one hundred years ago Pope Pius VIII bestowed upon Saint Bernard the title of "Doctor of the Church." It is fitting, therefore, that we stop to ponder a moment over this "glory of the twelfth century."

Saint Bernard was born in 1091 at the castle of Fontaines, near Dijon, France, of an eminent family. A delicate child physically, his spirit flourished under the guidance of his pious mother, Elizabeth. Gifted with a great capacity for study, he was sent to college at the church of Chatillon-sur-Seine, where he made rapid progress in learning. The power of his personality was so great that when, in 1113, he entered the Cistercian monastery at Citeaux, his brothers and other noblemen accompanied him. In 1115, accompanied by twenty-five monks, he established a new house of his order in the diocese of Langres at Clairvaux, and there spent a holy life, the influence of which radiated into every phase of activity in Europe.

All came to consult him,—priests, laymen, princes, prelates, even kings and popes. In 1130, at a council of French Bishops near Paris, he spoke in favor of Innocent II, and brought many, among whom was Henry II of England, who had been formerly inclined to favor the anti-pope Anacletus, to the side of Innocent. He also entered the lists against Peter Abelard, and so silenced and confounded him that Abelard later wrote an apology for his errors, retired to the monastery of Cluny, and died an edifying death.

Eugenius III appointed Saint Bernard in 1147 to preach the Second Crusade. The failure of the undertaking did much to sadden the last days of this wonderful Saint. The fault, however, lay not with Bernard, but in treachery and treason among those with whom he dealt. Besides, he ended the quarrel between Roger of Sicily and Lothaire, and the schism of William X; he assisted at the Second General Lateran Council, and at the Tenth Ecumenical Council. These are, however, only a few of the many things he accomplished during his holy life. His humility was so great that when he was declared both by the election of clergy and the acclamation of the faithful, Archbishop of Rheims, he firmly refused the honor.

During his last years he suffered continuously from sickness and trials, the most severe of which was occasioned by the death of Pope Eugenius III, his greatest friend and consoler. Saint Bernard died on August 20, 1153, the first Cistercian monk to be placed on the Calendar of Saints, being canonized by Alexander III January 18, 1174, and having lived forty years in the cloister. He left behind him seven hundred monks at Clairvaux, and one hundred and sixty monasteries founded in different nations of Europe and Asia.

There is no doubt that Saint Bernard was the chief figure of his time. He stands before us as the valiant and successful defender of the Holy See and of the Vicar of Christ, and a leader whose influence was felt in all classes of society. Bernard's literary works are noted for their profound piety, clearness, and simplicity. His treatises on "Twelve Degrees of Humility," "On Errors of Abelard," and "On Consideration" are his masterpieces; while his "Canticle of Canticles" and writings on the Blessed Virgin Mary are still widely read. These pious and learned works, his holy personal life, and vast accomplishments for the Church won for him the title, "Doctor of the Church," a title which places his name in the list of other great Doctors of the Church, such as Saint Basil the Great, Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine, Saint Gregory the Great, and Saint Thomas Aquinas, men who have lived not for one generation or for one century, but for all time.

HELEN J. MARTINEAU, '31.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

September, 1930, marks the anniversary of the death of William Hazlitt, one of the leading literary men of his day in England. That he was outstanding in his own time is no small tribute, for the period in which he lived can boast of such competitors for fame as Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, Byron, Lamb, and a host of others. With such contemporaries the slightest mediocrity would have condemned an author to utter oblivion, yet the name of William Hazlitt has passed the test and has come down to us undimmed.

It would seem that in his personal life Hazlitt was extremely unfortunate. In his youth, he was extremely shy, and although he became less so in his maturer years he was always retiring and awkward in his manner. He first devoted himself to art, and even painted a portrait of his father, and one of the most faithful of his friends, Charles Lamb. Not attaining any degree of success, however, he turned to writing and lecturing. A spirit of rebellion seems to have dwelt within him, a spirit which never permitted contentment to enter his life. His marriage was not happy, and his home life was far from peaceful. He seemed to lack affection in such a singular manner that we find ourselves, despite his tendency toward disagreements, pitying rather than censuring him. It was his own disposition that deprived him of what is really worthwhile in life. The cause to a great extent lay in his own character, in some perversity of spirit which caused him to quarrel with all his friends except Lamb. At so critical a period as that of the Battle of Waterloo he

lauded Napoleon, the enemy of his country, and decried the great English hero of the day, the Duke of Wellington.

The fame which posterity has awarded to Hazlitt, and which has increased with the years, rests on his ability as a critic and an essayist. In his literary criticism he relied to a great extent upon his own personal judgment, which was very frank but very true. It was his proud boast that he was accustomed to begin to write his impressions of a work as soon as he had finished reading. Today he is universally known as the author of *The Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* and *Lectures on the English Comic Writers*.

Hazlitt may be known by most of us, however, as a writer of personal essays rather than as a critic. It is in such volumes as *Round Table* and *Table Talk* that we have made our first acquaintance with him. The chief charm of these volumes lies in their relevance to our own experiences. "Going on a Journey" cannot fail to find a sympathetic reaction in the minds of modern readers who have enjoyed a similar simple pastime. This essay is second in popularity only to the one "On Familiar Style," which explains the qualifications necessary for perfecting an art whose value is frequently minimized in writing a familiar essay, his special contribution to English literature, although we must not omit mention of his two contemporaries, Lamb and De Quincey, who did a great deal also in perfecting the essay by introducing a poetic feeling into the style, while Hazlitt lent it vigor and effectiveness.

On the prose of the Romantic era, therefore, Hazlitt has left his stamp, as clearly defined as his personality itself. His faculty for criticism led him into philosophical and political fields, wherein he distinguished himself by such works as *Free Thoughts on Public Affairs* and *The Life of Napoleon*. As the years have passed his genius has become more generally recognized, an event which was prophesied by an unknown contemporary who said of him, "His memory is entitled to justice, of which he had but little when living."

CLARE MARTELL, '31.

A Promise

The golden stars are out tonight,
The promise of the morning's dawn;
Tomorrow, rising Phoenix-like
From out the ashes of this morn.

GRACE JOYCE, '31.

Unprepared

What feeling or emotion can be compared with that of a student who enters the classroom with the heart-sinking knowledge that she is unprepared? I do not mean the person who, from continuous repetition, has reached the state of not caring. Such a one can hardly be described as a "student"; for, after all, one must have some desire of learning in order to attain to that classification.

Have you ever spent an evening in jollification, and the next morning entered the classroom with clutchings at your heart, and guilty feelings which seemed to paralyze your tongue when it tried to utter a very feeble excuse? I have. To imagine that I may not be called on is silly. If I had spent the night before in preparation that might happen, but when I am unprepared—never! I sit down uneasily and gaze at the clock, with the earnest and fervent hope that "tempus fugit" might prove true; but the clock remains lazy, complacent, and unheeding my burning glances.

I look around, seeking a companion in my misery, remembering that sometimes there is safety in numbers, but this hope soon dwindles; utterly wilted by the answer given to my questioning look by the chief assignment-dodger of the class: "Funny, but I happened to do the lesson last night." I smile weakly. Who was the knowing person who said, "Ignorance is bliss"? Does anyone really believe that? Let him who does, experience the sickening, choking sensation that envelops me as the professor picks up the little white cards for marking the results of our recitations. An unbelievable loathing for those prying, justice-seeking oblongs fills me. What will they record for me today, escape or ruin?

But wait, a knock at the door, and a messenger enters. The cards are laid down on the desk. What sublime peace I feel, like the calm after a storm. If only someone wants the professor right away for some urgent reason—perhaps someone is very ill. No, that is a wicked thing to wish; quickly I try to think of something quite harmless for which a teacher might be summoned from class. If only—but the messenger has gone out—alone! I cast another beseeching glance at the clock. The hands have crawled along only ten of the long minutes. It must be horrid to be a minute, and have to wait patiently for such lazy patrollers! The professor picks up the cards again. Those cards! I know that if another night ever comes I shall dream of little white cards relentlessly pointing at me and calling out my name, as I, breathless and weary, try to pull the hands of a clock violently to the hour of dismissal, but——

The fire gong is ringing! It bangs out with blessed assurance. Yes, we had been told earlier in the day that there would be a fire-drill some day soon, but I little realized at the time what a glorious boon it was to

be. I quite agree that people should be taught how to conduct themselves at a fire drill.

The professor sighs as we all file out. Perhaps it is a real fire and those cards will be burned. Ah! I must control my wild desire!

A minute or two later we re-enter the classroom. The fire drill is over, and class must go on. Perhaps if I reported to the Dean that it had not been a perfect drill, that I had seen at least two girls running, she would ring the bell again. No, my desire for perfect order would seem too sudden. It would not be understood.

What is the use? I sit down, feeling utterly depressed and conquered in spirit. Again the cards are taken up. What is that deadly beating around my heart? Surely everyone around must wonder about the horrible noise? The doctor has prescribed "no excitement" for weak hearts. Why doesn't the professor realize what danger he is causing me?

Revengefully I decide that if ever I am asked for a perfect illustration of stubbornness, I shall revengefully answer: "A clock!" Can nothing move it? Nothing? A name is firmly read from a card—mine! Five minutes to go—and—I have lost!

MARY E. CUNNINGHAM, '32.

At Dusk

Darkness, save for one soft candle,
Shimmering in the stillness there,
Vigilant at God's own household.
What a privilege to share!

Touching strains of organ music
Penetrate the solemn air.
All is restful, calm, and peaceful;
All is well, for Christ is there.

ANN GRADY, '31.

The Thirteenth Brick

Br-r-ring! Br-r-ring!

Mrs. Lee, creamy, plump, and comfortable, ensconced in a large armchair near the fireplace in the library, was rudely awakened by the bell.

"Now who on earth can it be at this early hour? Not Arthur surely, he never gets home until after dark. Hurry, Jane, and answer the bell."

"A lady to see you, Madam. . . . No, Madam, she wouldn't give her name. She said you wouldn't know it."

"And you took her into the living room?" breathed Mrs. Lee, rolling to her feet in alarm. She was not pleased with the idea of a stranger in her living room. "A charity collector more than likely, but nevertheless she might have a temptation to collect some of my special treasures, thinking that 'charity begins at home.' " With these thoughts, she entered the living room, and the stranger, delicate and distinctive in black, turned towards her hostess.

"Nice looking," thought Mrs. Lee, "but not the most beautiful young girl that I have seen." Aloud she said, "Well, what can I do for you?"

"First I ought to beg your pardon. You don't know me at all, and I suppose that I really should not have come here, but I just couldn't resist the temptation. You see I used to live here with my grandmother when I was a little girl, and I had a great longing to look inside again."

"Well now, that's very natural," said Mrs. Lee, while she regarded the girl with a certain amount of suspicion. "You never can tell about people nowadays, so many of these pretty faces are deceptive," was her mental observation.

The girl's gaze wandered from one object in the room to another, pausing here and there to indulge in a fond, lingering gaze.

"This house has been greatly changed. Our things weren't half so attractive as yours." Mrs. Lee glowed with pride. "Ours were old-fashioned, built for durability, not for beauty. Awful! I can still smell the dust." She wrinkled her dainty nose. Then her eyes grew dreamy and she continued: "But I like to recall my childhood in this house with its many nooks and corners. We did not have any electricity then, and the house used to seem so ghostly."

"Oh, well," replied Mrs. Lee, gathering herself into a practical, common-sense bundle with folded arms, "we all know that childhood's much the best time of our lives."

"But still," contradicted her visitor brightly, "I've often been happier since I grew up."

"Mad—!" thought Mrs. Lee to herself, although she did not really think so. "Still she might be one of those 'writers' who are always imagining things have different ideas from anybody else."

The fair visitor again turned her attention toward the house and its furnishings. "Your furnishings fascinate me. The house doesn't seem the same somehow." While looking into a glass case filled with various treasures, she exclaimed, "I just love interesting curios."

Again the glimmer of suspicion flickered in Mrs. Lee's eyes. She was torn between two emotions, one to ring for Jane to show the lady out—this would be the height of the dramatic—or to await the outcome of the visit, this she felt would be an adventure. Curiosity conquered and she remained in her chair.

"I'm really behaving quite atrociously, wasting your time, and not even telling you what I want. . . ."

"But I can guess what you want! You want to look over the house, and you shall have your wish. I've just had a new bookcase put into the library, and the kitchen has. . . ."

"But I'm not interested in either the library or the kitchen. What I am interested in," here she rose with eyes flashing, and her whole body quivering with suppressed excitement, "what I am interested in is the cellar."

"In what? the cellar!" Mrs. Lee's suspicions of madness now became almost a conviction.

"Yes, you may think me foolish, but is the brick wall still unmolested in the left-hand corner of the cellar?"

"Yes, yes, but why all this excitement! Sit down and tell me more."

"Well, there used to be in the farthest corner of the cellar, a little door that was concealed by the brick wall. Grandmother used to hide some of the suspected witches there at the time of the witchcraft affair. You know I never saw inside that door, and I used to ask mother to show it to me, but she always told me to wait until another time."

"But have you any idea what's inside?"

"No, but I used to imagine all sorts of things. I imagined it a regular fairyland." She looked wistfully at Mrs. Lee. "I hoped that I might peek inside some day."

"Poor child! Well, you certainly shall see it if I have anything to say about it, but of course there is nothing there."

"Oh, thank you so much!"

"Not at all, not at all. I can put my hand on the cellar key in a minute. I declare I'm quite thrilled myself! It seems so queer never to have known of such a door in your own cellar." She talked herself

out of the room. She was vaguely uneasy lest her husband should return before her caller had left. "Goodness knows how he would carry on if he knew that I listened to such foolish talk. But for once I am going to have my own way."

She returned with a candle in one hand, and a box of matches and a key in the other. She motioned to her visitor and together they walked toward the cellar door.

"You see, we have no electricity in the cellar, so I shall have to take a candle along. Mind the first step now, it's pretty dim down here. Well, we are off on the Great Adventure."

"I'll go first, if you don't mind. You see I know the way."

"I declare, this candle is not worth much of anything. Where are you, anyway?"

A whisper, followed by a child's sweet laugh, stole out of the gloom. The darkness increased tenfold. The candle gave forth a dim circle of light, but the remainder of the cellar was an engulfing blackness.

Mrs. Lee grasped the candlestick more firmly. "Let's leave it alone," she urged. "For goodness' sake, you'd better not open that door. It's empty now, you know."

"Empty," came the voiceless whisper. "Empty, I know that. And since I know it already what harm is there in making sure!"

"Ah, but there are different sorts of knowing. Don't let us go any farther," and after a few more steps, "Let's go back upstairs."

"No!" came the quiet, firm reply. "I must find the door!"

An icy hand touched Mrs. Lee on the shoulder. "Move the candle this way, please. It's behind the thirteenth brick."

The visitor was feeling along the wall. Then there was a creaking sound.

"Here it is! Now I can see the inside at last!"

"Oh, don't, please don't!"

"But I must see the inside. It has been my great desire since childhood. I have even pictured an old witch sitting inside weaving her spell over everyone."

"We'd be a pair of babies to be afraid!" laughed Mrs. Lee shakily. Again the creak and with a crash the door flew open.

"Don't look," cried Mrs. Lee in terror and anguish, and she blew out the candle and ran.

There was a quick movement somewhere in the darkness behind her, a click, and then silence.

"Where are you? Let's hurry out of here. We don't want to see any more," gasped Mrs. Lee.

Silence.

"Where are you, I say? Where are you? Answer me."

In spite of the icy horror that held her, no reply was forthcoming so she fell up the stairs in breathless fear. She returned with an old flashlight and Jane. The brick wall was intact except for one brick that rested upon a piece of white paper on the floor.

"Oh! my dear, what could have happened?" gasped Mrs. Lee, hurrying toward the spot.

With shaking fingers she picked up the paper and read:

"Forget that you have lived these hours. Count them as the product of a vivid imagination, but tell the incident to no one. Through your kindness I have been able to escape from a person who has been shadowing me for some time. The secret passage designed by my grandfather for the escape of the witches has also been the means of my deliverance. This is all that I can tell you. Destroy this paper, and I trust that the entire affair will be forgotten when you replace the thirteenth brick."

CATHERINE O'LEARY, '32.

Bostonitis

I like to visit Boston Town
And follow cow-paths up and down,
Through labyrinths of twisted ways,
And scenes that breathe of olden days.

I like to idle, stroll, and pause,
To seek out book-shops, salty wharves,
Past houses with lavender window-panes,
And homes that once bore blue-blood names;

To take my tea in china cups,
Beside grand dames in flounce and ruffs.
I love its every cobble-stone,
More than all else,—it feels like home.

ELEANOR STAFFORD, '32.

What's In A Name?

Names! Great ones, small ones, obscure ones! Literary names, historical names! What do they amount to, what do they mean? What *is* in a name?

According to Carlyle, everything is in a name. "The Name is the earliest garment you wrap around the earth-visiting Me. Names? Could I unfold the influence of Names, which are the most important of all Clothings. . . . Adam's first task was giving names to natural Appearances: what is ours still but a continuation of the same? In a very plain sense the Proverb says: 'Call one a thief, and he will steal.'"

We agree with Carlyle on that point. Names recall associations, pleasant or unpleasant. The mention of a particular name often stirs memories of persons, places, experiences, books, or scenes that have been forgotten.

The simple name of "mother" evokes the tenderest and sincerest emotions in the human frame, and down through all the ages it has stood for the best that has been given to the world. "Mother" has been the theme of unnumbered inspirations. Indeed, does not our own Blessed Mother, the model of all good womanhood, inspire us to all the good that we do?

Let us descend from the sublime to the ridiculous to consider nicknames. These appellations are generally acquired as the result of an episode sometimes even ridiculous. In most cases nicknames have a persistent tendency to cling to the individual long after the original incident has been forgotten; and often they are more characteristic of the person to whom they are applied than their baptismal names.

During the course of history, epithets of various natures have been given to prominent people: George Washington has been known and loved as the "Father of His Country"; Robert Burns, the Scottish bard, is remembered as the "Poet of the People." We also find epithets that, upon careful study, reveal to some of us a hidden or double meaning, as "Good Queen Bess" and "Bloody Mary." We leave a discussion of the last statement to those prominent in the field of history.

In the early centuries it was customary to designate kings and rulers by names peculiarly representative of them, and very often of their shortcomings, as Charles the Bald, Pepin the Short, Louis the Fat, and Henry the Fowler. It is interesting to note that these names, ridiculous as they seem to us now, did not appear so to the people at that time, for we find them carefully recorded in sober history.

In concluding this delineation of names and their meanings, I pause to wonder: "What is in a name?"

LORRAINE CASSIER, '31.

Lisieux

Lisieux—we were there at last, in the town of the Little Flower. How thrilling it was to know that we were actually walking on the same streets that she had frequently trod, and that we were on our way to her home, Les Buissonnets! The houses looked very old, and the narrow streets were lined with shops filled with all kinds of tempting merchandise. When we came to a little chapel set in from the street with a statue of the Little Flower in front of it, we entered, and what a sight greeted our eyes! Perhaps it is because the Little Flower belongs almost to our own times; perhaps it is because her life is so impressive; perhaps because her memory is still very powerful; whatever the reason, we found an amazingly large number of people in that chapel paying homage to her. On the walls were the flags of many nations, and innumerable tablets commemorating miracles attributed to her intercession; the most impressive of all, those of soldiers of many lands who had been in the World War. The pure white and very beautiful main altar seemed to radiate sanctity, the atmosphere that pervaded the chapel was unique, wholly unlike that which we had found in any other church we had visited, a warmth and glow of life, which made us experience our belief in the divine and living Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Other cathedrals we had visited were old, beautiful, and inspiring; but this chapel lifted our thoughts immediately above earth to the truly wonderful life which the Little Flower had lived, thoughts inspired perhaps by the unusually attractive statue of the Little Flower above the main altar, depicting her kneeling and paying homage to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

On leaving the chapel, where we had lingered longer than usual, we felt like different people ready to go forth to “do great things”; for the moment, however, we proceeded on our way to the Little Flower’s home, which we reached in a very short time.

After having walked up a narrow lane of not very smooth cobblestones, we came to a high gate, the entrance to the home of the Saint. On entering we found ourselves in an entirely different world. The house is not old, but a beautiful, modern brick building surrounded by well-kept lawns and gardens. We were allowed to look into the living room through glass windows, and then we were ushered upstairs where we entered the room in which the Little Flower received a visit from Our Lady. The vision, we know from her biography, occurred when she was very ill, almost at the point of death, and its effect was complete restoration to health. There is now a beautiful little altar where her bed stood at the time. The most interesting room is the one which contains her little

girlhood possessions: a glass case, her lovely little bed with the very cover which she had used on it, now covered with a glass case; a little cradle with a doll in it, a sail boat, checkers, a bird cage, her high-chair, a darling little play stove, many school books, a school bag, and a great number of other articles which completely fascinated us. From there we went out into the garden in back of the house where there is a striking lifesized and lifelike statue of pure white marble of the Little Flower and her father. The expressions on the faces and the very positions of the figures told their story more truly than any description could. It depicts the Little Flower at the moment when she told her father her desire to enter the religious life. It was with the greatest reluctance that we left this hallowed home!

Our next stop in Lisieux was at the old cathedral. It seems that every city and town during the Middle Ages aimed to offer God the most perfect temple possible as their act of worship to Him. Hence, we find everywhere stupendously eloquent proofs of the faith and artistry of the so-called "Dark Ages." Our chief interest in it was the fact that the Little Flower had often gone there to pray. We knelt at the very altar which she had loved so well, and we prayed very sincerely to her, you may be sure. Although Lisieux is not a large town, it boasts this immense cathedral, as is true of many small places all over Europe.

On our way back to our hotel that evening we saw something characteristic of the true piety of the French, a wedding party that had come to Lisieux. The bride, still in her white wedding gown, was buying rosary beads and medals at a shop; she had been married in a nearby town in the morning and had come to Lisieux to spend her wedding day. It was her act of faith in the power of intercession of the Little Flower, a power that we ourselves had felt throughout our visit to Lisieux.

MARY E. KILLION, '31.

SCRIP AND SCRIPPAGE

A LIGHT DENIED

We Catholics have frequently to take a stand of contradiction with the world's opinion. To those of us who find some difficulty in the subtleties of philosophical argumentation, an undeniable material proof is welcome when a sceptic begins to scoff. A column in a recent issue of the literary supplement of the London *Times* gave abundant matter for such a proof. It was an account of the rare acquisitions made during the past few years by the Pierpont Morgan library, some of which "constitute one of the most important additions in the field of medieval art ever made to this collection."

The above quotation is the key to the import of the article for the Catholic student of literature and history. Unbiased research has motivated a trend among scholars of the present age towards capitulation to the Catholic point of view on the question of the Middle Ages. There are some, however, who would still scorn the assumption of the existence of medieval art. "Night of a thousand years!" "Dark Ages!" How we have kindled against such opprobrium. How we have bewailed the lamentable inconsistency of calling those ages "dark," when men through the very exuberance of the love of the Light could not rest content with manuscripts interiorly brilliant, but must needs enhance their gems of thought with exterior scrolls and artistic flourishes.

Among the manuscripts enumerated in the article, two signalized as "most precious" were a ninth century *Codex of the Latin Gospels* written and illumined in the Diocese of Reims about 860, and the *Life and Miracles of Saint Edmund*, one of the earliest of the illustrated lives of English saints, which belongs to the twelfth century. Another ninth century *Codex of the Four Gospels* comes from Germany, an example of the Weser School. From the library of the Earl of Leicester have been obtained four manuscripts of the eleventh to twelfth centuries of the monastery of Weingarten.

The Life of Saint Edmund is of especial English interest, and its religious nature recalls the fact that the first English library, brought by Saint Augustine to England in 595, was a scriptural library, comprising as Saint Bede, the Venerable, tells us in his *Ecclesiastic History*, nine volumes: the *Holy Bible* in two volumes, the *Psalter*, the *Gospels*, another *Psalter*, another copy of the *Gospels*, the *Apocrophal Lives of the Apostles*, the *Lives of the Martyrs*, and an *Exposition of the Gospels and Epistles*.

The refining influences which must precede the inception of any cultural achievement were in England unquestionably due to the wise policy of the Church. Solicitous Mother as she always is, the intellectual and spiritual advancement of her new brood was a labor for which speedy preparation was made. Monasteries were founded, centers whither from all parts of the land those who were eager for learning flocked, and whence to all parts of the continent Christian culture radiated. It was by acquainting the new converts with the beauties of scriptural thought that the missionaries sought to combat pagan influences. That "the basis of literature is religion" is particularly evidenced in the birth of English letters. Even the novice in the study of Old English literature can not fail to be impressed by the all-pervading religious atmosphere and inspiration of the early writings.

The illuminated manuscripts in the Pierpont Morgan Library, prized by all scholars as literary curiosities and survivals of ages long past, have a deeper significance for those of us who share the Faith they exalt. They are the proofs of labor and the love of studious pursuits, the firm foundation upon which succeeding ages have based their cultural achievement. They are our challenge to the misnomer, "Dark Ages."

MARY KELLEY, '32.

THE OXFORD THEORY

Scholars of the last four hundred years have not been content to receive and enjoy the masterpieces produced by the greatest English dramatist, but have been urged by some inexplicable force to probe deeply into the identity of the man who is known to the world as William Shakespeare. Certain missing links in his biography leave open to discussion, various theorists claim, those facts which are proffered to bridge the gaps.

Two explanations by different schools of thought are offered, each declaring the personality and work of Shakespeare attributable to contemporaries. The most widely known of these theories is that which holds that Shakespeare's dramas are the work of Francis Bacon, a contemporary writer, scholar, and courtier; and the second solution offered is the identification of Shakespeare with Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. This latter theory has been recently put forth very strongly by Mr. Percy Allen in his new book, "The Case for Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, as 'Shakespeare.'" The arguments set forth have been

summed up and refuted effectively in a review of the work in a recent number of the *London Times*.

Mr. Allen bases much of his argument on the supposed impossibility of reconciling the plays with the life and personality of the Stratford actor, Shakespeare. The reviewer points out that genius has always been something remote, that there is something inexplicable about it, which has never yet been solved by biographical facts. The author also claims that "imaginative penetration" is "the key to Shakespeare's deeper meaning." There are in the poems and sonnets of Shakespeare, he says, a definite revelation of such a personality which Oxford possessed, and which is apparent to one studying them with this view in mind. The plays also admit of a line by line interpretation which proves, especially in the Touchstone-Audrey-Williams scene, that Oxford must have been the writer, and Shakespeare only the actor who lay claim to them.

The reviewer of Mr. Allen's book refutes these arguments very effectively. The "imaginative penetration" argument would be more convincing if the resulting deduction of Oxonians would agree. For example, Mr. Allen holds that the Sonnets were addressed by Oxford to his baby son. Dr. Rendall maintains that they were addressed by Oxford to Southampton. None of the solutions proves definitely or conclusively that they could not have been written by the Stratford poet, Shakespeare. The Touchstone-Audrey-Williams scene, which Mr. Allen locates in 1589, depends on an argument of the interpreted idea that William Shakespeare was a shrewd business man, a shareholder in the Globe Theatre. But the Globe was not built until 1599!

Most Shakespeare enthusiasts, we must admit, are interested not so much in who he was as in what he wrote. Appreciation and enjoyment of his plays is quite independent of biographical data. The evidence for the acceptance of Shakespeare as the author of those dramatic works of art usually ascribed to him is becoming stronger, and the difficulty of refuting it more insurmountable. To quote the *London Times*: "If our interest in the speculation is to be kept alive, a new method of attack is needed; the case against the man of Stratford must be argued on a sounder basis than the inadequacy of the orthodox life."

CLARE MARTELL, '31.

KAPPA GAMMA PI

Labor Day week-end witnessed a migration Washingtonward of Catholic College alumnae from the nation's chief eastern cities, a distinguished gathering of young women, convening to talk and plan for two days of Catholic leadership and action. Comprised of representatives and members from practically each of its local chapters, the Eastern Regional Meeting of Kappa Gamma Pi was an animated one, and on leaving Washington its members realized that the influence of such a group must inevitably be felt throughout the country, both in college circles and communities.

Although its name is composed of Greek letters, Kappa Gamma Pi is not a college sorority. It is the "National Scholastic and Active Honor Society of Catholic Women's Colleges," possessing a charter, and divided into twelve chapters, located throughout the country, each with its own individual charter, approved by the national chapter.

With a membership comprising writers, scientists, and teachers, Kappa Gamma Pi has indeed divers channels for activity, and plans for such activity were the chief topics under discussion. The subject was easily met. The aim of the society is not to establish new institutions; rather it is to utilize those already existing, in which each member is expected to strive to become prominent through her own capabilities and power of leadership.

The Reverend Doctor Cooper of the Catholic University, in a Round Table Talk at Trinity College, advocated scientific research as an ideal field of activity, science being a field into which, as yet, Catholics have not been allowed to penetrate appreciably. Miss Cecil Ronan, President of Kappa Gamma Pi, spurred the literary members on to action, and as a concrete example spoke of the recent volume, *This Light*, the anthology of verse compiled by students of Catholic colleges, one contribution of which, I may say in passing, is the work of an Emmanuel College member of Kappa Gamma Pi.

Luncheon at a delightful southern tearoom, and tea at Trinity College, at which the Washington Chapter members were hostesses, sight-seeing trips, and a banquet at the Mayflower Hotel, lent a taste of Washington social life to our meeting, which concluded with Benediction in the Trinity College Chapel. It was indeed reluctantly that the members of Kappa Gamma Pi bade one another farewell at the end of what was unanimously proclaimed a profitable and enjoyable meeting.

ANNA E. FINNERTY, '29.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

The members of the *Ethos* staff and the Senior class sincerely regret the resignation of their efficient Editor-in-chief, Miss Louise Fielding, who has been obliged to discontinue her editorial work on account of her health. In the preparation of the first issue of the *Ethos*, she has been a true and indefatigable leader. While we are sorry to lose her, we wish her rapid recovery and the greatest success in her work during her Senior year.

THE FUTURE

Emmanuel! Often I liken the years of study spent here to the climbing of a mountain. The college is the mountain, and the students, climbers. A mountain demands of its conquerors patience, toil, determination, sturdiness of character to fight discouragement, and fortitude to attain its lofty heights; so too, does a college. Mountain trails vary, and twist, and turn in many winding ways, but ultimately all the trails reach the peak; so do the various courses of our college life advance until finally they reach the goal, a degree. Some ways of the mountain are difficult, rocks and boulders must be cleared away in order to make a passage; some trails are overrun with growth, and are dark and shadowy; other ways are bright with sunshine, and easy to follow. As the trails differ, so do the climbers. Some are happy and confident; others are climbing with carefree ease; still others are laboring under difficulties, and are weighed down with burdens; but each one is able to lend a helping hand to his neighbor over the "rough spots." We, the class of nineteen-thirty-one, have come to an opening in the mountain pass, a plateau from which we may catch a glimpse of the panorama of life. We have reached our "Cap and Gown Day." We are on the last lap of the journey up the mountain side. The rest of our climb may be difficult, but let us move on enthusiastically toward the summit, for on our "Cap and Gown Day" we caught a glimpse of the greater things ahead. In the horizon of the future we saw callings and destinies that await after a successful ascent. Different callings! Different destinies! Life is tempting! The climb is still steep! There are still difficult passages to be traversed. Let us hurry on! We must catch a fuller glimpse of the "distant scene."

L. R. F., '31.

QUESTIONS

To be or not to be loyal and earnest students of Emmanuel College? This is the question each one of us must decide for herself. It lies within ourselves to make our college proud of us or—must we say it?—ashamed of us. We know well the high standards of our Alma Mater and what she expects of us. That our conduct, both within and without our college walls, should always accord with these standards should be our most earnest endeavor.

To add or not to add to Emmanuel's college spirit?—another question, and an important one for each student to put to herself. Do you give your support and your best efforts to all college activities? Are you willing to sacrifice time and energy for their success? Do you encourage them by your attendance? If you have been lax in this respect heretofore, make the resolution now that college spirit will not suffer on your account.

Do you wait for a personal invitation to help? Do you offer suggestions and assistance spontaneously? Do you keep rules because you like to do the right thing, or half-heartedly, because you have to? Do you believe that actions speak louder than words, and that Emmanuel looks to you personally to act?

This is the beginning of our college year. We have, therefore, ample time and opportunity to prove to ourselves and to our college that we are worthy of her name. We hear so much today of Catholic colleges being the schools wherein the future leaders of our communities are being trained. Are you responding to the training you are receiving in an active, earnest, enthusiastic manner? Are you proving yourself worthy of your enrollment under the banner of Emmanuel?

S. G. B., '31.

A SECRET

“He at the word
Stretched forth the shell . . . with command
That I should hold it to my ear.” *Prelude, V, 89-92.*

. . . And the Dreamer put the shell to his ear and heard poetry in a variety of tongues, all of which he understood. I also put a shell to my ear and hear the sea, that I love, in a variety of moods, which I do not always understand.

Sometimes the shell tells me that ocean folk are keeping holiday. Princess Neptunia is betrothed to Lord Cockleshell, and silvery fishes in

gleeful sport wink solemn eyes at shimmering mermaids. All keep the festal day! The shell whispers of the scene in breathless rapture, while the waves frolic and dance, tossing foamy spirals ecstatically in air.

Sometimes I strain my ears to catch the shell's doleful refrain. Sometimes of late I have heard a secret, shall I divulge it? It is about our societies.

Emmanuel's societies are numerous, representing almost every phase of artistic endeavor. They are well organized and capably directed. And yet, some of Emmanuel's societies are at present in a state of passivity which will inevitably deaden the organizations.

The success of any organization does not depend on the collection of dues, but on the spirit of its members. Societies must have active representation to survive! Here we should like to commend the Musical Society as the most representative and active in the college. We realize that its opportunities for activity are more extensive than those of other societies, but we believe that its representation is founded on the promise of activity to its members.

In the next issue of the *Ethos* the students will have the opportunity to discuss this question. Tell us individually what you think. We ask the Freshmen for their impressions, the Sophomores for their suggestions, the Juniors for inspiration, and we look to '31 for renaissance!

A. G., '32.

In Christo Quiescentes

Katherine M. Healey, ex-'30.

Dr. Robert E. Merrick, father of Alice Merrick, '25, and Anne Merrick, Ex-'33.

Mrs. Delahunt, mother of Mary Delahunt, '23.

Mrs. Lillian Barrow, mother of Mary Barrow, '33.

Katherine Eaton, sister of Beatrice Eaton, '25.

The joy of Commencement Week was lessened for the class of nineteen-thirty by the absence of one who had been our classmate and our friend for almost four years. Katherine Marian Healey, daughter of Mrs. Katherine Healey, of Lynn, died on July 27, 1930, after an illness of several months. She was born on December 27, 1907, and attended Villa Ann, Canada. In September, 1926, she entered Emmanuel College, and remained here until March, 1930, when she was forced to discontinue her studies on account of ill health. With the optimism of youth we had hoped that Kay's illness was only temporary, and we had looked forward with happiness to the time when we would welcome her back among us. Now that she is gone, we harbor no feeling of melancholy or bitterness but rather one of grateful thanksgiving for her friendship and her memory. We shall always remember her for her low, gentle voice, her easy, philosophical outlook upon life, and for her true artistic talent which prompted her class to name her Art Editor of the *Epilogue* in her Senior year. Although prevented from completing the sketches which she had planned for our year-book, Kay has left us an undying memory of herself in those which she finished before she left us. We say of her, as we have said of those other dear ones whom we number among our former classmates, the anniversary of whose passing we commemorate just about this time, "She is not dead, but only gone before."

Memoir

KATHERINE MARIAN HEALEY

As frail young flowers, springtime born, must droop
Before the blast of autumn's blighting wind,
As slim green saplings, harvest-laden, stoop
Before a storm, so life and living twined,
Must bend to death.

She raised pale hands to living happiness,
She challenged vagrant beauty to be fleet,
She clung to life with wistful young distress,
But life strewed broken dreams before her feet,
And called to death.

She was made for beauty, she, who wrought
It here with tired hands, who prayed for breath,
Now breathless understands that dreams are naught,
Save that they blend in one great dream of death,
And beauty-smitten lives eternally.

ANNE MCNAMARA, '30.

E. C. ECHOES

September 17.

Dear Anne,

You were awfully mean to go away just when I'm entering Emmanuel. It's so much harder to write you what is happening than it would be to have you here and be able to talk over things with you, but Mother says now that I'm in college I must learn to put my thoughts on paper, so perhaps it's just as well.

Registration day was yesterday, for the Juniors and Freshmen, I mean; for today is reserved for the Seniors and Sophomores. I felt awfully strange at first, there were so many girls there. After I met my Junior, however, I didn't mind it in the least. She introduced me to some of the other Juniors and made out my schedule and everything.

Only one thing bothered me. She kept talking about "conflicts" and I expected at any moment that there would be a battle. When I asked her she laughed and said that there might be a battle, but that I needn't worry because I wouldn't have to do any of the struggling. Don't you think that's strange? And then she patted my hand and called me "naive little Freshman." What do you suppose she meant?

Love, Mary.

September 22.

Dear Anne,

I had an awfully good time today. All the classes assembled in the gymnasium this afternoon to meet the Freshmen. Even some of the faculty were there. I think it's a very courteous practice, don't you, to introduce each Freshman to each of the teachers she is going to have? I was rather dazed at first, there were so many people to talk to, but after my Junior took charge of me I felt better. Everyone had a slip of paper pinned on her dress with her name and class written on it. It made everything delightfully informal, and broke the ice right away. You can't stand in front of a girl and peer at her name for a few minutes while you are

trying to decipher her handwriting, and then go back to that formal, frigid, pointless "How-do-you-do." It always seems to put an end to any further conversation, don't you think?

The Senior president welcomed us to Emmanuel in the name of the college, and then the Junior president made a little speech in which she promised that the Junior class would consider us their "little sisters," and would take care of us, as if we were really that. I think the Juniors are the loveliest girls. After that there was some singing and one of the Seniors, Lorraine Cassier, played the violin. A Junior, Catherine Boucher, gave a reading that was awfully funny. Then we had some refreshments, and the party was all over. I just love it here at Emmanuel. They do the nicest things!

Love, Mary.

September 29.

Dear Anne,

I wish you could have been here this afternoon to see me. You never would have recognized me, I know. All the Freshmen had to dress up as babies and parade around the floor of the gymnasium! I felt awfully silly for a while with a short skirt on and my hair down my back; but with all the other Freshmen (there are eighty-five of us!) looking just as funny, I didn't feel so conspicuous. Some of the girls brought in dolls to create a more realistic atmosphere, but I didn't. I felt like ten years old as it was, and with a doll I would have descended to five. The Juniors were dressed as nursemaids and led us around the gym by the hand. Prizes were awarded to the prettiest baby, the healthiest baby, and the funniest baby. Needless to say I didn't win any of them.

The Juniors played out a skit called "What They Did Expect" with tableaux of what the Freshmen thought they were going to see. It was awfully funny. So were the games that the Freshmen had to play. I got so excited once when I thought

I was going to win one of them. I didn't, though.

After it was all over I heard one of the girls say that the "poor Freshmen would be Stoics by the time they got through with the picnic." I don't know what a "Stoic" is, but if there's going to be a picnic I'm sure I'm going to enjoy it. I just love picnics!

Love, Mary.

October 5.

Dear Anne,

Today I went to Mass in the chapel to see the Seniors in their caps and gowns for the first time. They all wore stocks. You know, that's what they called the things they used to put the Puritans into when they laughed on Sundays; but of course, these couldn't be the same kind, although some of them seemed rather tight.

The Seniors looked so happy and the music was so solemn that I almost cried. Mother says I'm too emotional, but I know if she had been there she would have felt the same way. Father Lynch, who gave the sermon, called the Seniors "aristocrats of the intellect." He teaches Economics here and has some of them in his classes, so he ought to know just how intelligent they really are. I'd like to be a Senior and be called that.

After Mass we had breakfast in the cafeteria, although you really couldn't call it breakfast, because everyone was too excited to eat anything. In the first place the cafeteria looked so different. It was all decorated with purple and white balloons and streamers, and there were flowers everywhere. It was so pretty.

The Seniors waited until we all were in our places in the cafeteria, then they came in singing. When the Senior president said Grace, we all sat down. Our President, Sister Superior Frances of the Sacred Heart, and our Dean, Sister Helen Madeleine, congratulated the Seniors. Besides that there were ever so many telegrams and letters of congratulation which the Senior president read after she had presented the tree gift to Sister Superior. All the classes sang songs to each other and to the Seniors. I think that's a nice idea, don't you? It makes everybody so friendly.

When breakfast was over the Seniors

went out to the front entrance to have their picture taken, and after they were all arranged, I took a snapshot of them. Do you suppose they would mind if they knew?

Love, Mary.

October 7.

Dear Anne,

Yesterday I went to a lecture given by Miss Helen Watson, who is a graduate of Portia Law School. I think it is awfully interesting for a woman to be a lawyer, don't you? She explained all about Parliamentary procedure to us. It was very clear, especially when she illustrated some of the points she wanted to bring out by calling on different girls to make motions. I'm sure I would have forgotten most of what she said, it was so technical, if we hadn't been told to take notes. I was glad I did so because today in assembly we were asked questions on the lecture. By the way do you know what "question pending" is? None of the girls who were called on knew what it meant, and I didn't make any note of that, so I didn't know, either. We're supposed to find out and I haven't the slightest idea where to look for it, have you?

Another thing I don't understand is what "N. B." means. There was a note in an assignment book that read: "N. B. Paper due." I thought at first that the letters "N. B." were some girl's initials. But it couldn't mean that. They put the funniest things in assignment books. Once there was a notice of a test coming and underneath it the words: "Verbum sap." I don't know what that means, either; but I got a good mark in the test.

Love, Mary.

October 11.

Dear Anne,

I've just come in from the most exhausting day! I've been on a picnic—at least that's what they called it, but it wasn't really any "picnic" for the Freshmen. It's a whole day set aside for the Sophomores to tease us to their heart's content, and they certainly took advantage of it.

We had to wear the most horrible looking costumes, but it just goes to show you what state of mind I've reached when I

tell you that I didn't care in the least what I looked like. The picnic was held at Fieldston, and on the way there two Sophomores got into the car we were in and started their teasing, asking us to recite the most impossible things. One of them asked me to sing the third stanza of the "Star Spangled Banner." I didn't know the words, of course, but it was such a comfort for once to confess my ignorance, because I could feel certain that no one else knew them either.

They let us have luncheon at the "Fieldston", before they made each one of us do a stunt. By some stroke of luck the Sophomores in command didn't have my name on their list, so I didn't have to do anything except sympathize with the others. I paid up for it, though. I got caught "sympathizing" and was promptly carried off to have a bottle of Worcestershire sauce rubbed well into my skin. When they were through I smelled like a very choice collection of all the nicest seasonings, but how quickly they lost all flavor for me! I think we were rather too forgiving when we meekly assented to burying the hatchet, but we were promised revenge next year.

I was glad that my Junior brought me home because overshoes and an umbrella are rather hard things to ignore on a sunny afternoon. I would have ignored them gladly, but the rest of the train would have stared so. Please don't answer this letter until after the seventeenth. I laughed so at your last letter and we're not supposed to laugh during retreat. We can't even talk, which will make it hard for me because you know you always say I chatter so.

Love, Mary.

October 17.

Dear Anne,

Retreat is over and I didn't talk once! I didn't even feel like talking and besides there wasn't any time to. We had Mass every morning at nine o'clock, then three sermons and Rosary and Benediction, so you see we were kept very busy. In between we practised hymns or read. You should have heard the singing in the Chapel. It was so loud and clear that it

seemed everybody really meant what they were singing. The effect was inspiring.

Father O'Brien, the retreat director (I think you know him, or at least I've heard you say that your brother took a course in History under him at Boston College), is a very powerful speaker and like all good speakers, he didn't hesitate to call a spade a spade. He made a special appeal to us to be less sophisticated and to try to bring into everything we did more simplicity and more enthusiasm, but above all to get the right perspective of life and our place in it so that we could learn to laugh at ourselves and not take our importance too seriously. His best sermon came on the last day. There wasn't a sound in the auditorium and after he had finished no one moved for a few minutes, because it seemed as if he were still speaking.

Retreat ended with Mass, Benediction and the Papal blessing. After we came out of Chapel I was so accustomed to keeping silence that I nearly forgot I could speak again until we were downstairs. Mother says now I seem to be making up for it, however, I've talked so much since I got home. But I had to tell her about the tennis tournament, which Betty McCarthy won, and the basketball game—imagine it, the Juniors and Freshmen actually beat the Seniors and Sophomores!—and all that has been happening in the last four days. Please hurry and answer this letter. It's been a whole week since I've heard from you.

Love, Mary.

October 20.

Dear Anne,

While I was going down to the cafeteria today a Senior came up to me and asked me if I were going to the "Senior Hour." I hated to hurt her feelings by telling her that I hadn't heard of it before, so I said "yes." I'm so glad now that I went. You know, I never thought before that Seniors laughed, but this afternoon they were really hilarious.

They produced a short play called *Words and Music*, although there were lots more words than there was music. I heard one of the Seniors say that the chorus had better keep their singing a dark secret from the Metropolitan, or their college careers

would be over, but I think she must have been joking.

Just think how hard it must be for a person with any musical sense to sing out of tune. It must take more art than to sing correctly. The Seniors were awfully funny. I enjoyed myself very much but I wish I knew whether the alarm clock that they had on top of the piano went off by accident, or whether it was really supposed to.

Love, Mary.

October 29.

Dear Anne,

Father Swift, a Jesuit from Weston, came here today to show us moving pictures he had taken of different groups in the college. He showed us last year's Seniors and Sophomores taking part in Senior Class Day, and also last year's May procession. The pictures were very clear and distinct, only I wish I had known some of the girls. It would have made it more interesting.

Father Swift took some pictures of the Tercentenary Parade, too. You know, the one that lasted for six hours. I was glad he showed the first part of it because I missed that. And it was so much more comfortable seeing it from a seat in the auditorium than it would have been standing up in town in a crowd.

You haven't heard the latest news yet, have you? I've become a "society" girl.

Love, Mary.

November 4.

Dear Anne,

Yesterday I went to a Bridge and Tea. Please don't groan. I know you think my game is awful, but yesterday it wasn't so bad. I even won a prize.

The Publicity Committee of Emmanuel sponsored it. You know they're the ones who send notices of the college activities to the press. You remember how we used to see them—the notices I mean—in the *Post* before I came to college, and used to wonder about them.

So many girls attended the bridge—the gymnasium was full—that it must have been very successful, and I know I had lots of fun, only the refreshments came just at the crucial moment when I got the bid, so

I didn't have much time to spend on them, a situation that doesn't usually happen.

Please hurry and answer my last letter.

Love, Mary.

November 10.

Dear Anne,

I knew you wouldn't understand what I meant by my becoming a "society" girl. It's only that I've joined so many societies since I came here that I think I ought to lay claim to the title.

The first one I went to was the Literary Society which has had two meetings, of a business character for the most part, in which we decided to join the Book-of-the-Month Club—how well-read we shall be!—and to plan the program for our next meeting, which will be in February. We're going to have an awfully interesting time discussing Joyce Kilmer's poetry, and having books reviewed for us.

I was told in the beginning of the year that every good Latin and French major should really belong to the Classical Society and the Cercle Louis Veuillot, so of course I do. The Classical Society sounds awfully austere, doesn't it? And it was so impressive to go to a meeting and hear the Seniors read papers on Virgil. I didn't know before that he could be made so interesting.

The Cercle Louis Veuillot held its first meeting today. Emilia Oksas, one of the Juniors, and Phyllis Joy, a graduate student, who have been studying in France, spoke to us about French schools and their customs. It was awfully interesting, especially since they talked in French. I surprised myself by understanding most of it.

And then there's been a meeting of the Historical Society. Marie Owens, one of the Seniors who had gone to Europe during the summer, gave an illustrated lecture on the things she had seen in France.

I would have joined the Spanish Club, too, only I don't know a word of Spanish. My Junior belongs, however, and she told me they had an interesting time at their last meeting. After all the business was attended to, they played the game "Authors" in Spanish. My Junior said it was lots of fun, but sometimes it was hard to distinguish between the name of the book

and the name of the author. I always found that game hard enough to play in English, didn't you?

You might take example from this letter and make your own a little longer. This is just a hint.

Love, Mary.

November 12.

Dear Anne,

We celebrated National Education Week—you knew it was this week, didn't you?—on a large scale today at Emmanuel. The Reverend Father Quinlan, Supervisor of Schools in the Archdiocese of Boston, directed the proceedings, first giving a talk on the value of a Catholic College education and then awarding the prizes in the Emmanuel Short Story Contest, which was open to the Seniors of all the Catholic High Schools and Academies in this Archdiocese. The prizes were fifteen dollars, ten dollars, and five dollars in gold and were won by Josephine O'Connor of Notre Dame Academy, Tyngsboro; Katherine Fitzgerald of the Mission Church High School, Roxbury; and Madeleine Cardelli of Notre Dame Academy, Roxbury. The judges were Father Quinlan, Dr. William Linehan, Dean of Teachers' College, and one of the members of our own faculty.

The winner of the first prize read her story, "The Turning," the theme of which was the lasting value of a Catholic College education. We had some selections by the orchestra, and Grace Sullivan sang two songs. All in all, it was a very profitable afternoon, as well for us as for the large number of pupils from the different schools that competed. I saw some Seniors of your old high school whom I knew, but you as usual were missing.

Love, Mary.

November 15.

Dear Anne,

I really shouldn't be writing to you tonight because I'm so tired after all the excitement of this afternoon and besides you haven't answered my last letter. But I want to get my thoughts down while they are still fresh in my mind. The Freshman class—*my* class, you understand—gave a tea-dance to the other classes of Emmanuel. You know this is the first

time the Freshmen have actually taken charge of any college activity and, if I do say it myself, who shouldn't, I think we ought to be very proud of ourselves.

It was held at the Commander Hotel in Cambridge, and nearly everybody in the college went. The music was furnished by Bill Bigley's orchestra and was really fascinating. We danced all afternoon and didn't feel it in the least until it was time to go home. But we had such a lovely time, I wish you could have been there. By the way, that reminds me, can you do the Peabody? If not, you'd better learn it before you go to any more dances.

Love,

Mary.

November 16.

Dear Anne,

We just revelled in music this afternoon. You would have loved it. We heard the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Paul Shirley, and every composition they played was beautiful. They play once each year at Emmanuel and the auditorium they say, is always crowded. It was this afternoon, anyway. And it was such a appreciative audience—no irritating talk or laughter and always spontaneous, hearty applause. If you hadn't moved so far away, I could have invited you because each one of the students received two tickets. See what you've missed.

Love,

Mary.

November 17.

Dear Anne,

This afternoon the Classical Society had another Virgil meeting, only this time we had a speaker, Mr. Cecil Derry. He was very interesting. He gave first a brief sketch of Virgil's life and then a review of the Aeneid with lantern slides of Dido and Aeneas and the death of Anchises. We saw also one artist's conception of what Helen of Troy looked like. Although really if anyone had asked us if this were "the face that launched a thousand ships," we would have said "no" most emphatically. But then those ancient people had strange ideas of beauty. Anyway, it was nice to hear about dear old Aeneas again, and although it must have been more

familiar to us than to the Seniors, they seemed to enjoy it too.

Love, Mary.

November 18.

Dear Anne,

We've been having the most nerve-racking Assemblies for the last four days. Each class was supposed to be prepared to give a three-minute talk on a special subject which was assigned to it. The Freshmen had to tell about the place of Logic in education. Those of us who talked were very good, but the rest of us lived in terror lest we should be called upon next. Privately we think that Logic has too prominent a place in education and that the Freshmen at least would be much happier without it.

But now we may breathe easier because the speeches are all over for the present. Letters will be read instead from girls who have received their degrees and who are now working in different lines. The letter today was from a chemistry major and was very enjoyable.

Love, Mary.

November 19.

Dear Anne,

This afternoon I went to see two one-act plays given by the Dramatic Society. Just the Juniors took part and they were awfully good. One of the plays was funny. My Junior was in the other. I think there are some awfully versatile actresses in that class, but please don't think I'm prejudiced when I say my Junior was the best in my opinion. I sat down in the front row and she seemed to be talking right to me. Don't you dare tease me about having a "crush" because I haven't at all.

Love, Mary.

November 24.

Dear Anne,

We have had more music and poetry in

the last few days! We celebrated the feast of St. Cecilia by the most novel assembly. As usual the orchestra and the Glee Club took part in the program. Those two societies do more work than any other in the college and you can always be sure of hearing something worthwhile when they are scheduled to appear.

Grace Sullivan and Louise Hollander gave solos and Margaret O'Connell and Lillian Collins sang a duet. Then we had a harp duet played by Agnes McHugh and Dorothy Hatch. Agnes Knox played a piano solo and Barbara Hall and Lorraine Cassier the cello and the violin. You never heard such lovely music! Everyone seemed to be inspired.

Two of the Juniors had written poems, one, Mary Kelley's, to be read, and the other, Dorothy Mullin's, which was printed on the program. They were beautiful.

Then on the 21st we had a special program for the Feast of the Presentation. Dorothea Ryan read an essay she had written, and Mary Clancy read her own poem. Winifred Ward's poem was printed on the program. For music, we had a harp solo by Agnes McHugh, and piano solo by Carolyn Noonan. Lillian Collins and Margaret O'Connell sang.

It has been the loveliest week, with these two feasts coming so close together. My only regret of course was your absence, because you do appreciate music so.

Love,

Mary.

The student body observes with regret the absence from the faculty this year of Sister Mary Edwina and Sister Mary Mercedes. In their stead we welcome Sister St. John Nepomucene and Sister Theresa Regina. Sister Loyola has returned to our faculty from Trinity College and Sister Berchmans Louise has been transferred from the History to the English department.

ALUMNAE NOTES

CLASS OF 1923

Madame Liana Vaninni, a Religious of the Cenacle, has gone to Paris to complete her tertianship.

CLASS OF 1924

Ann Carroll spent her vacation in Europe.

Mary Friel is teaching in the High School of Commerce at Worcester.

Josephine Gillis is teaching Freshman Latin at Emmanuel College.

Mary McManus has published in pamphlet form a treatise on Non-diabetic Glycosurias, as a result of scientific research that she has done in collaboration with Doctor Allan White Rowe. The treatise was first published in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, June, 1930.

CLASS OF 1925

Margaret Hinchey, Mary Gately, Josephine Sullivan and Margaret McCaffrey spent the summer in Europe.

The Bridge Club, consisting of members in Boston and its vicinity, has resumed its activities. The first meeting this year was held at the home of Sybil Turner.

CLASS OF 1926

Alice Barry and Roquetta Curtin spent the summer in Europe.

Alice Barry has been appointed to the faculty of the Woburn High School.

Agnes Kelly has been appointed to teach English in the Girls' High School, Boston.

The class of 1926 had three re-unions during the summer. They are now making plans for a glorious fifth re-union in June.

CLASS OF 1927

Eleanor Connor has been appointed to the Watertown Junior High School.

Eileen Dowd is doing commercial art work for Jordan Marsh's and Filene's Advertising departments.

Agnes Keenan is teaching in the Cherry Valley High School.

Ruth Kelleher spent the summer in Europe. She has been appointed to teach in the Woburn Senior High School.

Dorothy Rice has been appointed to teach Biology in the Somerville High School.

Genevieve Steffy is teaching in the Woburn Junior High School.

CLASS OF 1928

Esther Fox is teaching English in the Dedham High School.

Katherine Gallivan has been appointed an assistant in the Brooklyn Library.

Katherine McElroy is teaching in the Watertown High School.

Clare MacGowan is teaching in the Milford High School.

Mary Rita O'Connor is teaching in the Lawrence High School.

Patricia O'Connor is doing research work at the Harvard Medical School.

Kathleen O'Donnell is teaching in the Natick High School.

Miriam Riley is teaching in the Ashland High School.

Elizabeth Tobin has been appointed in the Census Bureau in Washington, D. C.

Mary Tribble is teaching in the Woburn Junior High School.

CLASS OF 1929

Mary Canavan is teaching in the Somerville High School.

Agnes Collins is doing statistical work.

Catherine M. Delaney has a secretarial position in Boston.

Dorothy Denning is teaching History in the Sacred Heart Country Day School, Newton.

Madeline Egan has finished her course at Miss Gardner's School.

Katherine Foley is doing statistical work in the State House.

Mary Fowler is teaching in the Fenway Academy of Notre Dame.

Maura Gallagher is taking courses at Boston College for her Master's Degree. She is also attending Boston Clerical School.

Alice Johnson has been appointed to the Somerville High School.

Irene McDonnell is doing biological work at City Hall.

Elizabeth McMahon is assistant dietician in the Children's Hospital.

Helen Morgan is teaching English in the Maynard High School.

Susan Murdoch is teaching Public Health in Malden.

Mary O'Brien entered the Novitiate of the Dominican Sisters in Springfield, Kentucky, in September.

Antoinette Pelletier is teaching in the Somerville High School.

Katherine Skelley entered the Notre Dame Novitiate in Waltham in August.

Agnes Smith is taking a Secretarial course at Simmons College.

Mary Sullivan has finished her course at the Hickocks Secretarial School.

CLASS OF 1930

Grace Adams is taking an executive course at the Jordan Marsh Company.

Grace Ayers is following courses at Boston College and is teaching in the Cambridge Evening High School.

Anastasia Canty is teaching French in the Woburn High School.

Mary Cahill has a position in the Boston Public Library, and is taking courses at Emmanuel.

Mary Cleary entered the Notre Dame Novitiate in Waltham in August.

Elizabeth Cloney is doing investigative research at the Dr. Fuller Albright and the Massachusetts General Hospitals.

Mary Rose Connors has been appointed to the Advertising Department of the Jordan Marsh Company.

Elizabeth Cox is substituting in the Fall River Public Schools.

Margaret Crowley is taking the Statistician course at Filene's.

Mildred Crowley is teaching in Weston Junior High School.

Margaret Culhane is going to Business School.

Mary Delaney is teaching Americanization in the Cambridge Public Schools.

Miriam Donahue is studying for a Master of Arts Degree at Emmanuel.

Eleanor Donovan is teaching in the Peabody High School.

Katherine Flynn is teaching in Newton.

Agnes Garrity is teaching History in the Uxbridge High School.

Mary Gilman has a position in the Bos-

ton Public Library and is following courses at Emmanuel.

Mary Hagan has a secretarial position.

Gladys Hamilton is studying for her Master of Arts Degree at Emmanuel.

Mary Lynch is a technician in the Boston City Hospital.

Mary Martin has a position as Commercial Service Engineer with the Telephone Company.

Kathleen McCarthy is taking the Service Representative course with the Telephone Company.

Eileen Meaney is teaching in the Blessed Sacrament School in Cambridge, and following courses at Emmanuel.

Anne McNamara is studying for her Master of Arts Degree at Emmanuel.

Eileen Morrissey is teaching in the Blessed Sacrament School in Cambridge, and is following courses at Boston College.

Anne Mullin is teaching in Somerville and is studying at Boston College.

Eleanor Murphy is studying for her Master of Arts Degree at Emmanuel.

Catherine V. Murphy is enrolled at Miss Farmer's School.

Frances O'Brien is teaching in Somerville.

Theresa O'Flahavan is a technician at the Foxboro State Hospital.

Alice O'Neill is attending Miss Gartland's Home Making School.

Louise Scannell is studying at Boston College.

Dorothy Smith is teaching in Somerville.

Rosemary Stanford is a technician at the Boston City Hospital and is also studying voice culture.

Dorothy Tumelty is Laboratory Assistant in the Biology Department at Emmanuel, and is following courses at the college.

Mercedes Vucassovich is studying at Boston University.

Kathleen Parker, Ex-'33, has entered the novitiate of the Dominican Sisters in Springfield, Kentucky.

ALUMNAE MEETING

The semi-annual Alumnae meeting was held this year at the Hotel Commander in Cambridge on Sunday afternoon, October nineteenth.

Greetings were extended to the one hundred and sixty-seven members of the Alumnae present, by the President, Miss Elizabeth Logan, '23. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were followed by an outline of activities for the remainder of the year.

Following the business meeting a social hour was enjoyed. Alma Danforth, '25, was hostess for the afternoon and provided a list of proficient entertainers and a delicious tea. The entertainment consisted of violin solos by Mary Cahill, '30; of three choice vocal selections rendered by Rosemary Stanford, '30; Phyllis Joy, '29, gave an account of her year in Europe, her travels, her experience at the Sorbonne, the friends she met, and the places she visited. Miss Theresa Chisholm interpreted a one-act play based on a war-time French scene.

The Mass for the deceased members of the Alumnae Association was offered by the Reverend Francis X. Sallaway, S.T.D., in the College Chapel, on Saturday, November eighth, at nine o'clock.

The annual dance of the Alumnae Association was held at the Copley Plaza on November twenty-sixth. Helene Stout, '27, was chairman of the committee.

ENGAGEMENTS

Anna Fulham, '24, to Joseph T. Healy.
Margaret M. Dyson, '27, to Vincent Roberts, Jr.

MARRIAGES

Mary Downey, '26, to William F. Kelly.
Anna Flanagan, '26, to William Bowen.
Margaret Leary, '26, to Paul C. Hettinger.
Mary McInnis, '26, to Frederick M. Delay.
Eileen Skeffington, '26, to Dr. George Murphy.
Katherine McLaughlin, '27, to John Doyle.
Margaret Hession, '28, to Gerald Slatery.
Marguerite McDermott, '28, to Henry Aimony.
Alice Scanlon, '28, to Charles Barrett.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzgerald (Mildred Collins, '26) on the birth of a son.
Mr. and Mrs. James Hanley (Mary Gorman, '23) on the birth of a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith (Mary Powers, Ex-'31) on the birth of a daughter.

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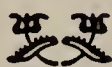
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